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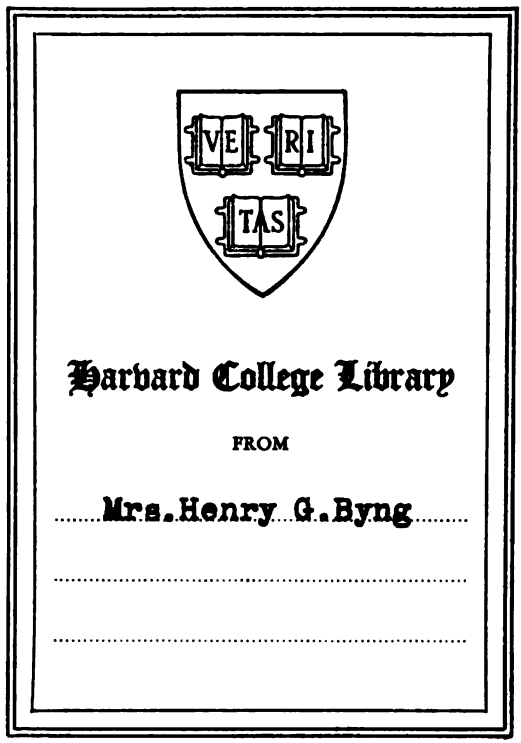

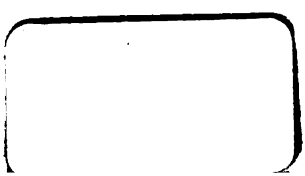

E. W. Curtis
1930.

The Works
OF
LORD BYRON.

FIRST EDITION . . . January, 1901
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LORD BYRON.

Sketch by Count D'Orsay taken in May 1823.

The Work

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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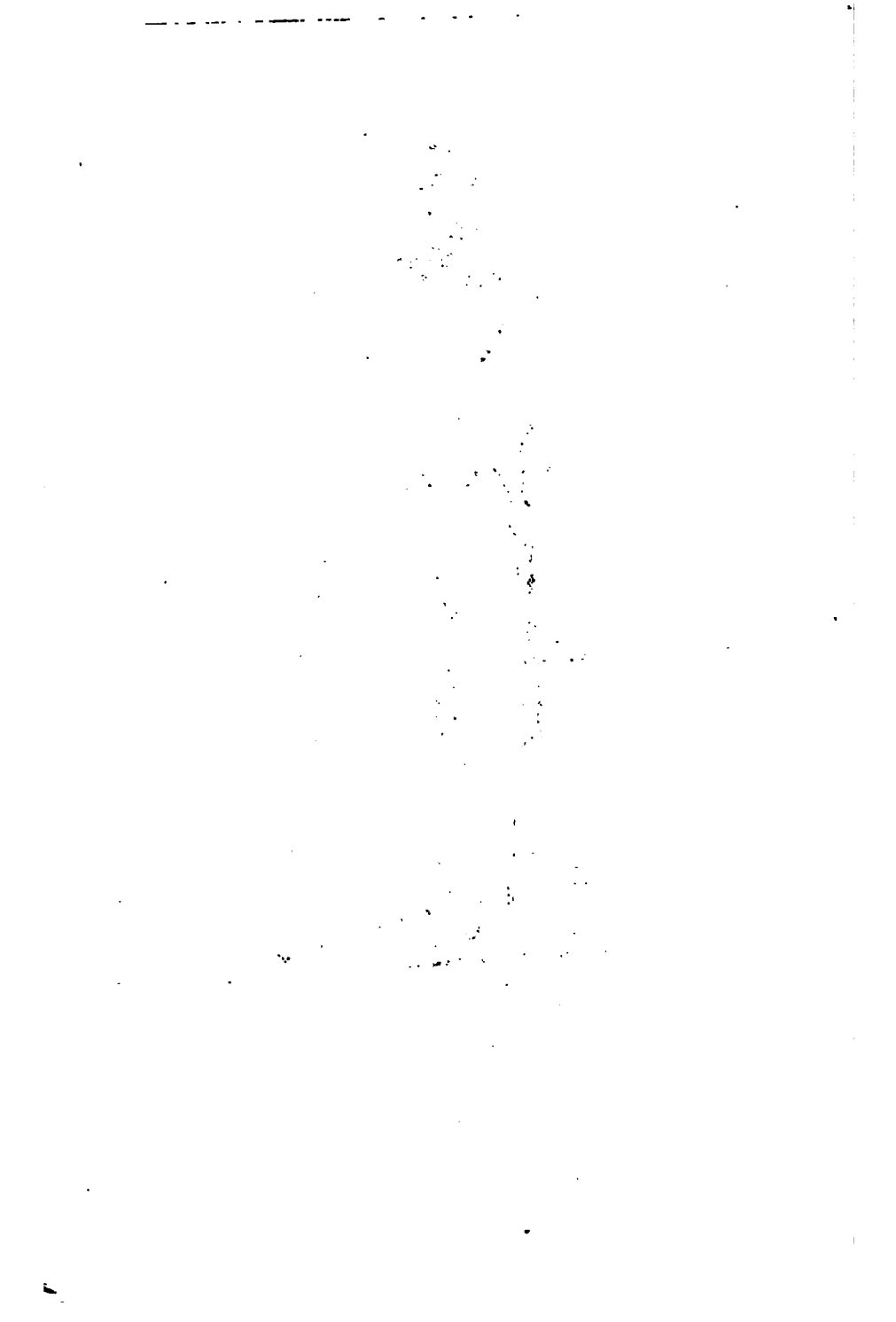

The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Letters and Journals. Vol. V.

EDITED BY

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A., M.V.O.,
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1904.

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PREFACE.

THE period covered by Volume V. of Byron's *Letters and Journals* (April, 1820—October, 1821) includes the remainder of his residence in the Palazzo Guiccioli at Ravenna and the commencement of his stay in the Palazzo Lanfranchi at Pisa. Within these dates the Italian Revolution broke out and failed; Count and Countess Guiccioli were separated by Papal decree; the Gambas were exiled from Ravenna, and Byron followed their fortunes.

The excitement of these events stirred Byron's literary activity. In poetry he wrote the Fifth Canto of *Don Juan*, *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Cain*, *Heaven and Earth*, *The Vision of Judgment*, and *The Blues*. In prose, besides increasing his correspondence, he kept a Diary for January and February, 1821 (Chapter XXI.), filled a "paper-book" with "Detached "Thoughts" (Chapter XXIII.), and wrote the *Two Letters to John Murray on Bowles's Strictures upon Pope* (Appendix III.).

Of the 183 letters, which belong to the period, and are printed in Volume V., 68 were unknown to Halleck,

whose collection has hitherto been the most complete. The last letter in this volume, written to Moore from Pisa in December, 1821, is numbered in Moore's *Life*, 474; in Halleck's collection, 542; in this edition, 968.

Apart from new letters, or from additions made to others which have hitherto been published in an incomplete form, the chief feature of fresh interest is the chapter (XXIII.) containing Byron's "Detached "Thoughts." Large extracts from this collection have been made in previous editions; but the passages have been quoted in scattered fragments, without any indication of their order or connection. The original manuscript is now, for the first time, printed in its entirety.

Attention has been kindly called by Mr. C. K. Shorter to a series of extracts from letters, published thirty years ago in a well-known magazine. With few exceptions, these extracts are taken from the genuine letters, written by Byron to Mrs. Leigh, which have been published in their entirety, from the original documents, in previous volumes of this collection. It is not known by whom the extracts were made, or by whose agency they reached the press: they are not only fragmentary in form, but, in many instances, when compared with the originals, they have evidently undergone considerable alterations. Two of these extracts purport to be taken from letters written in the autumn of 1820. In the circumstances, it has been decided not to include them in this collection.

R. E. PROTHERO.

November 16, 1900.

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THE

LETTERS OF LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PALAZZO GUICCIOLI, RAVENNA, APRIL—DECEMBER, 1820.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN ITALY—ALLEGRA AND JANE CLAIRMONT—COUNTESS GUICCIOLI SEPARATED FROM HER HUSBAND—THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE—*MARINO FALIERO*—*DON JUAN*, CANTO V.

786.—To Lady Byron.[1]

Ravenna, April 3, 1820.

I RECEIVED yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could be only

1. Lady Byron's answer to Byron's letter of January 1, 1820, was sent by him to Moore, in whose Diary it is published (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. pp. 114, 115)—

"Kirkby Mallory, March 10, 1820.

"I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a "memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider "the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time "as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake, I "have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding "the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the "*consequences*.

"A. BYRON."

Byron's reply, given above, was sent by him to Moore to forward to Lady Byron.

construed as such even by the most malignant Casuistry. I *could* answer you; but it is too late, and it is not worth while.

To the mysterious menace of the last sentence—whatever its import may be—and I really cannot pretend to unriddle it,—I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as, before it could take place, I shall be where "nothing can touch him farther."[1] I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and, if it could, I would answer with the Florentine[2]—

"Ed io, che posto son con loro in croce
. . . . . e certo
La *fiera moglie*, più ch'altro, mi nuoce."

BYRON.

787.—To Lady Byron.[3]

Ravenna, April 6th 1820.

In February last, at the suggestion of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, I wrote to you on the proposition of the

1. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2.

2. Byron quotes from Dante's *Inferno*, canto xvi. lines 43-45. In Round 3 of Circle vii. of Hell, Dante meets three Florentines—Guido Guerra, Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, and Jacopo Rusticucci—who have sinned against nature. The latter is the spokesman—

"Ed io, che posto son con loro in croce,
Jacopo Rusticucci fui; e certo
La fiera moglie più ch'altro mi nuoce."

Rusticucci held a distinguished place in the councils of Florence, representing her (1254) in her foreign affairs. He owed his place in Hell to the savage temper of his wife, and his story is told by Benvenuto Rambaldi da Imola to illustrate the consequences of ill-assorted marriages. "Vir popularis, sed tamen valde politicus "et moralis. . . . qui poterat videri satis felix . . . nisi habuisset "uxorem pravam; habuit enim mulierem ferocem, cum qua vivere "non poterat; ideo dedit se turpitudini."

3. Printed from a draft in the possession of Mr. Murray.

Dublin investment,[1] and, to put you more in possession of his opinions, I enclosed his letter. I now enclose you a statement of Mr. Hanson's, and, to say the truth, I am at a loss what to think or decide upon between such very opposite views of the question.

Perhaps you will lay it before your trustees. I for my own part am ignorant of business, and am so little able to judge, that I should be disposed to think with them, whatever their ideas may be upon the subject. One thing is certain; I cannot consent to sell out of the funds at a loss, and the Dublin House should be insured.

Excuse all this trouble; but as it is your affair as well as mine, you will pardon it. I have an innate distrust and detestation of the public funds and their precarious [?]; but still the sacrifice of the removal (at least at present) may be too great. I do not know what to think, nor does any body else, I believe.

Yours,
BYRON.

I rec^{d} yours of March 10th, and enclosed an answer (to Mr. Thomas Moore) to be forwarded to you.

788.—To John Hanson.

Ravenna, April 6th 1820.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received yours dated March 22^{d}. Your *January packet* only arrived last Sunday, so

1. Charles John Gardiner (1782–1829), who succeeded his father (1798) as second Viscount Mountjoy, and was created Earl of Blessington in 1816, had impaired his fortune by his taste for magnificence, passion for the stage, and reckless expenditure. He owned the Ormond Quays as well as Henrietta Street in Dublin, and it was on this property that Byron was advised to advance money. But the advance was in the end not made by Byron's trustees. Lord Blessington married, (1) in 1812, Mary Campbell, widow of Major Browne; (2) in 1818, Marguerite Power, second daughter of Edmund Power, of Curragheen, co. Waterford, and widow of Maurice St. Leger Farmer, Captain 47th Regiment.

that I shall put off replying to it for the present (as there is a witness wanting for the Scotch deed, etc.), and answer your March epistle, which, as you yourself say, is of much more importance.

But how shall I answer?

Between the devil and deep Sea,[1]
Between the Lawyer and Trustee—

it is difficult to decide. Mr. Kinnaird writes that the Mortgage is *the most advantageous thing possible;* you write that it *is quite the* contrary. You are both my old acquaintances, both men of business, and both give good reasons for both your opinions; and the result is that I finish by having no opinion at all. I cannot see that it could any way be the interest of either to persuade me either one way or the other, unless you thought it for my advantage. In short, *do settle* it among you if you can, for I am at my wits' end betwixt your contrary opinions. One thing is positive. *I will not agree to sell out of the funds at a loss*, and the *Dublin House property must be insured;* but *you* should not have waited till the Funds get low again, as you have done, so as to make the affair impracticable. I retain, however, my bad opinion of the funds, and must insist on the money being one day placed on better *security somewhere.* Of Irish Security, and Irish Law, I know nothing, and cannot take upon me to dispute your Statement; but I prefer higher Interest for my Money (like everybody else I believe), and shall be glad to make as much as I can at the least risk possible.

It is a pity that I am not upon the Spot, but I

1. So Cuddie Headrigg, appealing to Claverhouse to save Morton from the Cameronians, found himself "atween the deil and "the deep sea."—*Old Mortality*, chap. xxxiii.

The Countess of Blessington.

cannot make it at all convenient to come to England for the present.

I am truly pleased to hear that there is a prospect of terminating the Rochdale Business, in one way or the other: pray see *it out*. It has been hitherto a dead loss of time and expences, but may I suppose pay in the long run; and if *you could for once* be a *little quicker about that*, or anything else, it would be a great gain to me and no loss to you, as our final Settlement naturally will depend in some measure upon the result. If the claim could be adjusted, and the whole brought to the hammer, I could clear every thing, and know what I really possess.

Pray write to me (direct to Ravenna). I do not feel justified in the present state of the funds, and on your statement, of urging the fulfilment of the Blessington Mortgage, and yet I feel sorry that it does not seem feasible. At any rate, see Mr. Kinnaird upon it and come to some decision. Let me hear about Rochdale.

Yours ever truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—*Advance old Joe Murray whatever may be necessary and proper*, and it will be deducted from my Bankers acc^{t}

789.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, April 9, 1820.

D^{R} S^{R},—In the name of all the devils in—the printing office, why don't you write to acknowledge the receipt of the second, third, and fourth packets, viz. the Pulci—translation and original, the *Danticles*, the *Observations on*, etc.? You forget that you keep me in hot water till I know whether they are arrived, or if I must have the bore of recopying.

I send you "a Song of Triumph" by W. Botherby, Esqre, price sixpence, on the Election of J. C. H. Esqre for Westminster (*not* for publication);

Would you go to the House by the true gate,
Much faster than ever Whig Charley went;
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate will send you to Parliament.

Have you gotten the cream of translations, Francesca of Rimini, from the *Inferno*? Why, I have sent you a warehouse of trash within the last month, and you have no sort of feeling about you: a pastry-cook would have had twice the gratitude, and thanked me at least for the quantity.

To make the letter heavier, I enclose you the Cardinal Legate's (one Campeius) circular for his Conversazione this evening: it is the anniversary of the Pope's tiaration, and all polite Christians, even of the Lutheran creed, must go and be civil. And there will be a Circle, and a Faro-table, (for shillings, that is—they don't allow high play) and all the beauty, nobility, and Sanctity of Ravenna present. The Cardinal himself is a very good-natured little fellow, Bishop of Imola and Legate here,—a devout believer in all the doctrines of the Church. He has kept his housekeeper these forty years, for his carnal recreation; but is reckoned a pious man, and a moral liver.

I am not quite sure that I won't be among you this autumn, for I find that business don't go on—what with trustees and Lawyers—as it should do, "with all "deliberate speed." They differ about investments in Ireland.

Between the devil and deep Sea,
Between the Lawyer and Trustee,

I am puzzled; and so much time is lost by my not being upon the spot—what with answers, demurs, rejoinders, that it may be I must come and look to it. For one says do, and t'other don't, so that I know not which way to turn. But perhaps they can manage without me.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I have begun a tragedy on the subject of Marino Faliero,[1] the Doge of Venice; but you shan't see it these six years, if you don't acknowledge my packets with more quickness and precision. *Always write, if but a line*, by return of post, when anything arrives, which is not a mere letter.

Address direct to Ravenna; it saves a week's time, and much postage.

790.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, April 11th 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Pray forward the enclosed letter to a fiddler. In Italy they are called "Professors of the "Violin." You should establish one at each of the universities.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—Pray forward it carefully with *a frank:* it is from a poor fellow to his musical Uncle, of whom nothing has been heard these three years (though what he can have been doing at Belfast, Belfast best knows), so that they are afraid of some mischief having befallen him or his fiddle.

1. Published with the *Prophecy of Dante*, April 21, 1821.

791.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, April 16, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Post after post arrives without bringing any acknowledgement from you of the different packets (excepting the first) which I have sent within the last two months, all of which ought to be arrived long ere now; and as they were announced in other letters, you ought at least to say whether they are come or not. You are not expected to write frequent or long letters, as your time is much occupied; but when parcels that have cost some pains in the composition, and great trouble in the copying, are sent to you, I should at least be put out of Suspense by the immediate acknowledgement, per return of post, addressed *directly* to *Ravenna*. I am naturally—knowing what continental *posts* are—anxious to hear that they are arrived; especially as I loathe the task of copying so much, that if there was a human being that could copy my blotted MSS. he should have all they can ever bring for his trouble. All I desire is two lines, to say, such a day I received such a packet: there are now at least *six* unacknowledged. This is neither kind nor courteous.

I have, besides, another reason for desiring you to be speedy, which is, that there is THAT brewing in Italy which will speedily cut off all security of communication, and set all your Anglo-travellers flying in every direction, with their usual fortitude in foreign tumults. The Spanish and French affairs have set the Italians in a ferment;[1] and no wonder: they have been too long

1. In France, after the fall of Decazes, who, as Chateaubriand said, "slipped in the blood" of the Duc de Berri (assassinated February 13, 1820), the Duc de Richelieu abandoned the attempt to reconcile revolutionary changes with Bourbon principles. The Government became reactionary. The franchise was restricted, liberty of the press attacked, education entrusted to the clergy, and

trampled on. This will make a sad scene for your exquisite traveller, but not for the resident, who naturally

the loyalty of the army alienated by the treatment of imperialist veterans. Discontent, fanned by the songs of Béranger, spread rapidly. The *chevaliers de la liberté* allied with the Carbonari, and in their *Ventes*, or lodges, were enrolled men like Lafayette and Lafitte. Plots were formed which led to insurrections at Béfort, Marseilles, Saumur, and La Rochelle. The attempted risings were suppressed; the despatch of a military force into Spain, April, 1823, relieved the discontent of the army, and the crisis was postponed.

In Spain and Italy the revolutionary movement was more formidable, and for the moment more successful. In Spain, March 9, 1820, Ferdinand VII. was forced, by the insurrection headed by Riego and Quiroga, to take the oath of fidelity to the free constitution sanctioned by the Cortes in 1812, and abolished by himself in 1814. A similar demand for representative government was made by the Neapolitans. Ferdinand IV. King of Naples, and afterwards Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies, on his restoration to the throne of Naples (1815), promised a government in which "the people should be sovereign, and the monarchy only the de-"positary of the laws." But he afterwards bound himself by a secret treaty with Austria to introduce no principles of government opposed to those adopted in Austrian Italy. An insurrection, actively fostered by the Carbonari, broke out among the cavalry at Nola, July 2, 1820. The revolt spread with the utmost rapidity. Guglielmo Pepe, as Captain-general of the constitutional forces, entered Naples (July 6, 1820), and received a solemn oath, accepting the new Spanish Constitution, from Ferdinand, who declared his son, the Duke of Calabria, Vicar-General of the kingdom (July 13). In October, 1820, the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, met at Troppau, and, on their invitation, Ferdinand went to their adjourned conference at Laybach in December. In February, 1821, the allied sovereigns issued a declaration against the revolutionary constitution, and sent an Austrian army to re-establish and maintain the old system of government.

Early in 1821 the Austrian army, under Marshal Frimont, crossed the Po and marched on Naples. The Neapolitans, under Pepe and Carrascosa, made a short stand near Rieti (March 7), but were defeated, and attempted no further resistance. Pepe fled to Barcelona. Carrascosa made terms for himself with the Austrians, who (March 23, 1821) entered Naples. In the following May Ferdinand returned to his capital.

A widespread revolution was preparing in Italy; but it had no organization, and was crushed without difficulty. In Piedmont—at Turin and Genoa—the Spanish constitution was established, and the king, Victor Emmanuel I., abdicated in favour of his brother, Charles Felix (March, 1821); but the Piedmontese constitutionalists were defeated by the Austrians near Novara (April 8), and

wishes a people to redress itself. I shall, if permitted by the natives, remain to see what will come of it, and perhaps to take a turn with them, like Dugald Dalgetty and his horse, in case of business; for I shall think it by far the most interesting spectacle and moment in existence, to see the Italians send the Barbarians of all nations back to their own dens. I have lived long enough among them to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence; but they want Union, and they want principle; and I doubt their success. However, they will try, probably; and if they do, it will be a good cause. No Italian can hate an Austrian more than I do; unless it be the English, the Austrians seem to me the most obnoxious race under the Sky.

But I doubt, if anything be done, it won't be so quietly as in Spain. To be sure, Revolutions are not to be made with Rose-water,[1] where there are foreigners as Masters.

Write while you can; for it is but the toss up of a Paul that there will not be a row that will somewhat retard the Mail by and bye.

Address right to *Ravenna*.

Yours,

B.

792.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, April 18, 1820.

DEAR HOPPNER,—I have caused write to Siri and Willhalm to send with *Vincenzo* in a boat, the camp-beds

submitted. At Modena, Milan, Ravenna, and Florence, risings were expected; but they either came to nothing, or were immediately crushed.

1. "Voulez-vous qu'on vous fasse des révolutions à l'eau rose?" —Marmontel, *Mémoires d'un Père, etc.*, Livre xiv. (*Œuvres complètes*, ed. 1818–19, tom. ii. p. 294).

and swords left in their care when I quitted Venice. There are also several pounds of *Manton's best powder* in a Japan case; *but unless* I felt sure of getting it away from V. without seizure, I won't have it ventured. I *can get* it *in* here, by means of an acquaintance in the Customs, who has offered to get it ashore for me; but should like to be certiorated of its safety in leaving Venice. I would not lose it for its weight in gold—there is none such in Italy, as I take it to be.

I wrote to you a week or so ago, and hope you are in good plight and spirits. Sir Humphry Davy [1] is here, and was last night at the Cardinal's. As I had been there last Sunday, and yesterday was warm, I did not go, which I should have done, if I had thought of meeting the Man of Chemistry. He called this morning, and I shall go in search of him at Corso time. I believe, to-day being Monday, there is no great conversazione, and only the family one at the Marchese Cavalli's, where I go as a *relation* sometimes; so that, unless he stays a day or two, we should hardly meet in public.

The theatre is to open in May for the fair, if there is not a row in all Italy by that time,—the Spanish business has set them all a-constitutioning, and what will be the end, no one knows—it is also necessary thereunto to have a beginning.

You see the blackguards have brought in Hobhouse for Westminster. Rochfoucault says that "there is "something in the misfortunes of our best friends not "unpleasing to us," [2] and it is to this that I attribute my not being so sorry for his election as I ought to be, seeing that it will eventually be a millstone round his

1. See *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 226, *note* 2.

2. *Maximes et Réflexions morales*, ccxli.: "Dans l'adversité de "nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons souvent quelque chose qui ne "nous déplaît pas."

neck, for what can he do? he can't take place; he can't take power in any case; if he succeeds in reforming, he will be stoned for his pains;—and if he fails, there he is stationary as Lecturer for Westminster.

Would you go to the House by the true gate,
Much faster than ever Whig Charley went;
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate will send you to Parliament.

But Hobhouse is a man of real talent however, and will make the best of his situation as he has done hitherto.

Yours ever and truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—My benediction to Mrs. Hoppner. How is your little boy? Allegra is growing, and has increased in good looks and obstinacy.

793.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, April 22d 1820.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—With regard to Gnoatto, I cannot relent in favour of Madame Mocenigo, who protects a rascal and retains him in her service. Suppose the case of your Servant or mine, you having the same claim upon F[letche]r or I upon your Tim, would either of us retain them an instant unless they paid the debt? As "there is no force in the decrees of Venice,"[1] no Justice to be obtained from the tribunals,—because even conviction does not compel payment, nor enforce punishment,—you must excuse me when I repeat *that not one farthing of the rent shall be paid*, till either Gnoatto pays me his debt, or quits Madame Mocenigo's service. I

1. *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

will abide by the consequences; but I could wish that no time was lost in apprizing her of the affair. You must not mind her relation Seranzo's statement; he may be a very good man, but he is but a Venetian, which I take to be in the present age the *ne plus ultra* of human abasement in all moral qualities whatsoever. I dislike differing from you in opinion; but I have no other course to take, and either Gnoatto pays me, or quits her Service, or I will resist to the uttermost the liquidation of her rent. I have nothing against her, nor for her; I owe her neither ill will, nor kindness;—but if she protects a Scoundrel, and there is no other redress, I will *make* some.

It has been and always will be the case where there is *no law*. Individuals must then right themselves. They have set the example "and it shall go hard but I "will better the Instruction."[1] Two words from her would suffice to make the villain do his duty; if they are not said, or if they have no effect, let him be dismissed; if not, as I have said, so will I do.

I wrote last week to Siri to desire *Vincenzo* to be sent to take charge of the beds and Swords to this place by Sea. I am in no hurry for the books,—none whatever, —and don't want them.

Pray has not Mingaldo the Biography of living people?[2]—it is not here, nor in your list. I am not at all sure that *he* has it either, but it may be possible.

Let Castelli go on to the last. I am determined to see Merryweather *out* in this business, just to discover what is or is not to be done in their tribunals, and if ever I cross him, as I have tried the law in vain, (since

1. *Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 1.
2. Probably Colburn's *Biographical Dictionary of the Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland: comprising Literary Memoirs and Anecdotes of their Lives, etc.* London, 1816, 8vo.

it has but convicted him and then done nothing in consequence)—I will try a shorter process with that personage.

About Allegra, I can only say to Claire[1]—that I so

1. After Allegra returned in October, 1818, from her stay at Este with her mother, she remained with Byron, under the care of a maid chosen by Mrs. Hoppner. She had suffered from the unwholesome climate of Venice, and, as Mrs. Hoppner wrote to Mary Shelley, January, 1819, "est devenue tranquille et sérieuse comme "une petite vieille, ce qui nous peine beaucoup" (Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 328). For several months no news of the child was heard by the Shelleys, except that Mrs. Vavassour's offer to adopt her had been declined by Byron (*Letters*, vol. iv. p. 325, *note* 1). When Byron settled at Ravenna, in the house of Count Guiccioli, Miss Clairmont appealed to him through the Hoppners to be allowed to see Allegra. This appeal Byron answers in the following paragraph. The substance of his reply was communicated, April 30, by Mrs. Hoppner to Claire, who refers in her journal to the answer as "concerning green fruit and God" (Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 329, *note*). Professor Dowden prints, from a rough draft in Miss Clairmont's handwriting (*ibid.*, pp. 329, 330), the mother's direct appeal to see her child, and her protest against the idea, here apparently for the first time expressed, of placing Allegra in a convent:—

"I beg from you the indulgence of a visit from my child, because "that I am weaker every day, and more miserable. I have already "proved in ten thousand ways that I have so loved her as to have "commanded, nay, to have destroyed, such of my feelings as would "have been injurious to her welfare. You answer my request by "menacing, if I do not continue to suffer in silence, that you will "inflict the greatest of all evils on my child—you threaten to put "her in a convent, where she will be equally divided from us both. ". . . This calls to my remembrance the story in the Bible, where "Solomon judges between the two women; the false parent was "willing the child should be divided, but the feelings of the real "one made her consent to any deprivation rather than her child "should be destroyed: so I am willing to undergo any affliction "rather than her whole life should be spoilt by a convent education."

Byron's reply, though necessarily shown to Miss Clairmont, was written to Shelley, who in answer condemns its harsh tone, but admits the wisdom of Byron's resolution to separate the mother and the child (May 26, 1820). The letters from Shelley to Byron, and from Shelley to Jane Clairmont, printed in Appendix I., dated respectively September 17, 1820, and March, 1822 (?), illustrate the writer's sound judgment and good feeling. In the same Appendix will be found Jane Clairmont's appeal to Byron against placing Allegra in the convent at Bagnacavallo.

totally disapprove of the mode of Children's treatment in their family, that I should look upon the Child as going into a hospital. Is it not so? Have they *reared* one[1]? Her health here has hitherto been *excellent*, and her temper not bad; she is sometimes vain and obstinate, but always clean and cheerful, and as, in a year or two, I shall either send her to England, or put her in a Convent for education, these defects will be remedied as far as they can in human nature. But the Child shall not quit me again to perish of Starvation, and green fruit, or be taught to believe that there is no Deity. Whenever there is convenience of vicinity and access, her Mother can always have her with her; otherwise no. It was so stipulated from the beginning.

The Girl is not so well off as with you, but far better than with them; the fact is she is spoilt, being a great favourite with every body on account of the fairness of her Skin, which shines among their dusky children like the milky way, but there is no comparison of her situation now, and that under Elise, or with them. She has grown considerably, is very clean, and lively. She has plenty of air and exercise at home, and she goes out daily with Mr Guiccioli in her carriage to the Corso.

The paper is finished and so must the letter be.

Yours ever,

B.

My best respects to Mrs. H. and the little boy—and Dorville.

1. Shelley and his wife Mary had lost three children—an infant, born February 22, 1815, died March 6, 1815; Clara Everina, born September 2, 1817, died at Venice, September 24, 1818; William, born January 24, 1816, died at Rome, June 7, 1819.

794.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, April 23, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—The proofs don't contain the *last* stanzas of Canto second, but end abruptly with the 105th Stanza.

I told you long ago that the new Cantos [1] were *not* good, and I also *told you a reason:* recollect, I do not oblige you to publish them; you may suppress them, if you like, but I can alter nothing. I have erased the six stanzas about those two impostors, Southey and Wordsworth (which I suppose will give you great pleasure), but I can do no more. I can neither recast, nor replace; but I give you leave to put it all into the fire, if you like, or *not* to publish, and I think that's sufficient.

I told you that I wrote on with no good will—that I had been, *not* frightened, but *hurt* by the outcry, and, besides that, when I wrote last November, I was ill in body, and in very great distress of mind about some private things of my own; but *you would* have it: so I sent it to you, and to make it lighter, *cut* it in two—but I can't piece it together again. I can't cobble: I must "either make a spoon or spoil a horn," [2]—and there's an end; for there's no remeid: but I leave you free will to suppress the *whole*, if you like it.

1. *Don Juan*, Cantos III., IV.

2. So the elder Mr. Fairford, when his son, Alan, made his successful *début* in the case of "Poor Peter Peebles *versus* Plainstanes," answered the congratulations of his friends, "his voice faltering, as "he replied, 'Ay, ay, I kend Alan was the lad to make a spoon or "spoil a horn.'" Scott explains in a note the origin of the proverb: "Said of an adventurous gipsy, who resolves at all risks to convert "a sheep's horn into a spoon" (*Redgauntlet*, chap. i. of the "Narrative"). So also Baillie Nicol Jarvie (*Rob Roy*, chap. xxii.) says, "Mr. Osbaldistone is a gude honest gentleman; but I aye "said he was ane o' them wad make a spune or spoil a horn, as my "father the worthy deacon used to say."

About the *Morgante Maggiore*, *I won't have a line omitted:* it may circulate, or it may not; but all the Criticism on earth shan't touch a line, unless it be because it is *badly* translated. Now you say, and I say, and others say, that the translation is a good one; and so it shall go to press as it is. Pulci must answer for his own irreligion: I answer for the translation only.

I am glad you have got the *Dante;* and there should be by this time a translation of his Francesca of Rimini arrived to append to it.

I sent you a quantity of *prose* observations [1] in answer to Wilson, but I shall not publish them *at present:* keep them by you as *documents*.

Pray let Mr. Hobhouse look to the *Italian* next time in the *proofs: this time*, while I am scribbling to you, they are corrected by one who passes for the prettiest woman in Romagna, and even the Marches, as far as Ancona—be the other who she may.

I am glad you like my answer to your enquiries about Italian Society: it is fit you should like *something*, and be damned to you.

My love to Scott. I shall think higher of knighthood ever after for his being dubbed.[2] By the way, he is the first poet titled for his talent in Britain: it has happened abroad before now; but on the continent titles are universal and worthless. Why don't you send me *Ivanhoe* and the *Monastery*![3] I have never written to Sir Walter, for I know he has a thousand things, and I a thousand nothings, to do; but I hope to see him at

1. See *Letters*, vol. iv. Appendix IX.

2. In the *Gazette* for April 1, 1820, appears the announcement: "The dignity of Baronet granted to Walter Scott, Esq. (the cele-"brated poet), and his heirs male."

3. *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot*, were all published in 1820.

Abbotsford before very long, and I will sweat his Claret for him, though Italian abstemiousness has made my brain but a shilpit[1] concern for a Scotch sitting *inter pocula*. I love Scott and Moore, and all the better brethren; but I hate and abhor that puddle of water-worms whom you have taken into your troop in the *history* line I see. I am obliged to end abruptly.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—You say that *one half*[2] is very good: you are *wrong;* for, if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. *Where* is the poetry of which *one half* is good? is it the *Æneid*? is it *Milton*'s? is it *Dryden*'s? is it any one's except *Pope*'s and Goldsmith's, of which *all* is good? and yet these two last are the poets your pond poets would explode. But if *one half* of the two new Cantos be good in your opinion, what the devil would you have more? No—no: no poetry is *generally* good —only by fits and starts—and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a Midnight *all stars* as rhyme all perfect.

We are on the verge of a *row* here. Last night they have overwritten all the city walls with "Up with the "Republic!" and "death to the Pope!" etc., etc. This would be nothing in London, where the walls are privileged, and where, when somebody went to Chancellor Thurlow to tell him, as an alarming sign, that he had seen "Death to the king" on the park wall, old Thurlow asked him if he had ever seen "*" chalked on the same place, to which the alarmist responding in the affirmative,

1. Balmawhapple, carousing at Luckie Macleary's, and fortified by the Bear and the Hen, "pronounced the claret *shilpit*, and "demanded brandy with great vociferation" (*Waverley*, chap. xi.).
2. Of *Don Juan*.

Thurlow resumed "and so have I for these last 30 years, "and yet it never * * * *." But here it is a different thing: they are not used to such fierce political inscriptions, and the police is all on the alert, and the Cardinal glares pale through all his purple.

April 24, 1820, 8 o'clock, P.M.

The police have been, all Noon and after, searching for the Inscribers, but have caught none as yet. They must have been all night about it, for the "Live republics "—death to popes and priests," are innumerable, and plastered over all the palaces: ours has plenty. There is "down with the Nobility," too—they are down enough already, for that matter. A very heavy rain and wind having come on, I did not get on horseback to go out and "skirr the country;" but I shall mount tomorrow, and take a canter among the peasantry, who are a savage, resolute race, always riding with guns in their hands. I wonder they don't suspect the Serenaders, for they play on the guitar all night, here as in Spain, to their Mistresses.

Talking of politics, as Caleb Quotem[1] says, pray look at the *Conclusion* of my Ode on *Waterloo*,[2] written in the year 1815, and, comparing it with the Duke de Berri's

1. In *The Review, or the Wags of Windsor*, by G. Colman the Younger. The phrase is, however, not used by his "Caleb "Quotem," a character which he appropriated from Henry Lee (1765-1836), whose "Caleb Quotem" was played at the Haymarket, July 6, 1798, under the title of *Throw Physic to the Dogs*.

2. "Even in this low world of care
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit.
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble;
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet."

catastrophe in 1820:[1] tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of "*Vates*," in both senses of the word, as Fitzgerald and Coleridge?[2]

"Crimson tears will follow yet"—

and have not they?

I can't pretend to foresee what will happen among you Englishers at this distance, but I vaticinate a *row* in Italy; in whilk case, I don't know that I won't have a finger in it. I dislike the Austrians, and think the Italians infamously oppressed; and if they begin, why, I will recommend "the erection of a Sconce upon "Drumsnab,"[3] like Dugald Dalgetty.

795.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, May 8, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—From your not having written again, an intention which your letter of ye 7th Ult^o^ indicated, I have to presume that "*The Prophecy of Dante*" has not been found more worthy than its immediate precursors in the eyes of your illustrious Synod. In that case, you will be in some perplexity; to end which, I repeat to you, that you are not to consider yourself as bound or pledged to publish any thing because it is *mine*, but always to act according to your own views, or opinions, or those of your friends; and to be sure that you will in no degree offend me by "declining the article," to use

1. Pierre-Louis Louvel (1785–1820), by trade a saddler, murdered the Duc de Berri, grandson of Louis XVIII., and second son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., as he returned to the Opera, February 13, 1820. The murder and Louvel's *louche regard* horrified Victor Hugo, who wrote an ode on "La Mort du Duc de "Berri" (*Odes et Ballades*, Livre I. Ode vii.).

2. For W. T. Fitzgerald, see *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 10, *note* 1. For S. T. Coleridge, see *ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 190, *note* 3.

3. *The Legend of Montrose*, chap. x.

a technical phrase. The *Prose* observations on J^n Wilson's attack,[1] I do *not* intend for publication at this time; and I sent a copy of verses to Mr. Kinnaird (they were written last year, on crossing the Po[2]) which must *not* be published either. I mention this, because it is probable he may give you a copy. Pray recollect this, as they are mere verses of Society, and written upon private feelings and passions. And, moreover, I cannot consent to any mutilations or omissions of *Pulci*: the original has been ever free from such in Italy, the Capital of Christianity, and the translation may be so in England; though you will think it strange that they should have allowed such *freedom* for so many centuries to the *Morgante*, while the other day they confiscated the whole translation of the 4th Canto of *Childe H[arol]d*, and have persecuted Leoni,[3] the translator—so he writes me, and so I could have told him, had he consulted me before his publication. This shows how much more politics interest men in these parts than religion. Half a dozen invectives against tyranny confiscate *C^d^ H^d^* in a month; and eight and twenty cantos of quizzing Monks and Knights, and Church Government, are let loose for centuries. I copy Leoni's account:—

"Non ignorerà forse che la mia versione del 4° "Canto del *Childe Harold* fu confiscata in ogni parte: "ed io stesso ho dovuto soffrir vessazioni altrettanto "ridicole quanto illiberali, ad arte che alcuni versi fossero "esclusi dalla censura. Ma siccome il divieto non fa "d'ordinario che accrescere la curiosità così quel carme

1. See *Letters*, vol. iv. Appendix IX.

2. "Stanzas to the Po," written, it is said, when Byron was on his way to meet Countess Guiccioli at Ravenna.

3. *L'Italia. Canto IV. del Pellegrinaggio di Childe Harold* . . . tradotto da Michele Leoni, Italia (London?), 1819, 8°. Leoni also translated the *Lament of Tasso* (*Lamento del Tasso* . . . Recato in Italiano da M. Leoni, Pisa, 1818).

"sull' Italia è ricercato più che mai, e penso di farlo "ristampare in Inghilterra senza nulla escludere. Scia- "gurata condizione di questa mia patria! se patria si "può chiamare una terra così avvilita dalla fortuna, dagli "uomini, da se medesima."

Rose will translate this to you. Has he had his letter? I enclosed it to you months ago.

This intended piece of publication I shall dissuade him from, or he may chance to see the inside of St. Angelo's. The last Sentence of his letter is the common and pathetic sentiment of all his Countrymen, who execrate Castlereagh as the cause, by the conduct of the English at Genoa.[1] Surely that man will not die in his bed: there is no spot of the earth where his name is not a hissing, and a curse. Imagine what must be the man's talent for Odium, who has contrived to spread his infamy like a pestilence from Ireland to Italy, and to make his name an execration in all languages.

Talking of Ireland, Sir Humphry Davy [2] was here last

1. The Republic of Genoa, conquered by the French in 1797, lived a short life as the Ligurian Republic until, in 1805, it was absorbed by the French Empire. In 1814 Lord William Bentinck compelled the French troops to evacuate the city, proclaimed the restoration of the Genoese constitution as it existed before 1797, and pledged the honour of the Allied Powers that the independence of Genoa should be respected. But at the Congress of Vienna republics were unfashionable, and nationalities were sacrificed to political equilibrium. Genoa was annexed to Piedmont, its ancient rival, and the British troops were withdrawn, February, 1815.

In making the decision of the Congress known to Colonel Dalrymple, the British commander, Castlereagh regretted his inability "to preserve to Genoa a separate existence," insisted on the "generous disposition of the King of Sardinia," and hoped that the Genoese of every class would accept the new rule as "a benefit." But it appears (*Castlereagh Correspondence*, 3rd series, vol. ii. pp. 18, 221) that Bentinck made his promise with Castlereagh's knowledge, though Castlereagh denied (*Wellington Supplementary Despatches*, vol. ix. p. 64) that Bentinck had any authority from the British Government. The Genoese believed that they had been betrayed, and saw in Castlereagh the traitor.

2. "Davy," writes Moore, in his Diary for May 19, 1820

fortnight, and I was in his company in the house of a very pretty Italian Lady of rank, who, by way of displaying her learning in presence of the great Chemist then describing his fourteenth ascension of Mount Vesuvius, asked "if "there was not a similar Volcano in *Ireland*?" My only notion of an *Irish* Volcano consisted of the Lake of Killarney, which I naturally conceived her to mean; but, on second thoughts, I divined that she alluded to *Iceland* and to Hecla—and so it proved, though she sustained her volcanic topography for some time with all the amiable pertinacity of "the Feminie." She soon after turned to me and asked me various questions about Sir Humphry's philosophy, and I explained as well as an Oracle his skill in gases, safety lamps, and in ungluing the Pompeian MSS.[1] "But what do you call him?"

(*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 118), "went to Ravenna to see Lord "Byron, who is now living domesticated with the Guiccioli and her "husband after all. He was rather anxious to get off with Davy to "Bologna, professedly for the purpose of seeing Lady Davy, but I "have no doubt with a wish to give his *Contessa* the slip."

1. In the *Philosophical Transactions* (1821, pp. 191, 192) will be found a paper read by Sir Humphry Davy (March 15, 1821), on "Some Observations and Experiments on the Papyri found in the "Ruins of Herculaneum." From this paper the following extract is taken:—

"During the two months that I was actively employed in experi- "ments on the papyri at Naples, I had succeeded, with the assist- "ance of six of the persons attached to the Museum, and whom I had "engaged for the purpose, in partially unrolling 23 MSS., from "which fragments of writing were obtained, and in examining "about 120 others, which afforded no hopes of success; and I should "gladly have gone on with the undertaking, from the mere pros- "pect of a possibility of discovering some better results, had not the "labour, in itself difficult and unpleasant, been made more so, by "the conduct of the persons at the head of this department in the "Museum. At first every disposition was shown to promote my "researches; for the papyri remaining unrolled were considered by "them as incapable of affording anything legible by the former "methods, or, to use their own word, *disperati*; and the efficacy "and use of the new processes were fully allowed by the Svolgatori, "or unrollers of the Museum; and I was for some time permitted "to choose and operate upon the specimens at my own pleasure.

said she. "A great Chemist," quoth I. "What can he "do?" repeated the lady. "Almost any thing," said I. "Oh, then, *mio Caro*, do pray beg him to give me some- "thing to dye my eyebrows black. I have tried a "thousand things, and the colours all come off; and "besides, they don't grow: can't he invent something to "make them grow?" All this with the greatest earnest- ness; and what you will be surprized at, she is neither ignorant nor a fool, but really well educated and clever. But they speak like children, when first out of their convents; and, after all, this is better than an English blue-stocking.

I did not tell Sir Humphry of this last piece of philosophy, not knowing how he might take it. He is gone on towards England. Sotheby has sent him a poem on his undoing the MSS., which Sir H. says is a bad one. Who the devil doubts it? Davy was much taken with Ravenna, and the *primitive Italianism* of the people, who are unused to foreigners: but he only staid a day.

Send me Scott's novels and some news.

P.S.—I have begun and advanced into the second Act of a tragedy on the subject of the Doge's Conspiracy

"When, however, the Reverend Peter Elmsley, whose zeal for the "promotion of ancient literature brought him to Naples for the "purpose of assisting in the undertaking, began to examine the frag- "ments unrolled, a jealousy, with regard to his assistance, was "immediately manifested; and obstacles, which the kind interfer- "ence of Sir William A'Court was not always capable of removing, "were soon opposed to the progress of our enquiries; and these "obstacles were so multiplied, and made so vexatious towards the "end of February, that we conceived it would be both a waste of "the public money, and a compromise of our own characters, to "proceed." For the improvements in Padre Piaggi's method of unrolling the MSS. (described in the *Annual Register* for 1820, p. 504), which were suggested by Sir H. Davy, see *Philosophical Transactions*, 1821, p. 199.

(i.e. the story of Marino Faliero); but my present feeling is so little encouraging on such matters, that I begin to think I have mined my talent out, and proceed in no great phantasy of finding a new vein.

P.S.—I sometimes think (if the Italians don't rise) of coming over to England in the Autumn after the coronation, (at which I would not appear, on account of my family Schism with "the feminie") but as yet I can decide nothing. The place must be a great deal changed since I left it, now more than four years ago.

May 9th, 1820. Address directly to Ravenna.

796.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, May 20, 1820.

Murray, my dear, make my respects to Thomas Campbell, and tell him from me, with faith and friendship, three things that he must right in his Poets: *Firstly*, he says Anstey's *Bath Guide* Characters are taken from Smollett. 'Tis impossible:—the *Guide* was published in *1766*, and *Humphrey Clinker* in *1771*—*dunque*, 'tis Smollett who has taken from Anstey.[1] *Secondly*, he does not know to whom Cowper alludes, when he says that there was one who "built a church to "*God*, and then blasphemed his name:" it was "Deo "erexit *Voltaire*" to whom that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet alludes.[2] *Thirdly*, he misquotes and spoils

1. Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*, with biographical and critical notices, etc., was published in 1819 (7 vols., London). The corrections pointed out by Byron were not made in subsequent editions of the biographical portion of the work. In the Notice of Christopher Anstey (*Notices of the British Poets*, ed. 1819, p. 439), Campbell says of *The New Bath Guide*, "The droll and "familiar manner of the poem is original, but its leading characters "are evidently borrowed from Smollett."

2. In his Notice of Cowper (*Notices, etc.*, ed. 1819, p. 358), Campbell lays stress on the impersonal character of his satires. "I

a passage from Shakespeare, "to gild refined gold, to "paint the lily," etc.; for *lily* he puts *rose*, and bedevils in more words than one the whole quotation.[1]

Now, Tom is a fine fellow; but he should be correct; for the 1st is an *injustice* (to Anstey), the 2nd an *ignorance*, and the third a *blunder*. Tell him all this, and let him take it in good part; for I might have rammed it into a review and vexed him—instead of which, I act like a Christian.

Yours,

B.

797.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, May 20th 1820.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—Let Merryweather be kept in for *one week*, and then let him out for a Scoundrel. Tell him that such is the lesson for the ungrateful, and let this be a warning; a little common feeling, and common honesty would have saved him from useless expence and utter ruin.

"know not," he adds in a note, "to whom he alludes in these "lines:—

"'Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laugh'd His word to scorn.'"

The lines are from Cowper's *Retirement*, and the allusion is, as Byron says, to Voltaire.

1. Campbell, in his Notice of Burns (*Notices, etc.*, ed. 1819, p. 245), says, "Every reader must recal abundance of thoughts in "his love-songs, to which any attempt to superadd a tone of "gallantry would not be

"'To gild refined gold, to paint the rose,
Or add fresh perfume to the violet;'

"but to debase the metal, and to take the odour and colour from the "flower." The quotation from *King John* (act iv. sc. 2) should be, as Byron points out—

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet."

Never would I pursue a man to Jail for a mere *debt*, and never will I forgive one for ingratitude such as this Villain's. But let him go and be damned (*once in though first*); but I could much wish *you* to see him and inoculate him with a moral sense by shewing him the result of his rascality.

As to Mother Mocenigo, we'll battle with her, and her ragamuffin. Castelli must dungeon Merryweather, if it be but for a day, I don't want to hurt, only to teach him.

I write to you in such haste and such heat; it seems to be under the dog (or bitch) Star that I can no more, but sottoscribble myself,

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—My best respects to the Consolessa and Compts. to Mr. Dorville.

Hobhouse is angry with me for a ballad[1] and epigram I made upon him; only think—how odd!

798.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, May 20th, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—First and foremost, you must forward my letter to *Moore* dated *2d January*, which I said you might open, but desired you *to forward*. Now, you should really not forget these little things, because they do mischief among friends. You are an excellent man, a great man, and live among great men, but do pray recollect your absent friends and authors.

I return you the packets. The prose (the *Edin. Mag.* answer) looks better than I thought it would, and *you*

1. See *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 423, *note* 1, and Appendix XL

may publish it: there will be a row, but I'll fight it out one way or another. You are wrong: I never had those "*two* ladies,"[1] upon my honour! Never believe but *half* of such stories. Southey was a damned scoundrel to spread such a lie of a woman, whose mother he did his best to get and could not.

So you and Hobhouse have squabbled about my ballad: you should not have circulated it; but I am glad you are by the ears, you both deserve it—he for having been in Newgate, and *you* for not being there.

Excuse haste: if you knew what I have on hand, you would.

In the first place, *your packets;* then a letter from Kinnaird, on the most urgent business: another from Moore, about a communication to Lady B[yron] of importance; a fourth from the mother of Allegra; and, fifthly, at Ravenna, the Contessa G. is on the eve of being divorced on account of our having been taken together *quasi* in the fact, and, what is worse, that she did not *deny* it: but the Italian public are on our side, particularly the women,—and the men also, because they say that *he* had no business to take the business up now after a year of toleration. The law is against him, because he slept with his wife after her admission. All her relations (who are numerous, high in rank, and powerful) are furious *against him* for his conduct, and his not wishing to be cuckolded at *three*score, when every one else is at ONE. I am warned to be on my guard, as he is very capable of employing *Sicarii*—this is Latin as well as Italian, so you can understand it; but I have arms, and don't mind them, thinking that I can pepper his ragamuffins if they don't come unawares, and that, if

1. See *Letters*, vol. iv. pp. 298, 482.

they do, one may as well end that way as another; and it would besides serve *you* as an advertisement:—

"Man may escape from rope or Gun, etc.
But he who takes Woman, Woman, Woman," etc.[1]

Yours,

B.

P.S.—I have looked over the press, but Heaven knows how: think what I have on hand and the post going out tomorrow. Do you remember the epitaph on Voltaire?[2]

"Cy gît l'enfant gâté," etc.

"Here lies the spoilt child
Of the World which he spoil'd."

The original is in Grimm and Diderot, etc., etc., etc.

799.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, May 24, 1820.

I wrote to you a few days ago. There is also a letter of January last for you at Murray's, which will explain to you why I am here. Murray ought to have forwarded

1. *The Beggar's Opera*, act ii. sc. 2—

Air.—Macheath.

"Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm."

Man may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman, must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly, that sips treacle, is lost in the sweets,
So he, that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He, that tastes woman, ruin meets.

2. In the *Correspondance Littéraire*, Partie IIme tom. ivme p. 355, ed. 1812, the epitaph is thus given—

"Épitaphe de Voltaire, faite par une dame de Lausanne—

'Ci gît l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta.'"

it long ago. I enclose you an epistle from a country-woman of yours at Paris, which has moved my entrails.[1] You will have the goodness, perhaps, to enquire into the truth of her story, and I will help her as far as I can,—though not in the useless way she proposes. Her letter is evidently unstudied, and so natural, that the orthography is also in a state of nature.

Here is a poor creature, ill and solitary, who thinks, as a last resource, of translating you or me into French! Was there ever such a notion? It seems to me the consummation of despair. Pray enquire, and let me know, and, if you could draw a bill on me *here* for a few hundred francs, at your banker's, I will duly honour it,—that is, if she is not an impostor. If not, let me know, that I may get something remitted by my banker Longhi, of Bologna, for I have no correspondence myself at Paris: but tell her she must not translate;—if she does, it will be the height of ingratitude.

I had a letter (not of the same kind, but in French and flattery) from a Madame Sophie Gail, of Paris, whom I take to be the spouse of a Gallo-Greek of that name.[2]

1. Moore, in his Diary for June, 1820 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 123), writes, "Received a letter from Lord Byron about the 7th or "8th, commissioning me to find out an Irishwoman of the name of "Mahony, who had written to him to request he would let her "have the proof sheets of one of his new works, that she might "translate it into French, and so make a little money by being first "in the field with a translation, she being an orphan, etc. . . . I "called upon the lady, and found her so respectably dressed and "lodged, that I felt delicate, at first, about mentioning the gift "Lord Byron intended for her; and when, on my second visit, I "presented the fifteen Napoleons, the poor girl refused them, saying "it was not in that way she wished to be served; having contrived "hitherto, though an orphan, to support herself without pecuniary "assistance from any one."

2. Moore describes Jean Baptiste Gail (1755–1829), Professor of Greek Literature in the Collège de France at Paris, "whose edition "of Anacreon I remember my mother buying for me when I was "about nineteen, and busy with my own translations," as "a

Who is she? and what is she? and how came she to take an interest in my *poeshie* or its author? If you know her, tell her, with my compliments, that, as I only *read* French, I have not answered her letter; but would have done so in Italian, if I had not thought it would look like an affectation. I have just been scolding my monkey for tearing the seal of her letter, and spoiling a mock book, in which I put rose leaves. I had a civet-cat the other day, too; but it ran away, after scratching my monkey's cheek, and I am in search of it still. It was the fiercest beast I ever saw, and like * * in the face and manner.

I have a world of things to say; but, as they are not come to a *dénouement*, I don't care to begin their history till it is wound up. After you went, I had a fever, but got well again without bark. Sir Humphry Davy was here the other day, and liked Ravenna very much. He will tell you any thing you may wish to know about the place and your humble servitor.

Your apprehensions (arising from Scott's) were unfounded. There are *no damages* in this country, but there will probably be a separation between them, as her family, which is a principal one, by its connections, are very much against *him*, for the whole of his conduct;—and he is old and obstinate, and she is young and a woman, determined to sacrifice every thing to her affections. I have given her the best advice, viz. to stay with him,—pointing out the state of a separated woman, (for

"convivial and rather weak old man" (*Memoirs, etc.*, January 24, 1820, vol. iii. p. 100). He was, however, a very distinguished scholar, who had done good service to the study of Greek in France. His wife, *née* Sophie Garre (1776–1819), was celebrated for her novels and her musical talents. Her opera, *les Deux Jaloux*, had gained a great success in 1813. She was dead at the time of Byron's letter. Byron's correspondent was really Madame Sophie Gay, mother of Delphine Gay afterwards Madame de Girardin.

the priests won't let lovers live openly together, unless the husband sanctions it,) and making the most exquisite moral reflections,—but to no purpose. She says, "I will "stay with him, if he will let you remain with me. It is "hard that I should be the only woman in Romagna who "is not to have her *Amico;* but, if not, I will not live with "him; and as for the consequences, love, etc., etc., etc." —you know how females reason on such occasions.

He says he has let it go on till he can do so no longer. But he wants her to stay, and dismiss me; for he doesn't like to pay back her dowry and to make an alimony. Her relations are rather for the separation, as they detest him,—indeed, so does every body. The populace and the women are, as usual, all for those who are in the wrong, viz. the lady and her lover. I should have retreated, but honour, and an erysipelas which has attacked her, prevent me,—to say nothing of love, for I love her most entirely, though not enough to persuade her to sacrifice every thing to a frenzy. "I see how it "will end; she will be the sixteenth Mrs. Shuffleton." [1]

My paper is finished, and so must this letter.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I regret that you have not completed the Italian Fudges.[2] Pray, how come you to be still in Paris? Murray has four or five things of mine in hand—the new *Don Juan*, which his back-shop synod don't admire;—a

1. In *John Bull, or the Englishman's Fireside*, by George Colman the Younger (act ii. sc. 2), the Honourable Tom Shuffleton says, "Fine blue eyes, faith, and very like my Fanny's. Yes, I "see how it will end;—she'll be the fifteenth Mrs. Shuffleton."

2. Moore at one time proposed to continue his *Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), by a series of letters in verse from the Fudge family in Italy. He did not carry out the plan. *The Fudges in England: being a sequel to the* "Fudge Family in Paris," appeared in 1823.

translation of the first canto of Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, excellent;—a short ditto from Dante, not so much approved: the *Prophecy of Dante*, very grand and worthy, etc., etc., etc.:—a furious prose answer to Blackwood's "Observations on *Don Juan*," with a savage Defence of Pope—likely to make a row. The opinions above I quote from Murray and his Utican senate;—you will form your own, when you see the things.

You will have no great chance of seeing me, for I begin to think I must finish in Italy. But, if you come my way, you shall have a tureen of macaroni. Pray tell me about yourself, and your intents.

My trustees are going to lend Earl Blessington sixty thousand pounds (at six per cent.) on a Dublin mortgage. Only think of my becoming an Irish absentee!

800.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, May 25, 1820.

A German named Ruppsecht has sent me, heaven knows why, several Deutsche Gazettes, of all which I understand neither word nor letter. I have sent you the enclosed to beg you to translate to me some remarks, which appear to be *Goethe's upon Manfred*,[1]—and if I may judge by *two* notes of *admiration* (generally put after something ridiculous by us) and the word "*hypocon-drisch*," are any thing but favourable. I shall regret this, for I should have been proud of Goethe's good word; but I shan't alter my opinion of him, even though he should be savage.

Will you excuse this trouble, and do me this favour?

1. For Goethe's criticism on *Manfred*, Hoppner's translation, and a general note on Goethe and Byron, see Appendix II.

—Never mind—soften nothing—I am literary proof—having had good and evil said in most modern languages.

Believe me, etc.

801.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, June 1, 1820.

I have received a Parisian letter from W[edderburn] W[ebster], which I prefer answering through you, if that worthy be still at Paris, and, as he says, an occasional visitor of yours. In November last he wrote to me a well-meaning letter, stating, for some reasons of his own, his belief that a re-union might be effected between Lady B. and myself. To this I answered as usual; and he sent me a second letter, repeating his notions, which letter I have never answered, having had a thousand other things to think of. He now writes as if he believed that he had offended me by touching on the topic; and I wish you to assure him that I am not at all so,—but, on the contrary, obliged by his good nature. At the same time acquaint him *the thing is impossible. You know this*, as well as I,—and there let it end.

I believe that I showed you his epistle in autumn last. He asks me if I have heard of *my* "laureat" at Paris,[1]—somebody who has written "a most sanguinary

1. Byron refers to Lamartine's "L'Homme—à Lord Byron," one of the poems in his *Premières Méditations Poétiques* (1820). Lamartine was an ardent admirer of Byron. In the subsequent "Commentaire" on the poem he thus describes its origin—

"J'entendis parler pour la première fois de lui [Byron] par un de "mes anciens amis qui revenait d'Angleterre en 1819. Le seul "récit de quelques-uns de ses poëmes m'ébranla l'imagination. . . . "Je lus, dans un recueil périodique de Genève, quelques fragments "traduits du *Corsaire*, de *Lara*, de *Manfred*. Je devins ivre de "cette poésie. J'avais enfin trouvé la fibre sensible d'un poëte à "l'unisson des mes voix intérieures. . . . Je n'adressai point ces "vers à Lord Byron. . . . J'ai lu depuis, dans ses Mémoires, qu'il "avait entendu parler de cette méditation d'un jeune Français, mais "qu'il ne l'avait pas lue. Il ne savait pas notre langue."

"*Epître*" against me; but whether in French, or Dutch, or on what score, I know not, and he don't say,—except that (for my satisfaction) he says it is the best thing in the fellow's volume. If there is anything of the kind that I *ought* to know, you will doubtless tell me. I suppose it to be something of the usual sort;—he says, he don't remember the author's name.

I wrote to you some ten days ago, and expect an answer at your leisure.

The separation business still continues, and all the world are implicated, including priests and cardinals. The public opinion is furious against *him*, because he ought to have cut the matter short *at first*, and not waited twelve months to begin. He has been trying at evidence, but can get none *sufficient*; for what would make fifty divorces in England won't do here—there must be the *most decided* proofs. * * *

It is the first cause of the kind attempted in Ravenna for these two hundred years; for, though they often separate, they assign a different motive. You know that the continental incontinent are more delicate than the English, and don't like proclaiming their coronation in a court, even when nobody doubts it.

All her relations are furious against him. The father has challenged him—a superfluous valour, for he don't fight, though suspected of two assassinations—one of the famous Monzoni of Forli. Warning was given me not to take such long rides in the Pine Forest without being on my guard; so I take my stiletto and a pair of pistols in my pocket during my daily rides.

I won't stir from this place till the matter is settled one way or the other. She is as femininely firm as possible; and the opinion is so much against him, that the *advocates* decline to undertake his cause, because they

say that he is either a fool or a rogue—fool, if he did not discover the liaison till now; and rogue, if he did know it, and waited for some bad end to divulge it. In short, there has been nothing like it since the days of Guido di Polenta's family,[1] in these parts.

If the man has me taken off, like Polonius "say, he "made a good end,"[2]—for a melodrame. The principal security is, that he has not the courage to spend twenty scudi—the average price of a clean-handed bravo—otherwise there is no want of opportunity, for I ride about the woods every evening, with one servant, and sometimes an acquaintance, who latterly looks a little queer in solitary bits of bushes.

Good bye.—Write to yours ever, etc.

802.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, June 7, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Enclosed is something which will interest you, (to wit), the opinion of *the* Greatest man of Germany—perhaps of Europe—upon one of the great men of your advertisements, (all "famous hands," as Jacob Tonson[3] used to say of his ragamuffins,)—in short, a critique of *Goethe's* upon *Manfred*. There is the original, Mr. Hoppner's translation, and an Italian one; keep them all in your archives,—for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not, are always interesting, and this is moreover favourable.

1. Guido Vecchio da Polenta (d. 1310), whose "eagle" brooded over Ravenna in the days of Dante, was the father of Francesca da Rimini.

2. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

3. "Perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were "told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented "me with the title of a great genius or an eminent hand, as Jacob "does all his authors."—Pope to Steele, November 29, 1712 (Courthope's *Pope*, vol. vi. p. 396).

His *Faust* I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *viva voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the *Staubach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else, much more than Faustus, that made me write *Manfred*. The first Scene, however, and that of Faustus are very similar. Acknowledge this letter

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I have received *Ivanhoe;—good*. Pray send me some tooth powder and *tincture* of Myrrh, by *Waite*, etc. *Ricciardetto* should have been *translated literally, or not at all*. As to puffing *Whistlecraft, it won't do:*[1] I'll tell you why some day or other. Cornwall's a poet,[2]

1. Probably this alludes to an article on *Whistlecraft*, in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxi.; in which the reviewer (p. 503) says, "About a hundred years ago, a poem, bearing a certain degree of "affinity to the 'Specimen,' was produced by Monsignor Forteguerri, "a writer who in genius and means was far inferior to the English "Poet," etc., etc. Niccolò Forteguerri (1674–1735), a native of Pistoja, and a cardinal, wrote *Ricciardetto* (pub. 1738), a broad burlesque of Ariosto. The poem, already twice translated into French verse (Dumouriez, 1766; Duc de Nivernais, 1796), may have helped to suggest to Frere his *Prospectus and Specimen of an Intended National Work*, by William and Robert Whistlecraft.

2. Bryan Waller Procter (1787–1874), father of Adelaide Procter (1825–1864), entered Harrow School in February, 1801. He became a solicitor, then a barrister, and finally (1832–61) a metropolitan commissioner in lunacy. But though the law was his profession, literature, especially before his marriage (1824) with Miss Skepper, was his passion. Under the disguise of "Barry Cornwall," a partial anagram of his real name, he published his *Dramatic Scenes* in 1819; his *Marcian Colonna* appeared in the next year, his *Sicilian Story* in 1821. In the two last-named works the influence of Leigh Hunt was conspicuous, as Byron remarks (p. 217); but Moore gratified his feeling against Hunt by omitting the name, now for the first time restored, at the expense of Byron's critical insight. Procter's *Mirandola* was produced at Covent Garden, January 9, 1821, with Macready as the "Duke of Mirandola;" Charles Kemble as his son, "Guido;" Miss Foote as "Isidora;" and Mrs. Faucit as "Isabella." Genest (*English Stage*, vol. ix. pp. 102, 103) calls it

but spoilt by the detestable Schools of the day. Mrs. Hemans[1] is a poet also, but too stiltified and apostrophic,

"a pretty good play," and says that it was acted sixteen times. Some of Procter's best poetical work is contained in his *English Songs and other Smaller Poems* (1832). As an intimate friend of "Elia," he wrote a charming biography of Charles Lamb (*Charles Lamb: a Memoir*, 1866–68). He made himself responsible for part of the expenses of the publication of Shelley's posthumous poetry. The following is a letter from Procter to Byron:—

"March 19, 1821, 25, Store Street, Bedford Square.

"MY LORD,—It gave me much pleasure to learn that you had "some recollection of a Harrow boy, as well as that you felt some "interest in my poetical progress. It has, in truth, been fortunate. "Pray endeavour to believe that I am obliged by your remembering "me. I sent you in January, thro' Mr. Murray, who promised to "forward it, a copy of my play of *Mirandola*, which was very "well received. I scarcely know how you will like it, but the style "is after a better fashion, I think, than what has generally been "followed of late years. I shall try to do better some of these "days, and in the mean time, if you have an idle five minutes, "I need not say that I shall feel flattered by your devoting them to "me. I am induced to say thus much because you have already "taken the trouble of thinking of me and my little literary ventures.

"There is little book-news at present. Scott's *Kenilworth* has "been very well received, and there is a great deal of *dramatic* "power in the tale, tho' it is too much like a fragment of history, "and not altogether complete in itself, perhaps. Southey has tried "the English hexameter, and has written *The Vision of Judg-* "*ment*; but it will not be popular, I apprehend. I have not read "it. Thomas Moore has been in France, and has written nothing, "as you know. I wish he would dispatch one of his little piquant "duodecimos here. We want something to enliven us. *Don Juan* "is *not* out yet. Pray don't keep him back; he is rather wicked, "but very delightful. Have you seen Shelley's *Cenci*? It is a "very powerful performance, I think, tho' I wish he would let those "disagreeable subjects alone. Poor Keats is at Rome, dying, I "hear. Wordsworth and Coleridge are idle, as far as poetry is "concerned. This is all the news in my possession.

"The Neapolitans have stirred our lazy blood a little. I hope, "however, that they will not (nor the Austrians) make your stay at "Venice either perilous or uncomfortable. Do not allow the *hot* "sun of the South to beget indolence upon you, but pray write as "much as is consistent with your health; about this latter point I "beg you to believe that I am interested, as well as most sincerely "about every thing you do.

"I am, my dear lord,

"Your most obliged and sincere servt.,

"B. W. PROCTER.

"I do not send you my last book, *Marcian Colonna*, as Mr.

and quite wrong: men died calmly before the Christian æra, and since, without Christianity—witness the Romans, and, lately, Thistlewood,[2] Sandt,[3] and Louvel[4]—men who ought to have been weighed down with their crimes, even had they believed. A deathbed is a matter of nerves and constitution, and not of religion. Voltaire was frightened, Frederick of Prussia not: Christians the same, according to their strength rather than their creed. What does Helga Herbert[5] mean by his *Stanza?* which

"Murray may perhaps have forwarded it to you among other new "publications. It is rather a hasty affair."

1. Mrs. Hemans, in *The Sceptic* (1820), based the truth of religion on the misery of man without it,—especially at the moment of death.

2. Arthur Thistlewood (1770–1820), son of a Lincolnshire farmer, had three times attempted to inaugurate a revolution in London (Spa Fields, December 2, 1816; Smithfield, September 6, 1817; and October 12, 1817). For the first attempt he was tried for high treason; but the case was not proceeded with. From May, 1818, to May, 1819, he was imprisoned in Horsham Gaol for a threatened breach of the peace by a challenge which he sent to Lord Sidmouth. Despairing of revolution, he fell back on assassination. His plan was to assassinate the Ministers at a Cabinet dinner to be given at Lord Harrowby's, February 23, 1820. On the evening of the 23rd the conspirators were arrested in a loft over a stable in Cato Street. Thistlewood escaped, but was taken next day in Moorfields. He was hanged in front of Newgate, defiant to the last, on May 1, 1820.

3. Charles Sandt (1795–1820) assassinated Kotzebue (1761–1819), whom he suspected of being a Russian spy, at Mannheim, March 23, 1819. After the murder he exclaimed, "God, I thank Thee, for "having permitted me to accomplish this act!" and plunged the knife in his own breast. He was executed at Mannheim, May 20, 1820, going to the scaffold as to a *fête*, and his last words were, that he died "for the liberty of Germany."

4. For Pierre-Louis Louvel, see p. 20, *note* 1.

5. The Hon. William Herbert (1778–1847), poet, linguist, botanist, ornithologist, and divine, was the third son of the first Earl of Carnarvon. He began life as a barrister, and became M.P. first for Hampshire (1806), then for Cricklade (1811). Ordained in 1814, he was made Dean of Manchester in 1840. As a boy at Eton, he had edited the *Musæ Etonenses* (1795). In 1804–6 he published, in two parts, his *Select Icelandic Poetry*. Herbert was one of the earliest Edinburgh Reviewers, and hence Byron alludes to him in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 510, 511—

> "Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer, and sometimes
> In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes."

is octave got drunk or gone mad. He ought to have his ears boxed with Thor's hammer for rhyming so fantastically.

803.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, June 8th 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—It is intimated to me that there is some demur and backwardness on your part to make propositions with regard to the MSS. transmitted to you at your own request. How or why this should occur, when you were in no respect limited to any terms, I know not, and do not care—contenting myself with *repeating* that the two cantos of *Juan* were to reckon as *one* only, and that, even in that case *you are not to consider* yourself as bound by your former proposition, particularly as your people may have a bad opinion of the production, the whilk I am by no means prepared to dispute.

With regard to the other MSS. (the prose will *not* be published in any case), I named nothing, and left the matter to you and to my friends. If you are the least shy (I do not say you are wrong), you can put the whole of the MSS. in Mr. Hobhouse's hands; and there the matter ends. Your declining to publish will not be any offence to me.

Yours in haste,

B.

His *Helga*, a poem in seven cantos, appeared in 1815, and *Hedin, or the Spectre of the Tomb*, in 1820. The metre of *Hedin* is peculiar. Stanza lvii. runs as follows:—

"Strange signs upon the tomb her hands did trace;
Then to strong spells she did herself address,
And in slow measure breathed that fatal strain,
Whose awful harmony can wake the slain,
Rive the cold grave, and work the charmer's will.
Thrice, as she called on Hedin, rang the plain;
Thrice echoed the dread name from hill to hill;
Thrice the dark wold sent back the sound, and all was still."

804.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, June 9, 1820.

Galignani has just sent me the Paris edition of your works (which I wrote to order), and I am glad to see my old friends with a French face. I have been skimming and dipping, in and over them, like a swallow, and as pleased as one. It is the first time that I had seen the Melodies without music; and, I don't know how, but I can't read in a music-book—the crotchets confound the words in my head, though I recollect them perfectly when *sung*. Music assists my memory through the ear, not through the eye; I mean, that her quavers perplex me upon paper, but they are a help when heard. And thus I was glad to see the words without their borrowed robes;—to my mind they look none the worse for their nudity.

The biographer[1] has made a botch of your life—calling your father "a *venerable old* gentleman," and prattling of "Addison," and "dowager countesses." If

1. In the "Sketch of Thomas Moore," prefixed to the collected edition of his works published by Galignani, the biographer speaks of "Mr. Moore, sen., a venerable old gentleman, the father of our "bard." Alluding to Moore's marriage with Miss Dyke, he says that "the fate of Addison with his Countess Dowager" held "out "no encouragement for the ambitious love of Mr. Moore." In his report of Moore's speech at Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, on June 8, 1818, he represents Moore as saying, in response to Lord Charlemont's toast of "the living Poets of Great Britain," "Can I "name to you a Byron, without recalling to your hearts recollections "of all that his mighty genius has awakened there; his energy, his "burning words, his intense passion, that disposition of fine fancy "to wander only among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in places "which the fire of feeling has desolated, and, like the chestnut-tree, "that grows best in volcanic soils, to luxuriate most where the "conflagration of passion has left its mark?" Other poets mentioned by Moore were Scott, Southey, Rogers, Campbell, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Maturin whose dramatic powers were "consecrated "by the applause of a Scott and a Byron," Sheil, Phillips, and Lady Morgan.

that damned fellow was to *write my* life, I would certainly *take his*. And then, at the Dublin dinner, you have "made a speech" (do you recollect, at Douglas K.'s., "Sir, he made me a speech?") too complimentary to the "living poets," and somewhat redolent of universal praise. I am but too well off in it, but * * *

You have not sent me any poetical or personal news of yourself. Why don't you complete an Italian *Tour of the Fudges*? I have just been turning over *Little*, which I knew by heart in 1803, being then in my fifteenth summer. Heigho! I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours.

In my last I told you of a cargo of "Poeshie," which I had sent to M. at his own impatient desire;—and, now he has got it, he don't like it, and demurs. Perhaps he is right. I have no great opinion of any of my last shipment, except a translation from Pulci, which is word for word, and verse for verse.

I am in the third act of a Tragedy; but whether it will be finished or not, I know not: I have, at this present, too many passions of my own on hand to do justice to those of the dead. Besides the vexations mentioned in my last, I have incurred a quarrel with the Pope's carabiniers, or *gens d'armerie*, who have petitioned the Cardinal against my liveries, as resembling too nearly their own lousy uniform. They particularly object to the epaulettes, which all the world with us have on upon gala days. My liveries are of the colours conforming to my arms, and have been the family hue since the year 1066.

I have sent a trenchant reply, as you may suppose; and have given to understand that, if any soldados of that respectable corps insult my servants, I will do likewise

by their gallant commanders; and I have directed my ragamuffins, six in number, who are tolerably savage, to defend themselves, in case of aggression; and, on holidays and gaudy days, I shall arm the whole set, including myself, in case of accidents or treachery. I used to play pretty well at the broad-sword, once upon a time, at Angelo's; but I should like the pistol, our national buccaneer weapon, better, though I am out of practice at present. However, I can "wink and hold "out mine iron."[1] It makes me think (the whole thing does) of Romeo and Juliet—"now, Gregory, remember "thy *swashing* blow."[2]

All these feuds, however, with the Cavalier for his wife, and the troopers for my liveries, are very tiresome to a quiet man, who does his best to please all the world, and longs for fellowship and good will. Pray write.

I am yours, etc.

805.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, June 12th 1820.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—The accident is very disagreeable, but I do not see why *you* are to make up the loss, until it is quite clear that the money is lost; nor even then, because I am not at all disposed to have you suffer for an act of trouble for another. If the money has been *paid*, and not accounted for (by Dorville's illness), it rests with me to supply the deficit, and, even if not, I am not at all clear on the justice of your making up the money of another, because it has been stolen from your bureau. You will of course examine into the matter thoroughly, because otherwise you live in a state of

1. *Henry V.*, act ii. sc. 1.
2. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 1.

perpetual suspicion. Are you *sure* that the *whole sum came from the Bankers?* was it *counted* since it passed to you by Mr. Dorville or by yourself? or was it kept unmixed with any cash of your own expences?—in Venice and with Venetian servants any thing is possible and probable that savours of villainy.

You may give up the *house* immediately and licentiate the Servitors, and pray, if it likes you not, sell *the Gondola*, and keep that produce and in (*sic*) the other balance in your hands till you can clear up this matter.

Mother Mocenigo will probably try a bill for breakables, to which I reckoned that the new *Canal posts* and *pillars*, and *the new door* at the other end, together with the year's rent, and the house given up without further occupation, are an ample compensation for any cracking of crockery of her's in *aflitto*. Is it not so? how say you? the Canal posts and doors cost many hundred francs, and she may be content, or she may be damned; it is no great matter which. Should I ever go to Venice again, I will betake me to the Hostel or Inn.

I was greatly obliged by your translation from the German; but it is no time to plague you with such nonsense now, when in the full exasperation of this vexatious deficit.

Make my best respects to Mrs. Hoppner, who doubtless wishes me at the devil for all this trouble, and pray write.

And believe me, yours ever and truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Allegra is well and obstinate, much grown and a favourite.

My love to your little boy.

806.—To Charles Hanson.

Ravenna, June 15th 1820.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—After a mature consideration I decided to agree to the mortgage, and sent my consent addressed jointly to Mr. Kinnaird with your father, a few days ago.

The contents of the January packet have not been returned, because I presume that *both* the witnesses must be Britons, and the only one here besides myself is my servant Fletcher. Upon this point let me be avised.

It would have given me pleasure that the Rochdale suit could have been terminated amicably, and without further law, but by arbitration; but since it must go before a Court, I resign myself to the decision, and wish to hear the result.

I shall not return to England for the present, but I wish you to send me (obtain it) my summons as a Peer to the Coronation[1] (from curiosity), and let me know if we have any claims in our family (as connected with Sherwood Forest) to carry any part of the mummery, that they may not lapse, but, by being presented, be preserved to my Successors.

It will give me great pleasure to hear further from you on these points; and I beg you to believe me, with my best regards to your father and family,

Yours ever and truly,

BYRON.

1. The Coronation of George IV. was originally fixed for August 1, 1820. But, owing to the proceedings against the Queen, the ceremony did not take place till July 19, 1821.

807.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, July 6th 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—My former letters will prove that I found no fault with your opinions nor with you for acting upon them—but I do protest against your keeping me *four months* in suspense—without any answer at all. As it is you will keep back the remaining trash till I have woven the tragedy of which I am in the 4th act. With regard to terms I have already said that I named and *name* none. They are points which I leave between you and my friends, as I cannot judge upon the subject; neither to you nor to them have I named any sum, nor have I thought of any, nor does it matter—— But if you don't answer my letters I shall resort to the *Row*—where I shall not find probably good manners or liberality—but at least I shall have *an answer of some kind.* You must not treat a blood horse as you do your hacks, otherwise he'll bolt out of the course. Keep back the stuff till I can send you the remainder—but recollect that I don't promise that the tragedy will be a whit better than the rest. All I shall require then will be a *positive* answer but a *speedy* one—and not an awkward delay. Now you have spoken out are you any the worse for it? and could not you have done so five months ago? Do you think I lay a stress on the merits of my "poeshie." I assure you I have many other things to think of. At present I am eager to know the result of the Colliery question between the Rochdale people and myself. The cause has been heard—but as yet Judgement is not passed—at least if it is I have not heard of it. Here is one thing of importance to my private affairs. The next is that I have been the cause of a great conjugal scrape here—which is now before the *Pope* (seriously I assure

you) and what the decision of his Sanctity will be no one can predicate. It would be odd that having left England for one Woman ("Vittoria Carambana the "White Devil"[1] to wit) I should have to quit Italy for another. The husband is the greatest man in these parts with *100000* Scudi a year—but he is a great Brunello[2] in

1. Byron refers to John Webster's play of *The White Devil*, published in 1612 under the following title: *The White Divel, or, the Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, With the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Quenes Maiesties Seruants. Written by John Webster* (London, 1612, 4to). In the tragedy Brachiano, married to Isabella de Medici, loves Vittoria, wife to Camillo. Vittoria's brother, Flamineo, promotes Brachiano's intrigue, and contrives the murder of Camillo and Isabella. Tried before the Duke of Florence, Isabella's brother, and the Cardinal Monticelso, Vittoria defends herself with such art that, though condemned, she wins the love of the Duke. He writes to her in the "Convent of Convertites," where she is confined, suggesting a plan for her escape. Brachiano gains possession of the letter, and uses the plan for his own purposes. The Duke kills Brachiano, and two of his friends kill Flamineo and Vittoria.

From 1663 to 1682 the play was one of the stock pieces at the Theatre Royal (Genest's *English Stage*, vol. i. pp. 334 and 346). Speaking of the fine trial scene, Charles Lamb says (*Specimens of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 229)—

"This White Devil of Italy sets off a bad cause so speciously, "and pleads with such an innocence resembling boldness, that we "seem to see that matchless beauty of her face which inspires such "gay confidence into her: and are ready to expect, when she has "done her pleadings, that her very judges, her accusers, the grave "ambassadors who sit as spectators, and all the court, will rise and "make proffer to defend her in spite of the utmost conviction of her "guilt."

The story is founded on history. Vittoria Accoramboni (1557–1585) married (1573) Francesco Peretti, nephew of Cardinal Montalto, afterwards Pope Sixtus V. Peretti was murdered (1581), and his widow, in the same year, was tried for the crime, and acquitted. She then married Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, himself suspected of the assassination. When Peretti's uncle became (1585) Pope, Orsini and his wife fled to Venice. There he died, not without suspicion of poison, and at the close of the same year (December 22, 1585) Vittoria and her brother Flaminio were murdered at Padua. The story is told at length by J. A. Symonds, in his *Renaissance in Italy*, "The Catholic "Reaction," part i. pp. 381–399.

2. In *Orlando Furioso* "Brunello" is a leader in the Saracen

politics and private life—and is shrewdly suspected of more than one murder. The relatives are on my side because they dislike him. We wait the event.

Yours truly,

B.

808.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, July 13, 1820.

To remove or increase your Irish anxiety about my being "in a wisp,"[1] I answer your letter forthwith; premising that, as I am a "*Will* of the wisp," I may chance to flit out of it. But, first, a word on the Memoir;[2] —I have no objection, nay, I would rather that *one* correct copy was taken and deposited in honourable hands, in case of accidents happening to the original; for you know that I have none, and have never even *re*-read, nor, indeed, *read* at all what is there written; I only know that I wrote it with the fullest intention to be

army, the misshapen dwarf to whom the king gave the talismanic ring—

> "Brunello is his name that hath the ring,
> Most leud and false, but politike and wise."
>
> Sir John Harington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, bk. iii. stanza 58.

1. "An Irish phrase for being in a scrape" (Moore).

2. In Moore's *Rhymes on the Road*, Extract vii. (*Works*, ed. 1854, vol. vii. pp. 301–304), will be found a poem written at Venice when about to open the *Memoirs* for the first time—

> "Let me a moment,—ere with fear and hope
> Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
> As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
> Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
> Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
> If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven——
> Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
> O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
> Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
> Over these precious leaves, as I do now," etc., etc.

"faithful and true" in my narrative, but *not* impartial—no, by the Lord! I can't pretend to be that, while I feel. But I wish to give every body concerned the opportunity to contradict or correct me.

I have no objection to any proper person seeing what is there written,—seeing it was written, like every thing else, for the purpose of being read, however much many writings may fail in arriving at that object.

With regard to "the wisp," the Pope has pronounced *their separation*. The decree came yesterday from Babylon,—it was *she* and *her friends* who demanded it, on the grounds of her husband's (the noble Count Cavalier's) extraordinary usage. *He* opposed it with all his might because of the alimony, which has been assigned, with all her goods, chattels, carriage, etc., to be restored by him.[1] In Italy they can't divorce. He insisted on her giving me up, and he would forgive every thing,—even the adultery, which he swears that he can prove by "famous witnesses." But, in this country, the very courts hold such proofs in abhorrence, the Italians being as much more delicate in public than the English, as they are more passionate in private.

The friends and relatives, who are numerous and powerful, reply to him—"*You*, yourself, are either fool "or knave,—fool, if you did not see the consequences of "the approximation of these two young persons,—knave, "if you connive at it. Take your choice,—but don't "break out (after twelve months of the closest intimacy, "under your own eyes and positive sanction) with a "scandal, which can only make you ridiculous and her "unhappy."

1. On July 16 Madame Guiccioli left Ravenna, and retired to a villa belonging to her father, Count Gamba, about fifteen miles from the city. The alimony allowed by her husband was £200 a year.

He swore that he thought our intercourse was purely amicable, and that *I* was more partial to him than to her, till melancholy testimony proved the contrary. To this they answer, that "Will of *this* wisp" was not an unknown person, and that "*clamosa Fama*" had not proclaimed the purity of my morals;—that *her* brother, a year ago, wrote from Rome to warn him that his wife would infallibly be led astray by this *ignis fatuus*, unless he took proper measures, all of which he neglected to take, etc., etc.

Now he says that he encouraged my return to Ravenna, to see "*in quanti piedi di acqua siamo*," and he has found enough to drown him in. In short,

> "Ce ne fut pas le tout; sa femme se plaignit—
> Procès—La parenté se joint en excuse et dit
> Que du *Docteur* venoit tout le mauvais ménage;
> Que cet homme étoit fou, que sa femme étoit sage.
> On fit casser le mariage."[1]

It is best to let the women alone, in the way of conflict, for they are sure to win against the field. She returns to her father's house, and I can only see her under great restrictions—such is the custom of the country. The relations behave very well:—I offered any settlement, but they refused to accept it, and swear she *shan't* live with G. (as he has tried to prove her faithless), but that he shall maintain her; and, in fact, a judgment to this effect came yesterday. I am, of course, in an awkward situation enough.

I have heard no more of the carabiniers who

1. Byron quotes from La Fontaine's "Le Roi Candaule et le "Maître en Droit." The last lines are—

> "Et puis la dame se rendit
> Belle et bonne religieuse
> A Saint-Croissant en Vavoureuse
> Un prélat lui donna l'habit."

protested against my liveries. They are not popular, those same soldiers, and, in a small row, the other night, one was slain, another wounded, and divers put to flight, by some of the Romagnuole youth, who are dexterous, and somewhat liberal of the knife. The perpetrators are not discovered, but I hope and believe that none of my ragamuffins were in it, though they are somewhat savage, and secretly armed, like most of the inhabitants. It is their way, and saves sometimes a good deal of litigation.

There is a revolution at Naples. If so, it will probably leave a card at Ravenna in its way to Lombardy.

Your publishers seem to have used you like mine. M. has shuffled, and almost insinuated that my last productions are *dull*. Dull, sir!—damme, dull! I believe he is right. He begs for the completion of my tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, none of which is yet gone to England. The fifth act is nearly completed, but it is dreadfully long—40 sheets of long paper of 4 pages each—about 150 when printed; but "so full of pastime and "prodigality" that I think it will do.

Pray send and publish your *Pome* upon me; and don't be afraid of praising me too highly. I shall pocket my blushes.

"Not actionable!"—*Chantre d'enfer!*[1]—by * * that's "a speech," and I won't put up with it. A pretty title to give a man for doubting if there be any such place!

So my Gail is gone—and Miss Mah*ony* won't take

1. The phrase occurs in the *Premières Méditations Poétiques* of Lamartine, towards the end of the poem "L'Homme—à Lord "Byron."

"Mais silence, ô ma lyre! Et toi, qui dans tes mains
Tiens le cœur palpitant des sensibles humains,
Byron, viens en tirer des torrents d'harmonie;
C'est pour la vérité que Dieu fit le génie.
Jette un cri vers le ciel, ô chantre des enfers!
Le ciel même aux damnés enviera tes concerts."

*mo*ney. I am very glad of it—I like to be generous, free of expense. But beg her not to translate me.

Oh, pray tell Galignani that I shall send him a screed of doctrine if he don't be more punctual. Somebody *regularly detains two*, and sometimes *four*, of his Messengers by the way. Do, pray, entreat him to be more precise. News are worth money in this remote kingdom of the Ostrogoths.

Pray, reply. I should like much to share some of your Champagne and La Fitte, but I am too Italian for Paris in general. Make Murray send my letter to you—it is full of *epigrams*.

Yours, etc.

809.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, July 17, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Moore writes that he has not yet received my letter of January 2d consigned to your care for him. I believe this is the sixth time I have begged of you to forward it, and I shall be obliged by your so doing.

I have received some books, and quarterlies, and *Edinburghs*, for all which I am grateful: they contain all I know of England, except by Galignani's newspaper.

The tragedy is completed, but now comes the task of copy and correction. It is very long, (42 *Sheets* of long paper, of 4 pages each), and I believe must make more than 140 or 150 pages, besides many historical extracts as notes, which I mean to append. History is closely followed. Dr. Moore's account[1] is in some respects

1. Dr. John Moore (1729–1802) published his *View of Society and Manners in Italy* (2 vols., 8vo) in 1781. In the Preface to *Marino Faliero*, Byron speaks of Moore's account as "false and flippant, "full of stale jests about old men and young wives, and wondering "at so great an effect from so slight a cause."

false, and in all foolish and flippant. *None* of the Chronicles (and I have consulted Sanuto,[1] Sandi, Navagero, and an anonymous Siege of Zara, besides the histories of Laugier, Daru, Sismondi, etc.) state, or even hint, that he begged his life; they merely say that he did not deny the conspiracy. He was one of their great men,—commanded at the siege of Zara, beat 80,000 Hungarians, killing 8000, and at the same time kept the town he was besieging in order. Took Capo d'Istria; was ambassador at Genoa, Rome, and finally Doge, where he fell for treason, in attempting to alter the Government, by what Sanuto calls a Judgement on him, for, many years before (when Podesta and Captain of Treviso), having knocked down a bishop, who was sluggish in carrying the host at a procession. He "saddles him," as Thwackum did Square, "with a Judge-"ment;"[2] but does not mention whether he had been punished at the time for what would appear very strange even now, and must have been still more so in an age of Papal power and glory. Sanuto says, that Heaven took away his senses for this buffet in his old age, and induced him to conspire.—*Però fù permesso che il Faliero perdette l'intelletto*, etc.

I don't know what your parlour boarders will think of the drama I have founded upon this extraordinary event: the only similar one in history is the story of

1. Marino Sanuto (1466–1535) wrote *Vitæ ducum Venetorum ab origine urbis, sive ab anno* 421 *ad annum* 1493. Though the title is in Latin, the work is in Italian. It was first published by Muratori in 1733 (*Rerum Italicorum Scriptores*, tom. xxii.). In the Preface and Notes to *Marino Faliero*, Byron quotes as his authorities Sanuto, Vettor Sandi, Andrea Navagero, the anonymous account of the siege of Zara preserved in Morelli's *Monumenti Veneziani*, Laugier's *Histoire de Venise*, Daru's *Histoire de la République de Venise*, Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, and Petrarch's letters.

2. *Tom Jones*, bk. iv.

Agis, King of Sparta,[1] a prince *with* the Commons against the aristocracy, and losing his life therefor; but it shall be sent when copied.

I should be glad to know why your Quarter*ing* Reviewers, at the close of *the Fall of Jerusalem*, accuse me of Manicheism? a compliment to which the sweetener of "one of the mightiest Spirits" by no means reconciles me. The poem they review is very noble; but could they not do justice to the writer without converting him into my religious Antidote? I am not a Manichean, nor an *Any*-chean. I should like to know what harm my "poeshies" have done: I can't tell what your people mean by making me a hobgoblin.[2]

1. Agis IV., King of Sparta (B.C. 244-240), said to one of his executioners whom he saw in tears, "Weep not, my man! Though "I suffer death contrary both to law and justice, yet am I in happier "case than my murderers" (Plutarch, ΑΓΙΣ, 20). "Pausanias's "statement that Agis was killed in the battle is implicitly contra- "dicted by Plutarch, who describes in detail how Agis was seized "by conspirators in Sparta and put to death" (Fraser's *Pausanias*, vol. iv. p. 217).

2. *The Fall of Jerusalem*, by Henry Hart Milman, appeared in 1820. In the Preface to *Marino Faliero*, Byron, speaking of the play, says, "But surely there is dramatic power somewhere, where "Joanna Baillie, and Milman, and John Wilson exist. The 'City "of the Plague' and the 'Fall of Jerusalem' are full of the best "'*materiel*' for tragedy that has been seen since Horace Walpole, "except passages of Ethelwald and De Montfort." The *Quarterly* reviewer, Bishop Heber, says, "Mr. Milman has much to add to his "own reputation and that of his country. Remarkably as Britain "is now distinguished by its living poetical talent, our time has "room for him. For sacred poetry (a walk which Milton alone has "hitherto successfully trodden) his taste, his peculiar talents, his "education, and his profession appear alike to designate him; and, "while by a strange predilection for the worser half of Manicheism, "one of the mightiest spirits of the age has, apparently, devoted "himself and his genius to the adornment and extension of evil, we "may be well exhilarated by the accession of a new and potent ally "to the cause of human virtue and happiness, whose example may "furnish an additional evidence that purity and weakness are not "synonymous, and that the torch of genius never burns so bright "as when duly kindled at the altar."—*Quarterly Review* on the *Fall of Jerusalem*, vol. xxiii. p. 225.

This is the second thing of the same sort: they could not even give a lift to that poor Creature, Gally Knight, without a similar insinuation about "moody "passions." Now, are not the *passions* the food and fuel of poesy? I greatly admire Milman; but they had better not bring me down upon Gally, for whom I have no such admiration. I suppose he buys two thousand pounds' worth of books in a year, which makes you so tender of him. But he won't do, my Murray: he's middling, and writes like a Country Gentleman—for the County Newspaper.

I shall be glad to hear from you, and you'll write now, because you will want to keep me in a good humour till you can see what the tragedy is fit for. I know your ways, my Admiral.

Yours ever truly,

B.

810.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, July 20th 1820.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—On Vincenzo's return I will send you some books, though the latter arrivals have not been very interesting you shall have the best of them.

You do not mention that *Vincenzo* delivered to you a paper with *sixty francs;* he had it; did you get it? they were for the tickets.

Lega tells me that the Mocenigo *Inventory* was delivered last week; is it so? I made him send to Venice on purpose.

With regard to Mrs. Mocenigo, I am ready to deliver up the palace directly; with respect to *breakables* she can have no claim till *June next*, the rent being stipulated as prior payment (and paid), but not the articles missing till the whole period was expired. I

have replenished three times over, and made good by the equivalent of the doors, and Canal posts (to say nothing of the exorbitant rent), any little damage done to her pottery. If any articles are taken by mistake, they shall be restored or replaced; but I will submit to no exorbitant charge, nor imposition. You had best state this by Seranzo, who *seduced* me into having anything to do with her, and who has probably still something of the gentleman about him. What she may do, I neither know nor care: if they like law, they shall have it for years to come, and if they gain, what then? They will find it difficult to "shear the Wolf" no longer in Lombardy. They are a *damned infamous set*, and, to prevent any unpleasantness to you with that nest of whores and scoundrels, *state my words as my words;* who can blame *you* when you merely take the trouble to repeat what I say, and to restore what I am disposed to give up,—that is her house,—a year before it is due, thereby losing a year's rent?

I can hardly spare Lega at this moment, or I would willingly send him. At any rate you can give up the house, and let us battle for her crockery afterwards.

I regret to hear what you say of yourself, if you want any cash, pray use any balance in your hands (of course) without ceremony. I am glad the Gondola was sold at any price as I only wanted to get rid of it.

I am not very well, having had a twinge of fever again; the heat is *85* in the Shade.

I suppose you know that there is a Revolution at Naples.

Yours ever and truly, in haste,

BYRON.

P.S.—I have finished a tragedy in five acts, *Marino*

Faliero; but now comes the bore of copying, and in this weather too.

Comp^s to Madame Hoppner.

811.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, July 22nd 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—The tragedy is finished, but when it will be copied is more than can be reckoned upon. We are here upon the eve of evolutions and revolutions. Naples is revolutionized, and the ferment is among the Romagnuoles, by far the bravest and most original of the present Italians, though still half savage. Buonaparte said the troops from Romagna were the best of his Italic corps, and I believe it. The Neapolitans are not worth a curse, and will be beaten if it comes to fighting: the rest of Italy, I think, might stand. The Cardinal is at his wits' end; it is true that he had not far to go. Some papal towns on the Neapolitan frontier have already revolted. Here there are as yet but the sparks of the volcano; but the ground is hot, and the air sultry. Three assassinations last week here and at Faenza—an anti-liberal priest, a factor, and a trooper last night,—I heard the pistol-shot that brought him down within a short distance of my own door. There had been quarrels between the troops and people of some duration: this is the third soldier wounded within the last month. There is a great commotion in people's minds, which will lead to nobody knows what—a row probably. There are secret Societies all over the country as in Germany, who cut off those obnoxious to them, like the Free tribunals, be they high or low; and then it becomes impossible to discover or punish the assassins—their measures are taken so well.

You ask me about the books. *Jerusalem*[1] is the best; *Anastasius*[2] good, but no more written by a Greek than by a Hebrew; the *Diary of an Invalid* good and true, bating a few mistakes about *Serventismo*,[3] which no

1. *The Fall of Jerusalem*, a dramatic poem by Henry Hart Milman (1820).

2. *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century* (1819), was written by Thomas Hope (1770–1831), son of a wealthy merchant of Amsterdam, who settled in England in 1796. As a collector of ancient vases and marbles, and as a writer on *Household Furniture and Interior Decoration* (1807), Byron alludes to Hope in a suppressed stanza of *Childe Harold*, Canto II.—

"Nor that lesser wight,
The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,
House-furnisher withal, one Thomas hight."

In 1810 Hope disputed the price of his wife's portrait with the artist, Dubost, who revenged himself by exhibiting a caricature of them as "Beauty and the Beast." In *Hints from Horace* (lines 7, 8, and *note* 1) Byron refers to the exhibition—

"Or low Dubost—as once the world has seen—
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?"

Byron evidently regarded Hope, in Sydney Smith's phrase, as only "the man of chairs and tables, the gentleman of sophas, the Œdipus "of coal-boxes, he who meditated on muffineers and planned "pokers," and was surprised at the power which he displayed in his *Anastasius*. The book was at first attributed to Byron. It is reviewed as his in Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* for September, 1821 (pp. 200–206). "I must," wrote Croker to Murray (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. ii. p. 76), "believe in the 'Metempsychosis,' "and that Tom Hope's late body is now the tabernacle of Lord "Byron's soul." Byron told Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 64) that he wept bitterly, on reading *Anastasius*, first because *he* had not written the book, and then because Hope had. He added that "he would have given his two most approved poems to have "been the author of *Anastasius*." Scott, in the Introduction to *The Talisman*, says that "the author of *Anastasius* . . . had de-"scribed the manners and vices of the Eastern nations, not only "with fidelity, but with the humour of Le Sage and the ludicrous "power of Fielding himself."

3. "It is indeed, nine times in ten, to the fault of the husband, "that the infidelity of the wife is to be ascribed . . . the truth is "better attested by the exemplary conduct of those women, whose "husbands take upon themselves to perform the offices of affection, "that are ordinarily left to the Cavaliere. . . . Nor is it always a "criminal connexion that subsists between a Lady and her Cavaliere, "though it is generally supposed to be so. . . . The Lady must not

foreigner can understand or really know without residing years in the country. I read that part (translated that is) to some of the ladies in the way of knowing how far it was accurate, and they laughed, particularly at the part where he says that "they must not have children by their "lover." "Assuredly" (was the answer), "we don't "pretend to say that it is right; but *men* cannot conceive "the repugnance that a *woman* has to have children *except* "*by the man she loves.*" They have been known even to obtain abortions when it was by the *other*, but that is rare. I know one instance, however, of a woman making herself miscarry, because she wanted to meet her lover (they were in two different cities) in the lying-in month (hers was or should have been in October). She was a very pretty woman—young and clever—and brought on by it a malady which she has not recovered to this day: however, she met her *Amico* by it at the proper time. It is but fair to say that he had dissuaded her from this piece of amatory atrocity, and was very angry when he knew that she had committed it; but the "it was for "your sake, to meet you at the time, which could not "have been otherwise accomplished," applied to his Self love, disarmed him; and they set about supplying the loss.

I have had a little touch of fever again; but it has receded. The heat is 85 in the shade.

I remember what you say of the Queen: it happened in Lady Ox——'s boudoir or dressing room, if I recollect rightly; but it was not her Majesty's fault, though very laughable at the time: a minute sooner, she might have stumbled on something still more awkward. How the *Porcelain* came there I cannot conceive, and remember

"have children by her Paramour;—at least, the notoriety of such a "fact would be attended with the loss of reputation."—*Diary of an Invalid* (ed. 1820), pp. 258–262.

asking Lady O. afterwards, who laid the blame on the Servants. I think the Queen will win [1]—I wish she may:

1. Queen Caroline (1768–1821), second daughter of Duke Charles of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel by the Princess Augusta, sister of George III., married, April 8, 1795, her first cousin George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. After the birth of Princess Charlotte (January 7, 1796), the prince deserted his wife, from whom, three months later, he was formally separated. In 1806 rumours spread by Lady Douglas induced George III. to issue a commission of inquiry into the conduct of the princess. The commission, though it censured her levity of manners, acquitted her from any more serious charge. On August 9, 1814, with the consent of the prince regent, the princess, who was forbidden the court or access to her daughter, went abroad. Early in her residence on the Continent, she engaged Bartolommeo Bergami as her courier, made him her chamberlain, procured for him a knighthood of Malta and a barony in Sicily, and promoted his relations to important offices about her person. She travelled in the East, and afterwards settled for some time at Como and Pesaro.

Some of the charges against the queen probably originated in her irrepressible spirits and want of dignity. Sir William Gell, a member of her household, writing to Miss Berry, September 29, 1817 (*Journal, etc., of Miss Berry*, vol. iii. p. 145), says, "If fate "ever puts you in the way, make her tell you how the Empress "Marie Louisa invited her to Parma; how the attendants dined in "the outer room; and how, in full dress feathers, and velvet "chairs with heavy gold legs and backs, the two ladies sat at a "very long *tête-à-tête* before dinner at a fire. 'You imagine it not "very entertaining; I assure you, very doll (dull), I yarn (yawn), "and she de same; *mein Gott*, I balance on my chaire mit my feet "pon die fire. What you tink? I tomble all back mit di chair, "and mit meine legs in die air; man see nothing more als my "feet. I die from laugh, and what you tink she do? She stir not, "she laugh not; but mit die utmost gravity she say, "Mon Dieu, "madame, comme vous m'avez effrayé." I go in fits of laugh, and "she repeat di same word witout variation or change of feature. "I not able to resist bursting out every moment at dinner, and die "to get away to my gens to tell die story. We all scream mit di "ridiculousness for my situation.'"

On the death of George III. (January 29, 1820) she returned to England as queen, was enthusiastically received at Dover (June 5), and entered London (June 6) "at seven o'clock in the evening, in "an open landau, the alderman (Wood) sitting by her side, and "Lady A. Hamilton backwards! . . . She took up her residence "at Alderman Wood's house in South Audley Street. Ever since "her arrival, the house has been surrounded by immense crowds of "people, huzzaing, and crying, 'Long live Queen Caroline!'" (Lady C. Lindsay's Journal of the Queen's Trial, *Journal, etc., of Miss Berry*, vol. iii. pp. 238, 239). Proceedings were at once taken

she was always very civil to me. You must not trust Italian witnesses: nobody believes them in their own courts; why should you? For 50 or 100 Sequins you may have any testimony you please, and the Judge into the bargain.

Yours ever,

B.

Pray forward my letter of January to Mr. Moore.

against her. A message from the king was presented to the House of Lords by Lord Liverpool, June 6, 1820, communicating "certain "papers respecting the conduct of Her Majesty since her departure "from this kingdom," and recommending them to the consideration of the House. The papers were contained in a green bag. A secret committee of fifteen peers was appointed by ballot, June 8, to whom the papers were referred. On their report (July 4), Lord Liverpool proposed, July 5, a Bill of Pains and Penalties: "An "Act to deprive Her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of "the title, prerogatives, rights, privileges, and exemptions of Queen-"Consort of this realm, and to dissolve the marriage between His "Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth." The Bill was read a first time the same day, and the second reading was fixed for August 17. On that day the trial began. The division was taken November 6, when 123 voted for the second reading of the Bill, and 95 against.

The queen was defended by her Attorney-General, Henry Brougham; by her Solicitor-General, Thomas Denman; by "Dr. "Lushington, a civilian; and Messrs. John Williams, Tindal and "Wilde, utter barristers."

Meanwhile pamphlets and squibs ridiculing the king and the Government poured from the press; indignation meetings were held throughout the country, and popular feeling ran high in the queen's favour. So great was the excitement that, on November 10, Lord Liverpool withdrew the Bill, and the queen went in state to St. Paul's, ten days later, to return thanks for her acquittal. At the coronation of George IV., July 19, 1821, she was refused admission to the ceremony, and the blow is said to have proved fatal. Taken ill the next day, she died August 7, 1821.

Byron, stimulated by Hobhouse, took an interest in the cause of the queen, who had shown him civility in London, and, while living at Pesaro, was known to Countess Guiccioli. He had long intended to return to England and challenge Brougham, but abandoned his intention, lest the challenge should injure her defence. He endeavoured to induce witnesses on her behalf to go from Italy to England, collected information as to the character of witnesses called against her, and suppressed a stanza in *Don Juan* which seemed to reflect on her character. The queen's story forms the subject of Mrs. Stepney Rawson's novel, *A Lady of the Regency* (1900).

812.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, July 24th, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Enclosed is the account from Marin Sanuto of Faliero,[1] etc. You must have it translated (to append original and translation to the drama when published): it is very curious and simple in itself, and authentic; I have compared it with the other histories. That blackguard Dr. Moore has published a false and flippant story of the transaction.

Yours,

B.

P.S. The first act goes by this post. Recollect that, without previously reading the *Chronicle*, it is difficult to understand the tragedy. So, translate. I had this reprinted separately on purpose.

813.—To John Hanson.

Ravenna, July 27th, 1820.

DEAR SIR,—I have received from Mr. Kinnaird the intelligence of the Rochdale decision.[2] It has not surprized me, and there is no more to be said. Even if a further question could arise, I am not disposed to carry it higher. What I desire to be done, and done quickly, is to bring the Manor, and my remaining rights immediately to auction, and sell it to the highest bidder

1. The original, and a translation by Francis Cohen, afterwards Sir Francis Palgrave (see *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 341, *note* 1), were added to the first edition of *Marino Faliero* as Appendix I. and II.

2. In the Court of Exchequer, before the Lord Chief Baron, June 5, 1820, the Rochdale case came on for trial. James Dearden obtained an injunction restraining Byron from prosecuting a writ of ejectment to recover possession of mineral property at Rochdale. The property was sold to Dearden in 1823.

without consideration of price: it will at least pay the law expences, and part of the remaining debts.

Pray let this be done without delay, and believe me

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I presume that you proceed in the transfer from the funds to the Irish Mortgage.

814.—To Charles Hanson.

Ravenna, August 2d 1820.

DEAR CHARLES,—I have received your letter. That being the case, I hereby authorize you to enter an *Appeal* immediately. Inform me when and where the further proceedings will come on.

Yours truly and affectionately,

BYRON.

815.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Agosto 7°, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—I have sent you *three acts* of the tragedy, and am copying the others slowly but daily. Enclosed are some verses [1] Rose sent me two years ago and more. They are excellent description.

Pray desire Douglas K. to give you a copy of my lines to the Po in 1819: they say "they be good rhymes," and will serve to swell your next volume. Whenever you publish, publish all as you will, except the two Juans, which had better be *annexed* to a *new* edition of the two first, as they are not worth separate publication, and I won't barter about them.

1. For the verses, see *Letters*, vol. iv. pp. 212-214.

Pulci is my favourite, that is, my translation: I think it the *acme* of putting one language into another.

I have sent you my say upon your recent books. *Ricciarda*[1] I have not yet read, having lent it to the natives, who will pronounce upon it. The Italians have as yet *no tragedy*—Alfieri's are political dialogues, except *Mirra*.

Bankes *has* done *miracles* of research and enterprize—salute him.

I am yours,

B.

Pray send me by the first opportunity some of *Waite's red* tooth-powder.

816.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, August 12th, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Ecco, the fourth Act.

Received *powder—tincture—books*. The first welcome, second ditto—the prose at least; but no *more modern* poesy, I pray; neither Mrs. Hewoman's, nor any female or male Tadpole of Poet Wordsworth's, nor any of his ragamuffins.

Send me more *tincture* by all means, and Scott's novels—the *Monastery*.

We are on the eve of a *row* here: Italy's primed and loaded, and many a finger itching for the trigger. So write letters while you can. I can say no more in mine, for they open all.

Yours very truly,

B.

1. *Ricciarda, Tragedia* (in five acts), was published by Niccolò Ugo Foscolo in 1820. (For Foscolo, see *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 283, *note* 1.)

P.S.—Recollect that I told you months ago what would happen; it is the same all over the *boot*, though the *heel* has been the first to kick: never mind these enigmas—they'll explain themselves.

817.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, August 17th 1820.

DEAR MORAY,—In t'other parcel is the 5th Act. Enclosed in this are some notes—historical. Pray send me *no proofs*: it is the thing I can least bear to see. The preface shall be written and sent in a few days. Acknowledge the arrival by return of post.

Yours.

P.S.—The time for the *Dante* would be good now (did not her Majesty occupy all nonsense), as Italy is on the eve of great things.

I hear Mr. Hoby says "that it makes him weep to "see her—She reminds him so much of Jane Shore."

Mr. Hoby the Bootmaker's soft heart is sore,
For seeing the Queen makes him think of Jane Shore;
And, in fact, such a likeness should always be seen—
Why should *Queens not* be *whores*? Every *Whore* is a QUEAN.

This is only an epigram to the *ear*. I think she will win: I am sure she ought, poor woman.

Is it true that absent peers are to be mulcted? does this include those who have not taken the oaths in the present parliament? I can't come, and I won't pay.

818.—To John Murray.

August 22nd 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—None of your *damned proofs* now *recollect;* print, paste, plaster, and destroy—but don't let me have any of your cursed printers' trash to pore over. For the rest, I neither know nor care.

Yours,

B.

819.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, August 24th 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Enclosed is an additional *note* to the play sent you the other day. The preface is sent too, but as I wrote it in a hurry (the latter part particularly), it may want some alterations: if so, let me know, and what your parlour boarders think of the matter. Remember, I can form no opinion of the merits of this production, and will abide by your Synod's. If you should publish, publish them all about the same time; it will be at least a collection of opposites.

You should not publish the new Cantos of *Juan* separately; but let them go in quietly with the first reprint of the others, so that they may make little noise, as they are not equal to the first. The Pulci, the Dante, and the Drama, you are to publish as you like, if at all.

B.

820.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, August 29th 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—I enclose to you for Mr. Hobhouse (with liberty to read and translate, or get translated if you can—it will be *nuts* for *Rose*) *copies* of the letter of

Cavalier Commendatore G. to his wife's brother at Rome, and other documents explaining this business which has put us all in hot water here. Remember that Guiccioli is *telling his own story*, true in some things, and very *false* in the details. The Pope has decreed against him; so also have his wife's relations, which is much. No man has a right to pretend blindness, after letting a girl of twenty travel with another man, and afterwards taking that man into his house. *You* want to know *Italy:* there's more than Lady Morgan can tell me in these sheets, if carefully perused.

The enclosed are authentic: I have seen the originals.

Yours ever,

B.

821.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, August 31st, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—I *have* "*put my Soul* into the "tragedy" (as you *if* it); but you know that there are damned souls as well as tragedies. Recollect that it is not a political play, though it may look like it; it is strictly historical: read the history and judge.

Ada's picture is her mother's: I am glad of it—the mother made a good daughter. Send me Gifford's opinion, and never mind the Archbishop. I can neither send you away, nor give you a hundred pistoles, nor a better taste. I send you a tragedy, and you ask for "facetious epistles;" a little like your predecessor, who advised Dr. Prideaux to "put some more humour into "his Life of Mahomet."[1]

1. Humphrey Prideaux (1648–1724), Dean of Norwich (1702–24), published *The True Nature of Imposture fully displayed in the Life of Mahomet*, in 1697, and *The Old and New Testament*

The drawings for *Juan*[1] are superb: the brush has beat the poetry. In the annexed proof of *Marino Faliero*, the half line—"The law, my Prince" must be stopped thus—as the Doge interrupts Bertuccio Faliero.

Bankes is a wonderful fellow; there is hardly one of my School and College cotemporaries that has not turned out more or less celebrated. Peel, Palmerstone, Bankes, Hobhouse, Tavistock, Bob Mills, Douglas Kinnaird, etc., etc., have all of them talked and been talked of.

Then there is your Galley Knight, and all that—; but I believe that (except Milman perhaps) I am still the youngest of the fifteen hundred first of living poets, as W^m *worth is the oldest. Galley Knight is some Seasons my Senior: pretty Galley! *so "amiable"!!* You Goose, you—such fellows should be flung into Fleet Ditch. I would rather be a Galley Slave than a Galley Knight—so utterly do I despise the middling mountebank's mediocrity in every thing but his Income.

We are here going to fight a little, next month, if the Huns don't cross the Po, and probably if they do: I can't say more now. If anything happens, you have matter for a posthumous work, and Moore has my memoirs in MSS.; so pray be civil. Depend upon it, there will be savage work, if once they begin here. The French courage proceeds from vanity, the German from phlegm, the Turkish from fanaticism and opium, the Spanish from pride, the English from coolness, the Dutch from obstinacy, the Russian from insensibility,

connected, etc., in 1716–18. Of both books the story is told that the bookseller, to whom he offered the MS., wished that he had "put "more humour" into the work.

1. The twenty-one drawings for *Don Juan* were by R. Westall, R.A. They were engraved by C. Heath, and published by the Findens (London, 1820), in three forms, and at three prices: fcp. 8vo, £1 10*s.* 0*d.*; 8vo, £2 2*s.* 0*d.*; 4to, £3 3*s.* 0*d.*

but the *Italian* from *anger;* so you'll see that they will spare nothing.

What you say of Lady Caroline Lamb's "Juan" at the Masquerade[1] don't surprise me: I only wonder that she went so far as "the *Theatre*" for "*the Devils*," having them so much more natural at home; or if they were busy, she might have borrowed the *, her Mother's —Lady Besborough to wit—the * * of the last half Century.

Yours,

B.

822.—To John Hanson.

Ravenna, August 31st. 1820.

DEAR SIR,—I pray you to make haste with the title deeds; otherwise there will be a half year's interest lost, and the funds are falling daily. See what you do by your confounded delays. Pray, expedite, dispatch.

You have never sent me Counsel's opinion on an appeal, as promised. I am in favour of the appeal, if it shows a glimpse of ultimate success. The deeds you sent me in the winter cannot be signed for lack of English witnesses.

With my best remembrances to all your family, believe me,

Yours very truly and affectionately,

BYRON.

1. *The Morning Chronicle* for Friday, August 1, 1820, describes Lady C. Lamb's appearance at a masquerade at Almack's: "Lady "Caroline Lamb appeared, for the first time, in the character of "*Don Giovanni*, but unfortunately there were too many *Devils* "provided for the climax. There seemed to be a whole legion of "them, principal and subordinate; and so little inclined were they "'to do their spiriting *gently*,' that (notwithstanding they had been "repeatedly drilled by the *Don* in private), they appeared deter- "mined to carry the whole crowd off to Tartarus by a *coup de main*."

823.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, August 31, 1820.

D—n your *mezzo cammin*[1]—you should say "the "prime of life," a much more consolatory phrase. Besides, it is not correct. I was born in 1788, and consequently am but thirty-two. You are mistaken on another point. The "Sequin Box"[2] never came into requisition, nor is it likely to do so. It were better that it had, for then a man is not *bound*, you know. As to reform, I did reform—what would you have? "Rebellion lay in his "way, and he found it." I verily believe that nor you, nor any man of poetical temperament, can avoid a strong passion of some kind. It is the poetry of life. What should I have known or written, had I been a quiet, mercantile politician, or a lord in waiting? A man must travel, and turmoil, or there is no existence. Besides, I only meant to be a Cavalier Servente, and had no idea it would turn out a romance, in the Anglo fashion.

However, I suspect I know a thing or two of Italy—more than Lady Morgan has picked up in her posting. What do Englishmen know of Italians beyond their museums and saloons—and some hack * *, *en passant*? Now, I have lived in the heart of their houses, in parts of Italy freshest and least influenced by strangers,—have seen and become (*pars magna fui*) a portion of their

1. "I had congratulated him upon arriving at what Dante calls "the *mezzo cammin* of life, the age of thirty-three" (Moore).

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita."
Dante, *Inferno*, Canto I. stanza i.

2. Moore notes, in his Diary for October 9, 1819 (*Memoirs, &c.*, vol. iii. p. 27), "Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money; he "keeps a box, into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now "collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to "open the box and contemplate his store." Probably Moore had suggested that at some stage in his relations with Countess Guiccioli the "Sequin-Box" might prove useful.

hopes, and fears, and passions, and am almost inoculated into a family. This is to see men and things as they are.

You say that I called you "quiet"[1]—I don't recollect any thing of the sort. On the contrary, you are always in scrapes.

What think you of the Queen? I hear Mr. Hoby says, "that it makes him weep to see her, she reminds "him so much of Jane Shore."

Mr. Hoby the bootmaker's heart is quite sore,
For seeing the Queen makes him think of Jane Shore;
And, in fact, * *

Pray excuse this ribaldry. What is your poem about? Write and tell me all about it and you.

Yours, etc.

P.S.—Did you write the lively quiz on Peter Bell?[2] It has wit enough to be yours, and almost too much to be any body else's now going. It was in Galignani the other day or week.

824.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, September 7, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—In correcting the proofs you must refer to the *Manuscript*, because there are in it *various readings*. Pray attend to this, and choose what Gifford thinks best. Let me know what he thinks of the whole.

You speak of Lady Noel's illness: she is not of

1. "I had mistaken the concluding words of his letter of the 9th "of June" (Moore).

2. *The Fancy: A Selection from the Poetical Remains of Peter Corcoran* (1820), was by John Hamilton Reynolds, for whom, see *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 45, *note* 1.

those who die:—the amiable only do; and those whose death would *do good* live. Whenever she is pleased to return, it may be presumed that she will take her "*divining rod*"[1] along with her; it may be of use to her at home, as well as to the "*rich man*" of the Evangelists.

Pray do not let the papers paragraph me back to England: they may say what they please—any loathsome abuse—but that. Contradict it.[2]

My last letters will have taught you to expect an explosion here: it was primed and loaded, but they hesitated to fire the train. One of the Cities shirked from the league. I cannot write more at large for a thousand reasons. Our "*puir hill folk*" offered to strike, and to raise the first banner. But Bologna paused—and now 'tis Autumn, and the season half over. "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" the Huns are on the Po; but if once they pass it on their march to Naples, all Italy will rise behind them: the Dogs—the Wolves—may they perish like the Host of Sennacherib! If you want to publish the *Prophecy of Dante*, you never will have a better time.

Thanks for books—but as yet no *Monastery* of Walter Scott's, the ONLY book except *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* which I desire to see. Why do you send me so much *trash* upon Italy—such tears, etc., which I know *must be false*? Matthews is good—very good: all the rest are like Sotheby's "*Good*," or like Sotheby himself,

1. Lady Noel used the divining-rod to discover water.

2. "We rejoice to learn that Lord Byron yesterday arrived in "town from Italy. The noble lord has finished a tragedy, which we "should hope will be brought out at Drury Lane theatre, before Mr. "Kean's departure for America."—*Morning Chronicle*, August 18, 1820. "Tell me," writes Mrs. Piozzi from Penzance to Miss Willoughby, August 25, 1820, "what wonders Lord Byron is come "home to do, for I see his arrival in the paper" (*Autobiography, etc., of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. ii. p. 456).

that old rotten Medlar of Rhyme. The Queen—how is it? prospers She?

825.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Septr 8th 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—You will please to publish the enclosed *note*[1] *without* altering a word, and to inform the author, that I will answer personally any offence to him. He is a cursed impudent liar,—you shall not alter or omit a syllable: publish the note at the end of the play, and answer this.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—You sometimes take the liberty of *omitting* what I send for publication: if you do so in this instance, I will never speak to you again as long as I breathe.

826.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, Septr 10th 1820.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—*Ecco* Advocate Fossati's letter. No paper has nor will be signed. Pray *draw* on me for the Napoleons, for I have no mode of remitting them otherwise; Missiaglia would empower some one here to receive them for you, as it is not a *piazza bancale*.

I regret that you have such a bad opinion of Shiloh;[2]

1. The note, printed at the end of *Marino Faliero*, attacks the author of *Sketches Descriptive of Italy, etc.*, who had said (vol. iv. pp. 159, 160, *note*), "I repeatedly declined an introduction" to Byron "while in Italy." Byron characterizes the statement as a "disingenuous and gratuitously impertinent assertion." He afterwards desired Murray to cancel the note, on learning that the author was a woman (see p. 84, *note* 1).

2. "Shiloh" is Shelley, who published *The Revolt of Islam* in 1818, and *The Cenci: a Tragedy in Five Acts* in 1819. The charges made

you used to have a good one. Surely he has talent and honour, but is crazy against religion and morality. His tragedy is sad work; but the subject renders it so. His *Islam* had much poetry. You seem lately to have got some notion against him.

Clare writes me the most insolent letters about Allegra; see what a man gets by taking care of natural children! Were it not for the poor little child's sake, I am almost tempted to send her back to her atheistical mother, but that would be too bad; you cannot conceive

against Shelley in the spring of 1820, which had altered Hoppner's good opinion of the poet, were those made by Elise and Paolo Foggi. Elise, described by Miss Clairmont as "a very superior Swiss woman "of about thirty, a mother herself" (Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 190, *note*), had nursed Mrs. Shelley's children, and Allegra, whom she accompanied to Venice in 1818. Returning to Shelley's service, she married his Italian servant, Paolo Foggi, a rascal who was afterwards dismissed for misconduct. In 1820 Foggi, backed by his wife, began to revenge himself by accusing Shelley of abominable crimes. When Shelley came to stay with Byron at Ravenna in August, 1821, he learnt from Byron what some of the accusations were. Writing to his wife, August 7, 1821, Shelley tells her the story which Mr. and Mrs. Hoppner believed on the authority of Elise: "Elise says that Claire was my mistress. . . . She then "proceeds to say that Claire was with child by me; that I gave her "the most violent medicine to procure abortion; that this not "succeeding, she was brought to bed, and that I immediately tore "the child from her and sent it to the Foundling Hospital. . . . In "addition, she says that both I and Claire treated *you* in the most "shameful manner; that I neglected and beat you, and that Claire "never let a day pass without offering you insults of the most violent "kind, in which she was abetted by me" (*ibid.*, p. 423). Mary Shelley's indignant defence of her husband, written to Mrs. Hoppner, was sent to Shelley to be copied, and forwarded. (For the letter, see *ibid.*, pp. 425-427.) Mrs. Shelley wished that Byron should see it. Shelley therefore gave it to Byron, who "engaged to send it with "his own comments to the Hoppners." The letter was found among Byron's papers at his death. On this fact, together with the late Lady Shelley's recollections of Mary Shelley's account of a subsequent conversation with the Hoppners, Professor Dowden (*ibid.*, p. 429) founds the charge that Byron never sent the letter. It seems, however, not impossible that the letter was sent, and, at Byron's request, returned. As the answer to a charge closely affecting the mother of Allegra, it would be natural that he should wish to keep the document.

the excess of her insolence, and I know not why, for I have been at great care and expense,—taking a house in the country on purpose for her. She has *two* maids and every possible attention. If Clare thinks that she shall ever interfere with the child's morals or education, she mistakes; she never shall. The girl shall be a Christian and a married woman, if possible. As to seeing her, she may see her—under proper restrictions; but she is not to throw every thing into confusion with her Bedlam behaviour. To express it delicately, I think Madame Clare is a damned bitch. What think you?

Yours ever and truly,

B.

827.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Sept. 11, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Here is another historical *note* for you. I want to be as near truth as the Drama can be.

Last post I sent you a note fierce as Faliero himself, in answer to a trashy tourist, who pretends that he could have been introduced to me. Let me have a proof of it, that I may cut its lava into some shape.

What Gifford says is very consolatory (of the first act). "English, sterling *genuine English*," is a desideratum amongst you, and I am glad that I have got so much left; though heaven knows how I retain it: I *hear* none but from my Valet, and his is *Nottinghamshire:* and I *see* none but in your new publications, and theirs is *no* language at all, but jargon. Even your "New "Jerusalem" is terribly stilted and affected, with "*very*, "*very*"—so soft and pamby.

Oh! if ever I *do* come amongst you again, I will give you such a *Baviad and Mæviad!* not as *good* as

the old, but even *better merited.* There never was such a *Set* as your *ragamuffins* (I mean *not* yours only, but every body's). What with the Cockneys, and the Lakers, and the *followers* of Scott, and Moore, and Byron, you are in the very uttermost decline and degradation of literature. I can't think of it without all the remorse of a murderer. I wish that Johnson were alive again to crush them!

I have as yet only had the first and second acts, and no opinion upon the second.

828.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Sept. 14, 1820.

What? not a line. Well, have it your own way.

I wish you would inform Perry, that his stupid paragraph is the cause of all my newspapers being stopped in Paris. The fools believe me in your infernal country, and have not sent on their Gazettes, so that I know nothing of your beastly trial of the Queen.

I cannot avail myself of Mr. Gifford's remarks, because I have received none, except on the first act.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—Do, pray, beg the Editors of papers to say anything blackguard they please; but not to put me amongst their arrivals: they do me more mischief by such nonsense than all their abuse can do.

829.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Sept. 21, 1820.

So you are at your old tricks again. This is the second packet I have received unaccompanied by a

single line of good, bad, or indifferent. It is strange that you have never forwarded any further observations of Gifford's: how am I to alter or amend, if I hear no further? or does this silence mean that it is well enough as it is, or too bad to be repaired? If the last, why do you not say so at once, instead of playing pretty, since you know that soon or late you must out with the truth.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—My Sister tells me that you sent to her to enquire where I was, believing in my arrival "*driving a "curricle,*" etc., etc., into palace yard: do you think me a coxcomb or a madman, to be capable of such an exhibition? My Sister knew me better, and told you that *could not* be true: you might as well have thought me entering on "a pale horse," like Death in the Revelations.

830.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Sept. 23, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—Get from Mr. Hobhouse, and send me a proof (with the Latin) of my *Hints from H.*, etc.: it has now the "*nonum prematur in annum*" complete for its production, being written at Athens in 1811. I have a notion that, with some omissions of names and passages, it will do; and I could put my late observations *for* Pope among the notes, with the date of 1820, and so on. As far as versification goes, it is good; and, on looking back to what I wrote about that period, I am astonished to see how *little* I have trained on. I wrote better then than now; but that comes from my having fallen into the atrocious bad state of the times—partly.

It has been kept too, *nine years:* nobody keeps their piece nine years now-a-days, except Douglas K.; he kept his nine years and then restored her to the public. If I can trim it for present publication, what with the other things you have of mine, you will have a volume or two of *variety* at least; for there will be all measures, styles, and topics, whether good or no. I am anxious to hear what Gifford thinks of the tragedy; pray let me know. I really do not know what to think myself.

If the Germans pass the Po, they will be treated to a Mass out of the Cardinal de Retz's *Breviary.*[1] Galley

1. Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz (1614–1679), as Archbishop of Paris, was one of the leaders of the Fronde (1649–52), and received his cardinal's hat from Anne of Austria. After the collapse of the insurrection, he was imprisoned at Nantes. Escaping from prison, he lived in exile, and only returned when he had been deprived of his archbishopric. He was, however, given, in compensation for the loss of his see, the Abbey of St. Denis, where he died in 1679. During the latter part of his turbulent life he lived in retirement at Commercy and other places, absorbed in writing his *Mémoires* and paying his debts. Madame de Sévigné called him "le héros du Bréviaire," as contrasted with Turenne, "le héros de "l'épée." Writing to Madame de Grignan, August 21, 1675 (*Lettres*, ed. 1818, tome iii. p. 416), she says, "Vous parlez si dignement du "Cardinal de Retz et de sa retraite, que, pour cela seul, vous seriez "digne de son estime et de son amitié. . . . Ce que vous dites de "M. Turenne mérite d'entrer dans son panégyrique . . . Depuis "la mort du héros de la guerre, celui du bréviaire s'est retiré à "Commerci."

Byron probably means that, if the Austrians crossed the Po, they would be met by a popular insurrection and the dagger. The Cardinal, in his *Mémoires* (ed. Geneva, 1777, tom. ii. p. 122), thus explains the origin of the allusion: "Tout le monde étoit dans la "défiance, et je puis dire sans exagération, que sans même excepter "les conseillers, il n'y avoit pas vingt hommes dans le palais qui "ne fussent armés de poignards. Pour moi je n'en avois point "voulu porter; M. de Brissac m'en fit prendre un par force, un jour "où il paroissoit qu'on pourroit s'échauffer plus qu'à l'ordinaire. "De telles armes, qui me convenoient peu, me causerent un chagrin "qui me fut des plus sensibles. M. de Beaufort, qui étoit un peu "lourd et étourdi de son naturel, voyant la garde du stilet dont "le bout paroissoit un peu hors de ma poche, le montra à Arnaud, à "la Moussaye et à des Roches, Capitaine des gardes de M. le prince, "en leur disant: *Voila le bréviare de M. le Coadjuteur;* j'entendis "la raillerie, mais à dire vrai, je ne la soutins pas de bon cœur."

Knight's a fool, and could not understand this—Frere will: it is as pretty a conceit as you would wish to see upon a Summer's day.

Nobody here believes a word of the evidence against the Queen: the very mob cry shame against their countrymen, and say, that for half the money spent upon the trial, any testimony whatever may be brought out of Italy.[1] This you may rely upon as fact: I told you as much before. As to what travellers report, *what are travellers?* Now I have *lived* among the Italians—not *Florenced*, and *Romed*, and Galleried, and Conversationed it for a few months, and then home again—but been of their families, and friendships, and feuds, and loves, and councils, and correspondence, in a part of Italy least known to foreigners; and have been amongst them of all classes, from the Conte to the Contadino; and you may be sure of what I say to you.

Yours,

B.

1. Among the Italian witnesses, collected by the "Milan Commission," and examined for the Bill against the queen, were Teodoro Majocchi, a livery servant of the princess; Gaetano Paturzo, a Neapolitan sailor; Vincenzo Gargiulo, a sailor of Messina; Francesco Birollo, a Piedmontese cook; Pietro Cuchi, agent of the *Albergo Grande* at Trieste; Giuseppe Bianchi, door-porter of the *Grande Bretagne* at Venice; Paolo Raggazoni, a mason employed at the Villa d'Este; Paolo Oggioni, an under-cook; Girolamo Mejani, employed at the Villa d'Este as head-gardener; Luigi Galdini, Alessandro Finetti, Domenico Brusa, Giovanni Lucini, workmen employed at the Villa d'Este; Carlo Rancatti and Giuseppe Restelli, respectively confectioner and groom in the princess's service; Giuseppe Sacchi, a courier.

Other witnesses for the Bill were Barbara Kress (or Krantz), chambermaid of the post inn at Carlsruhe, and Louise Demont, a Swiss maid in the service of the princess.

The only English witnesses examined for the Bill were Captain Pechell, R.N., who commanded the *Clorinde*, which conveyed the princess from Civita Vecchia to Genoa, and Captain Briggs, R.N., of the *Leviathan*. Neither witness gave any evidence directly in support of the case against the queen.

831.—To John Murray.

Septr 28th 1820.

MR. J. MURRAY,—Can you keep a Secret? not you: you would rather keep a w——e, I believe, of the two, although a moral man and "all that, Egad," as Bayes says.

However, I request and recommend to you to keep the enclosed one,[1] viz. to *give no copies*, to permit *no publication*—else you and I will be two. It was written nearly three years ago upon the doublefaced fellow: its argument—in consequence of a letter exposing some of his usual practices. You may *show* it to Gifford, Hobhouse, D. Kinnaird, and any two or three of your own Admiralty favourites; but don't betray *it* or me; else you are the worst of men.

Is it like? if not, it has no merit. Does he deserve it? if not, burn it. He wrote to M. (so M. says) the other day, saying on some occasion, "what a fortunate "fellow you are! surely you were born with a rose in "your lips, and a Nightingale singing on the bed-top."[2] M. sent me this extract as an instance of the old Serpent's sentimental twaddle. I replied, that I believed that "he (the twaddler) was born with a Nettle in his *, "and a Carrion Crow croaking on the bolster," a parody somewhat *un*delicate; but such trash puts one stupid, besides the Cant of it in a fellow who hates every body.

Is this good? tell me, and I will send you one still better of that blackguard Brougham; there is a batch of them.

1. The lines enclosed were those on Rogers—

"Nose and chin would shame a knocker," etc., etc.,

—first published in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1833, p. 82. See *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 202, *note* 4.

2. Moore, in his Diary for August 6, 1820, has noted this sentence (*Memoirs, etc., etc.*, vol. iii. p. 136).

832.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Sept. 28, 1820.

D^r M^y,—I thought that I had told you long ago, that it *never* was intended nor written with any view to the Stage.[1] I have said so in the preface too. It is too long and too regular for your stage. The persons too few, and the *unity* too much observed. It is more like a play of Alfieri's than of your stage (I say this humbly in speaking of that great Man); but there is poetry, and it is equal to *Manfred*, though I know not what esteem is held of *Manfred*.

I have now been nearly as long *out* of England as I was *there* during the time when I saw you frequently. I came home July 14th, 1811, and left again April 25th, 1816: so that Septr 28th, 1820, brings me within a very few months of the same duration of time of my stay and my absence. In course, I can know nothing of the public taste and feelings, but from what I glean from letters, etc. Both seem to be as bad as possible.

I thought *Anastasius excellent:* did I not say so? Matthews's Diary[2] most excellent: it, and Forsyth,[3] and parts of Hobhouse, are all we have of truth or sense upon Italy. The letter to Julia[4] very good indeed. I do not

1. Mrs. Piozzi heard at Penzance of Byron's forthcoming play. Writing to Dr. Gray, September 1, 1820, she says, "Lord Byron "is said to be bringing out a tragedy; unlucky, if Mr. Kean is "leaving England for America. They seem to be kindred souls, "delighting in distortion, and mistaking it for pathos" (*Autobiography, Letters, etc., of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. ii. p. 275).

2. *The Diary of an Invalid*, by Henry Matthews, brother of Byron's friend, C. S. Matthews. A second edition was published in 1820.

3. *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an excursion in Italy, in the years* 1802 *and* 1803, by Joseph Forsyth, was published in 1813.

4. Henry Luttrell (1765?–1851), a natural son of the second Lord Carhampton, and always a poor man, made himself a remarkable position in society by his brilliant wit. "Mr. Luttrell," wrote

despise Mrs. Heman; but if she knit blue stockings instead of wearing them, it would be better. *You* are taken in by that false stilted trashy style, which is a mixture of all the styles of the day, which are *all bombastic* (I don't except my *own*—no one has done more through negligence to corrupt the language); but it is neither English nor poetry. Time will show.

I am sorry Gifford has made no further remarks beyond the first act: does he think all the English equally sterling, as he thought the first? You did right to send the proofs: I was a fool; but I do really detest the sight of proofs: it is an absurdity, but comes from laziness.

You can steal the two Juans into the world quietly, tagged to the others. The play as you will—the Dante

Lady Granville (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 26), in October, 1811, "I like "better every hour. He has that *don du ciel* of never being *de trop*, "and I never met with so independent a person." "It is hardly "possible," says Greville (*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 9), "to live with a "more agreeable man than Luttrell." Both, however, thought that, in general society, he reserved himself for epigrammatic sayings, and did not shine in unlaboured talk (see also *Greville Memoirs*, vol. vi. pp. 433, 434). His *Advice to Julia, a Letter in Rhyme*, appeared in 1820. Of his *Crockford House*, and *A Rhymer in Rome* (1826), a brother-wit, Joseph Jekyll (*Letters*, p. 171), says, "My friend Luttrell, who is too good-natured for a satirist, has "published a poem on the modern Greeks of Crockford's gambling "club, and another on the modern Romans, *Il écrit les vers de "société assez joliment;* but neither of these is so good as his Letters "to Julia."

"Of course," said Byron to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 121), "you know Luttrell. He is a most agreeable member of "society, the best sayer of good things, and the most epigrammatic "conversationist I ever met; there is a terseness, and wit, mingled "with fancy, in his observations, that no one else possesses, and no "one so peculiarly understands the *apropos*. His *Advice to Julia* is "pointed, witty, and full of observation, showing in every line a "knowledge of society, and a tact rarely met with. Then, unlike "all, or most other wits, Luttrell is never obtrusive, even the "choicest *bons mots* are only brought forth when perfectly applic-"able, and then are given in a tone of good breeding which enhances "their value."

too; but the *Pulci* I am proud of: it is superb; you have no such translation. It is the best thing I ever did in my life. I wrote the play, from beginning to end, and not a *single scene without interruption*, and being obliged to break off in the middle; for I had my hands full, and my head, too, just then; so it can be no great shakes—I mean the play, and the head too, if you like.

Yours.

P.S.—Send me proofs of "*the* Hints:" get them from Hobhouse.

P.S.—Politics here still savage and uncertain: however, we are all in our "bandaliers," to join the "Highlanders if they cross the Forth," i.e. to crush the Austrians if they pass the Po. The rascals!—and that Dog Liverpool, to say their subjects were *happy!* what a liar! If ever I come back, I'll work some of these ministers.

DEAR MURRAY,—[1]

You ask for a "*Volume of Nonsense*"
Have all of your authors exhausted their store?
I thought you had published a good deal not long since
And doubtless the Squadron are ready with more.
But on looking again, I perceive that the Species
Of "Nonsense" you want must be purely "*facetious;*"
And, as that is the case, you had best put to press
Mr. Sotheby's tragedies now in M.S.S.
Some Syrian Sally
From common-place Gally,
Or, if you prefer the bookmaking of women,
Take a spick and Span "Sketch" of your feminine *He-Man*.

Yours,

B.

1. This note is scribbled on the back of the preceding.

Why do you ask me for opinions of your ragamuffins? You see what you get by it; but recollect, I never give opinions till required.

Sept. 29th.

I open my letter to say, that on reading *more* of the 4 volumes on Italy,[1] where the Author says "*declined* an "introduction," I perceive (*horresco referens*) that it is written by a WOMAN!!! In that case you must suppress my note and answer, and all I have said about the book and the writer. I never dreamed of it till now, in my extreme wrath at that precious note. I can only say that I am sorry that a Lady should say anything of the kind. What I would have said to [one of the other sex] you know already. Her book too (as a *She* book) is not a bad one; but she evidently don't know the Italians, or rather don't like them, and forgets the *causes* of their misery and profligacy (*Matthews* and *Forsyth* are your men for truth and tact), and has gone over Italy in *company*—*always* a *bad* plan. You must be *alone* with people to know them well. Ask her, *who* was the "*descendant of Lady M. W. Montague*," and by *whom?* By Algarotti?

I suspect that, in *Marino Faliero*, you and yours won't like the *politics*, which are perilous to you in these times; but recollect that it is *not* a *political* play, and that I was obliged to put into the mouths of the Characters the sentiments upon which they acted. I hate all things written like *Pizarro*,[2] to represent France,

1. *Sketches descriptive of Italy, in the Years* 1816, 1817, *with a brief Account of Travels in various Parts of France and Switzerland*, by Miss Jane Waldie (afterwards Mrs. Watts), 4 vols. 1820.

2. Sheridan's *Pizarro* was produced at Drury Lane, May 24, 1799. The scene is laid in Peru; but the motive of the play, which is founded on Kotzebue's *Spaniards in Peru*, is the prospect of a French invasion of England.

England, and so forth: all I have done is meant to be purely Venetian, even to the very prophecy of its present state.

Your Angles in general know little of the *Italians*, who detest them for their numbers and their GENOA treachery. Besides, the English travellers have not been composed of the best Company: how could they?—out of 100,000, how many gentlemen were there, or honest men?

Mitchell's *Aristophanes* is excellent: send me the rest of it.[1]

I think very small beer of Mr. Goliffe, and his dull book. Here and there some good things though, which might have been better.

These fools will force me to write a book about Italy myself, to give them "the loud lie." They prate about assassination: what is it but the origin of duelling—and "*a wild Justice*," as Lord Bacon calls it?[2] It is the fount of the modern point of honour, in what the laws can't or *won't* reach. Every man is liable to it more or less, according to circumstances or place. For instance, I am living here exposed to it daily, for I have happened to make a powerful and unprincipled man my enemy; and I never sleep the worse for it, or ride in less solitary places, because precaution is useless, and one thinks of it as of a disease which may or may not strike. It is

1. Thomas Mitchell (1783–1845) published the first volume of his translation of *The Comedies of Aristophanes* in 1820; the second volume appeared in 1822. Frere's review of vol. i. in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. xxiii. pp. 474–505) is published in his *Works*, vol. ii. pp. 178–214). Mitchell dined with Hunt at Horsemonger Gaol, in company with Byron and Moore, in June, 1813. "Poor Lord "Byron!" he wrote to Murray, in 1824 (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 449). "No person's death has ever yet had the effect "upon me which his had."

2. "Revenge is a kind of wild justice." Bacon's *Essays*, Essay iv. "Of Revenge."

true that there are those here, who, if he did, would "live to think on't;" but that would not awake my bones: I should be sorry if it would, were they once at rest.

833.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, 8bre. 1°. 1820.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—Your letters and papers came very safely, though slowly, missing one post.

The Shiloh story is true no doubt, though Elise is but a sort of *Queen's evidence*. You remember how eager she was to return to them, and then she goes away and abuses them. Of the facts, however, there can be little doubt; it is just like them. You may be sure that I keep your counsel.

I have not remitted the 30 Napoleons (or *what* was it?), till I hear that Missiaglia has received his safely, when I shall do so by the like channel.

What you say of the Queen's affair is very just and true; but the event seems not very easy to anticipate.

I enclose an epistle from Shiloh.[1]

Yours ever and truly,

BYRON.

834.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 8bre 6°, 1820.

DEAR MY.,—You will have now received all the acts, corrected, of the *M*[*arino*] *F*[*aliero*]. What you say of the "Bet of 100 guineas," made by some one who says that he saw me last week, reminds me of what happened in 1810. You can easily ascertain the fact, and it is an odd one.

1. Probably the letter from Shelley printed in Appendix I.

In the latter end of 1811, I met one evening at the Alfred my old School and form-fellow, (for we were within two of each other—*he* the higher, though both very near the top of our remove,) *Peel*, the Irish Secretary. He told me that, in 1810, he met me, as he thought, in St. James's Street, but we passed without speaking. He mentioned this, and it was denied as impossible, I being then in Turkey. A day or two after, he pointed out to his brother a person on the opposite side of the way; "there," said he, "is the man whom "I took for Byron:" his brother instantly answered, "why, it *is* Byron, and no one else." But this is not all: I was *seen* by somebody to *write down my name* amongst the Enquirers after the King's health, then attacked by insanity. Now, at this very period, as nearly as I could make out, I was ill of a *strong fever* at Patras, caught in the marshes near Olympia, from the *Malaria*. If I had died there, this would have been a new Ghost Story for you. You can easily make out the accuracy of this from Peel himself, who told it in detail. I suppose you will be of the opinion of Lucretius,[1] who (denies the immortality of the Soul, but) asserts that from the "flying "off of the Surfaces of bodies perpetually, these surfaces "or cases, like the Coats of an onion, are sometimes "seen entire when they are separated from it, so that the "shapes and shadows of both the dead and absent are "frequently beheld."

1. "Quæ, quasi membranæ summo de corpore rerum
Dereptæ, volitant ultro, citroque, per auras:
Atque eadem, nobis vigilantibus obvia, mentes
Terrificant, atque in somnis, quum sæpe figuras
Contuimur miras, simulacraque luce carentum,
Quæ nos horrifice languentes sæpe sopore
Excierunt: ne forte animas Acheronte reamur
Effugere, aut umbras inter vivos volitare," etc.
Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*, lib. iv. 35, *seqq.*

But if they are, are their coats and waistcoats also seen? I do not disbelieve that we may be *two* by some unconscious process, to a certain sign; but which of these two I happen at present to be, I leave you to decide. I only hope that *t'other me* behaves like a Gemman.

I wish you would get Peel asked how far I am accurate in my recollection of what he told me; for I don't like to say such things without authority.

I am not sure that I was *not spoken* with; but this also you can ascertain. I have written to you such lots that I stop.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—Send me the proofs of the "*Hints from H., etc.*"

P.S.—Last year (in June, 1819), I met at Count Mosti's, at Ferrara, an Italian who asked me "if I knew "Lord Byron?" I told him *no* (no one knows himself, *you* know): "then," says he, "I do; I met him at "Naples the other day." I pulled out my card and asked him if that was the way he spelt his name: and he answered, *yes*. I suspect that it was a blackguard Navy Surgeon, named *Bury* or *Berry*, who attended a young travelling Madman about, named Graham, and passed himself for a Lord at the Posthouses: he was a vulgar dog—quite of the Cockpit order—and a precious representative I must have had of him, if it was even so; but I don't know. He passed himself off as a Gentleman, and squired about a Countess Zinnani (of this place), then at Venice, an ugly battered woman, of bad morals even for Italy.

835.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 8bre 8°, 1820.

DEAR MORAY,—Foscolo's letter is exactly the thing wanted; 1st, because he is a man of Genius; and, next, because he is an Italian, and therefore the best Judge of Italics. Besides,

"He's more an antique Roman than a Dane;"[1]

that is, he has more of the antient Greek than of the modern Italian. Though, "somewhat," as Dugald Dalgetty says, "too wild and salvage" (like "Ronald of "the Mist"),[2] 'tis a wonderful man; and my friends Hobhouse and Rose both swear by him—and they are good Judges of men and of Italian humanity.

"Here are in all *two* worthy voices gained."[3]

Gifford says it is good "sterling genuine English," and Foscolo says that the characters are right Venetian. Shakespeare and Otway had a million of advantages over me, besides the incalculable one of being *dead* from one to two centuries, and having been both born blackguards (which ARE such attractions to the Gentle living reader): let me then preserve the only one which I could possibly have—that of having been at Venice, and entered more into the local Spirit of it. I claim no more.

I know what F. means about Calendaro's *spitting* at Bertram:[4] *that*'s national—the *objection*, I mean.

1. "*Horatio.* Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane."
Hamlet, act v. sc. 2.

2. *Legend of Montrose*, chap. xiii.

3. "*Coriolanus.* A match, sir.—There is in all two worthy "voices begged; I have your alms: adieu."—*Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3.

4. "*Calendaro* (spitting at him). I die and scorn thee!"—*Marino Faliero*, act v. sc. 1.

The Italians and French, with those "flags of Abomina-"tion," their pocket handkerchiefs, spit there, and here, and every where else—in your face almost, and therefore *object* to it on the Stage as *too familiar*. But we who *spit* nowhere—but in a man's face when we grow savage —are not likely to feel this. Remember *Massinger*, and Kean's Sir Giles Overreach—

"Lord! *thus* I *spit* at thee and thy Counsel!"[1]

Besides, Calendaro does *not* spit in Bertram's face: he spits *at* him, as I have seen the Mussulmans do upon the ground when they are in a rage. Again, he *does not* in *fact despise* Bertram, though he affects it—as we all do, when angry with one we think our inferior: he is angry at *not being* allowed to die in his own way (although not afraid of death); and recollect, that he suspected and hated Bertram from the first. Israel Bertuccio, on the other hand, is a cooler and more concentrated fellow: he acts upon *principle* and *impulse;* Calendaro upon *impulse* and *example.*

So there's argument for you.

The Doge *repeats;—true,* but it is from engrossing passion, and because he sees *different* persons, and is always obliged to recur to the *cause* uppermost in his mind. His speeches are long;—true, but I wrote for the *Closet*, and on the French and Italian model rather than yours, which I think not very highly of, for all your *old* dramatists, who are long enough too, God knows: *look* into any of them.

I wish *you*, too, to recollect one thing which is nothing to the reader. I never wrote nor copied *an entire Scene of that play*, without being obliged to *break* off

1. "Sir Giles Overreach" says to "Lord Lovel," in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, act v. sc. 1, "Lord! thus I spit at thee, and at thy "counsel."

—to *break* a commandment, to obey a woman's, and to forget God's. Remember the drain of this upon a man's heart and brain, to say nothing of his immortal soul. *Fact*, I assure you. The Lady always apologized for the interruption; but you know the answer a man must make when and while he can. It happened to be the only hour I had in the four and twenty for composition, or reading, and I was obliged to divide even it. Such are the defined duties of a *Cavalier' Servente* or *Cavalier' Schiavo*.

I return you F[oscolo]'s letter, because it alludes also to his private affairs. I am sorry to see such a man in straits, because I know what they are, or what they were. I never met but three men who would have held out a finger to me: one was yourself, the other Wm Bankes, and the third a Nobleman long ago dead. But of these the first was the only one who offered it while I *really* wanted it; the second from good will—but I was not in need of Bankes's aid, and would not have accepted it if I had (though I love and esteem him); and the *third*——[1]

So you see that I have seen some strange things in my time. As for your own offer, it was in 1815, when I was in actual uncertainty of five pounds. I rejected it; but I have not forgotten it, although you probably have.

You are to publish when and how you please; but I thought you and Mr. Hobhouse had decided *not* to print the whole of "*Blackwood*" as being *partly* unproducible: do as ye please after consulting Hobhouse about it.

P.S.—Foscolo's *Ricciarda* was lent, with the *leaves uncut*, to some Italians now in Villeggiatura, so that I

1. The paragraph is left thus imperfect in the original, Byron having carefully erased three lines of writing.

have had no opportunity of hearing their opinion, or of reading it. They seized on it as Foscolo's, and on account of the beauty of the paper and printing, directly. If I find it takes, I will reprint it *here*. The Italians think as highly of Foscolo as they can of any man, divided and miserable as they are, and with neither leisure at present to read, nor head nor heart to judge of anything but extracts from French newspapers and the Lugano Gazette.

We are all looking at one another, like wolves on their prey in pursuit, only waiting for the first faller on, to do unutterable things. They are a great world in Chaos, or Angels in Hell, which you please; but out of Chaos came Paradise, and *out* of hell—I don't know what; but the Devil went *in* there, and he was a fine fellow once, you know.

You need never favour me with any periodical publications, excepting the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and an occasional *Blackwood*, or now and then a *Monthly Review;* for the rest I do not feel curiosity enough to look beyond their covers.

To be sure I took in the British Roberts finely; he fell precisely into the glaring trap laid for him: it was inconceivable how he could be so absurd as to think us serious with him.

Recollect, that if you put my name to *Don Juan* in these canting days, any lawyer might oppose my Guardian right of my daughter in Chancery, on the plea of its containing the *parody;* such are the perils of a foolish jest. I was not aware of this at the time, but you will find it correct, I believe; and you may be sure that the Noels would not let it slip. Now I prefer my child to a poem at any time, and so should you, as having half a dozen. Let me know your notions.

If you turn over the earlier pages of the H[untingdon][1] peerage story, you will see how common a name *Ada* was in the early Plantagenet days. I found it in my own pedigree in the reign of John and Henry, and gave it to my daughter. It was also the name of Charlemagne's sister. It is in an early chapter of Genesis, as the name of the wife of Lameth (*sic*): and I suppose Ada is the feminine of *Adam*. It is short, ancient, vocalic, and had been in my family; for which reason I gave it to my daughter.

836.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 8bre 12°, 1820.

D[r] MURRAY,—By land and Sea Carriage a considerable quantity of books have arrived; and I am obliged and grateful. But *Medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*, etc., etc.; which, being interpreted, means,

> I'm thankful for your books, dear Murray;
> But why not send Scott's Monastery?

the only book in four *living* volumes I would give a baiocco to see—abating the rest by the same author, and an occasional *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, as brief Chroniclers of the times. Instead of this, here are Johnny Keats's *p—ss a bed* poetry,[2] and three novels by God knows whom, except that there is Peg Holford's name[3] to one of them—a Spinster whom I thought we

1. Henry Nugent Bell published his *Huntingdon Peerage* in 1820—an account of the family, and of the revival of the title in Hans Francis Hastings, eleventh Earl of Huntingdon. Two ancestresses (p. 4) of the name of Ada are mentioned in the thirteenth century.

2. John Keats published *Poems* (1817), *Endymion* (1818), and in 1820 *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems*.

3. Miss Margaret Holford (1778–1852) published, in 1820, *Warbeck of Wolfenstein*.

had sent back to her spinning. Crayon[1] is very good; Hogg's Tales rough,[2] but RACY, and welcome.

Lord Huntingdon's blackguard portrait may serve for a sign to his "Ashby de la Zouche" Alehouse:[3] is it to such a drunken, half-pay looking raff that the Chivalrous Moira is to yield a portion of his titles? into what a puddle has stagnated the noble blood of the Hastings'? And the bog-trotting barrister's advertisement of himself and causes!! Upon my word, the house and the courts have made a pair of precious acquisitions? I have seen worse peers than this fellow, but then they were *made, not begotten* (these Lords are opposites to *the Lord* in all respects); but, however stupid, however idle and profligate, all the peers by inheritance had something of the gentleman look about them: only the lawyers and the bankers "promoted into *Silver* fish" looked like ragamuffins till this new foundling came amongst them.

Books of *travels* are expensive, and I don't want them, having travelled already; besides, they lie. Thank the Author of *the Profligate*,[4] a comedy, for his (or her) present. Pray send me *no more* poetry but what is rare and decidedly good. There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables, that I am ashamed to look at them. I say nothing against your parsons, your Smedleys[5]

1. Washington Irving published, in 1820, under the *nom de plume* of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent[a], vol. i. of *The Sketch-Book*. Later in the same year Murray brought out the book in two volumes, vol. i. being a second edition, and vol. ii. a new volume.

2. Probably Hogg's *Winter Evening Tales* (1820). For James Hogg, see *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 115, *note* 1.

3. The Huntingdon Arms, at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, was within a few paces of the Castle (*Huntingdon Peerage, Investigation of the Claim*, p. 263).

4. *The Profligate, a Comedy* (1820, 4to) was by George Watson, afterwards Taylor, the author of *England Preserved, an Historical Play* (in verse), 1795, and *Equanimity in Death* (a poem), 1813.

5. The Rev. Edward Smedley (1788–1836), editor from 1822 of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, was a voluminous writer of prose

and your Crolys :[1] it is all very fine; but pray dispense me from the pleasure, as also from Mrs. Hemans. Instead of poetry if you will favour me with a few Soda powders, I shall be delighted; but all prose (bating travels and *novels* NOT by Scott) is welcome, especially Scott's *tales of my Landlord*, and so on.

In the notes to *Marino Faliero*, it may be as well to say that "*Benintende*" was not really of *the ten*, but merely *Grand Chancellor*, a separate office (although important): it was an arbitrary alteration of mine. The Doges too were all *buried* in *St. Mark's before* Faliero: it is singular that when his immediate predecessor, *Andrea Dandolo*, died, the ten made a law that *all* the *future doges* should be *buried with their families, in their own churches,—one would think by a kind of presentiment.* So that all that is said of his *Ancestral Doges*, as buried at Saint John's and Paul's, is altered from the fact, *they being in Saint Mark's. Make a Note* of this, and put *Editor* as the subscription to it.

As I make such pretensions to accuracy, I should not

and poetry. He had recently published two volumes of verse, *Religio Clerici, a Churchman's Epistle* (1818), and *A Churchman's Second Epistle* (1819). The poem was published anonymously.

In a letter to Byron, dated March 9 (1819), Lord Holland says, "The poem of *Religio Clerici*, falsely said to be Crabbe's, is the "work of a Mr. Smedley. The despair produced by Methodists "on a dying man, and the picture of the parish priest walking to "church, are like Crabbe; but everything else is much inferior, and "the principles are so narrow and intolerant that one would have "been sorry to have found that such a man as Crabbe was capable "either of holding or assuming them."

1. The Rev. George Croly (1780–1860) wrote largely for *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Literary Gazette*, besides publishing poems, two novels (*Salathiel*, 1829, and *Marston*, 1846), theological works, a play, and the *Life and Times of George the Fourth* (1830). In his chief poems he imitated Byron; *Childe Harold* is the model of *Paris in* 1815 (1817), and *Don Juan* of *The Modern Orlando* (1846). Byron preferred Croly's vigour to the feebleness of many of his contemporaries; and Croly seems, according to Byron, to have held a still higher opinion of his own merits (see p. 117).

like to be *twitted* even with such trifles on that score. Of the play they may say what they please, but not so of my costume and dram. pers., they having been real existences.

I omitted Foscolo in my list of living *Venetian worthies, in the Notes*, considering him as an *Italian* in general, and not a mere provincial like the rest; and as an Italian I have spoken of him in the preface to Canto 4th of *Childe Harold.*

The French translation of us ! ! ! *Oime! Oime!*— and the German; but I don't understand the latter nor his long dissertation at the end about the Fausts. Excuse haste. Of politics it is not safe to speak, but nothing is decided as yet.

I should recommend your *not* publishing the *prose:* it is *too late* for the letter to Roberts, and that to Blackwood is too egoistical; and Hobhouse don't like it— except the part about *Pope*, which is truth and very good.

I am in a very fierce humour at not having Scott's *Monastery.*[1] You are *too liberal* in *quantity*, and somewhat careless of the quality, of your missives. All the *Quarterlies* (4 in number) I had had before from you, and *two* of the *Edinburghs;* but no matter; we shall have new ones by and bye. No more Keats, I entreat: —flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself: there is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the Mankin.

I don't feel inclined to care further about *Don Juan.* What do you think a very pretty Italian lady said to me the other day? She had read it in the French, and paid me some compliments, with due DRAWBACKS, upon it. I answered that what she said was true, but that I

1. *Ivanhoe, The Monastery*, and *The Abbot* were all published in 1820.

suspected it would live longer than *Childe Harold.* "*Ah* "*but* (said She) *I would rather have the fame of Childe* "*Harold for* THREE YEARS *than an* IMMORTALITY *of Don* "*Juan!*" The truth is that *it is* TOO TRUE, and the women hate every thing which strips off the tinsel of *Sentiment;* and they are right, as it would rob them of their weapons. I never knew a woman who did not hate *De Grammont's memoirs* for the same reason. Even Lady Oxford used to abuse them.

Thorwaldsen is in Poland, I believe: the bust is at Rome still, as it has been *paid* for these 4 years. It should have been sent, but I have no remedy *till* he returns.

Rose's work[1] I never received: it was seized at Venice. Such is the liberality of the Huns, with their two hundred thousand men, that they dare not let such a volume as his circulate.

837.—To John Hanson.

Ravenna, 8ber 12º 1820.

Dr Sir,—I can enter into no appeal without Counsel's opinion: this was promised and has *not* been sent. I would still much rather sell the Manor, at any price, than enter into a new and hopeless litigation.

Your delay (which seems a purposed and unwarrantable one) in completing the Irish Mortgage surprizes and distresses me; you will finish by causing me to lose many thousand pounds. You may delay as you please, but the mortgage *must* be completed; for I would rather sell out at any loss than trust to the infamous bubble of the British funds, into which (had I been upon the spot) I could never have entered.

1. William Stewart Rose's *Letters from the North of Italy* (1819).

It is also surprizing that you have never sent in your account to Mr. Kinnaird: if it is not sent, how can we ever come to any final settlement?

In expectation of an answer on these points,

I remain, yours very truly,

BYRON.

838.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.[1]

Ravenna, 8bre 13th 1820.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—By the boat of a certain Bonaldo, bound for Venice, I forward to you certain Novels of Mrs. Opie and others, for Mrs. Hoppner and you as you desired. Amongst the rest there is a *German* translation of *Manfred*, with a plaguy long dissertation at the end of it; it would be out of all measure and conscience to ask you to translate the whole; but, if you could give me a short sketch of it, I should thank you, or if you would make somebody do the whole into *Italian*, it would do as well; and I would willingly pay some poor Italian German Scholar for his trouble. My own papers are at last come from Galignani. With many thanks for yours,

I am, yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I remit by *Missiaglia* 30 Napoleons, is that the sum?

839.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 8bre 16°, 1820.

DEAR MORAY,—*The Abbot* has just arrived: many thanks; as also for the *Monastery—when you send it! ! !*

1. From *The Archivist*, April, 1889, where the letter is printed in facsimile to face p. 12.

The Abbot will have a more than ordinary interest for me; for an ancestor of mine by the mother's side, Sir J. Gordon of Gight, the handsomest of his day, died on a Scaffold at Aberdeen for his loyalty to Mary, of whom he was an imputed paramour as well as her relation.[1] His fate was much commented on in the Chronicles of the times. If I mistake not, he had something to do with her escape from Loch Leven, or with her captivity there. But this you will know better than I.

I recollect Loch Leven as it were but yesterday: I saw it in my way to England in 1798, being then ten years of age. My Mother (who was as haughty as Lucifer with her descent from the Stuarts, and her right line, from the *old Gordons*, *not* the *Seyton Gordons*, as she disdainfully termed the Ducal branch,) told me the Story, always reminding me how superior *her* Gordons were to the Southron Byrons, notwithstanding our Norman, and always direct masculine descent,[2] which has never lapsed into a female, as my mother's Gordons had done in her own person.

I have written to you so often lately, that the brevity of this will be welcome.

Yours ever and truly,

BYRON.

1. For Sir J. Gordon, see p. 106, *note* 1.

2. It is possible that Mrs. Byron may have known the blot on the Byron pedigree, and the illegitimacy of the family through which her son claimed Norman descent. Sir John Byron "with the great "beard," grandfather of the first Lord Byron, and grantee of the Priory of Newstead, had no legitimate heir. His natural son, John Byron, who succeeded to the property by deed of gift, was therefore the real founder of Byron's family. Whether Byron knew this illegitimacy or not is uncertain.

840.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 8bre 17°, 1820.

D^r M^r.,—Enclosed is the dedication of *Marino Faliero* to *Goethe*. Query? is his title *Baron* or not?[1] I think yes. Let me know your opinion, and so forth.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—Let me know what Mr. Hobhouse and you have decided about the two *prose* letters and their publication.

I enclose you an Italian abstract of the German translator of *Manfred's* appendix, in which you will perceive quoted what Goethe says of the *whole body* of English poetry (and *not* of one in particular). On this the dedication is founded, as you will perceive, though I had thought of it before, for I look upon him as a Great Man.

FOR *MARINO FALIERO*.

DEDICATION TO BARON GOETHE, ETC., ETC., ETC.

SIR,—In the Appendix to an English work lately translated into German and published at Leipsic, a judgment of yours upon English poetry is quoted as follows: "That in English poetry, great genius, universal "power, a feeling of profundity, with sufficient tenderness "and force, are to be found; but that *altogether these do* "*not constitute poets*," etc., etc.

I regret to see a great man falling into a great mistake. This opinion of yours only proves that the

1. Goethe was ennobled, having the *Von* prefixed to his name, but never received the title of Baron.

"*Dictionary of Ten Thousand living English Authors*"[1] has not been translated into German. You will have read, in your friend Schlegel's version, the dialogue in Macbeth—

> "There are *ten thousand!*
> *Macbeth.* *Geese*, villain?
> *Answer.* *Authors*, sir."[2]

Now, of these "ten thousand authors," there are actually nineteen hundred and eighty-seven poets, all alive at this moment, whatever their works may be, as their booksellers well know; and amongst these there are several who possess a far greater reputation than mine, although considerably less than yours. It is owing to this neglect on the part of your German translators that you are not aware of the works of William Wordsworth, who has a baronet in London[3] who draws him frontispieces and leads him about to dinners and to the play; and a Lord in the country,[4] who gave him a place in the Excise—and a cover at his table. You do not know perhaps that this Gentleman is the greatest of all poets past—present and to come—besides which he has written an "*Opus Magnum*" in prose—during the late election for Westmoreland.[5] His principal publication is entitled "*Peter Bell*" which he had withheld from the public for "*one and twenty years*"—to the irreparable loss of all those who died in the interim, and will have no opportunity of

1. *A Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland, etc.*, London, 1816, 8vo.

2. "*Macbeth.* Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Servant. There is ten thousand—
Macbeth. Geese, villain?
Servant. Soldiers, sir."
Macbeth, act v. sc. 3.

3. Sir George Beaumont. See Professor W. Knight, *Life of Wordsworth*, vol. ii. (*Works*, vol. x.) p. 56.

4. Lord Lonsdale (*ibid.*, p. 209).

5. *Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland*, 1818.

reading it before the resurrection. There is also another named Southey, who is more than a poet, being actually poet Laureate,—a post which corresponds with what we call in Italy *Poeta Cessareo*, and which you call in German —I know not what; but as you have a "*Caesar*"—probably you have a name for it. In England there is no *Caesar*—only the Poet.

I mention these poets by way of sample to enlighten you. They form but two bricks of our Babel, (WINDSOR bricks, by the way,) but may serve for a specimen of the building.

It is, moreover, asserted that "the predominant "character of the whole body of the present English "poetry is a *disgust* and *contempt* for life." But I rather suspect that by one single work of *prose*, *you* yourself, have excited a greater contempt for life than all the English volumes of poesy that ever were written. Madame de Stael says, that "Werther has occasioned "more suicides than the most beautiful woman;" and I really believe that he has put more individuals out of this world than Napoleon himself, except in the way of his profession. Perhaps, Illustrious Sir, the acrimonious judgment passed by a celebrated northern journal[1] upon you in particular, and the Germans in general, has rather indisposed you towards English poetry as well as criticism. But you must not regard our critics, who are at bottom good-natured fellows, considering their two professions—taking up the law in court, and laying it down out of it. No one can more lament their hasty and unfair judgment, in your particular, than I do; and I so expressed myself to your friend Schlegel, in 1816, at Coppet.

1. See an article on Goethe's *Aus Meinem Leben*, etc., in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1816, vol. xxvi. pp. 304-337.

In behalf of my "ten thousand" living brethren, and of myself, I have thus far taken notice of an opinion expressed with regard to "English poetry" in general, and which merited notice, because it was YOURS.

My principal object in addressing you was to testify my sincere respect and admiration of a man, who, for half a century, has led the literature of a great nation, and will go down to posterity as the first literary Character of his Age.

You have been fortunate, Sir, not only in the writings which have illustrated your name, but in the name itself, as being sufficiently musical for the articulation of posterity. In this you have the advantage of some of your countrymen, whose names would perhaps be immortal also—if any body could pronounce them.

It may, perhaps, be supposed, by this apparent tone of levity, that I am wanting in intentional respect towards you; but this will be a mistake: I am always flippant in prose. Considering you, as I really and warmly do, in common with all your own, and with most other nations, to be by far the first literary Character which has existed in Europe since the death of Voltaire, I felt, and feel, desirous to inscribe to you the following work,—*not* as being either a tragedy or a *poem*, (for I cannot pronounce upon its pretensions to be either one or the other, or both, or neither,) but as a mark of esteem and admiration from a foreigner to the man who has been hailed in Germany "THE GREAT GOETHE."

I have the honour to be,
With the truest respect,
Your most obedient and
Very humble servant,
BYRON.

Ravenna, 8bre 14°, 1820.

P.S.—I perceive that in Germany, as well as in Italy, there is a great struggle about what they call "*Classical*" and "*Romantic*,"—terms which were not subjects of classification in England, at least when I left it four or five years ago. Some of the English Scribblers, it is true, abused Pope and Swift, but the reason was that they themselves did not know how to write either prose or verse; but nobody thought them worth making a sect of. Perhaps there may be something of the kind sprung up lately, but I have not heard much about it, and it would be such bad taste that I shall be very sorry to believe it.

841.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, October 17, 1820.

You owe me two letters—pay them. I want to know what you are about. The summer is over, and you will be back to Paris. Apropos of Paris, it was not Sophia *Gail*, but Sophia *Gay*—the English word *Gay*—who was my correspondent.[1] Can you tell who *she* is, as you did of the defunct * *?

Have you gone on with your poem? I have

1. "I had mistaken the name of the lady he inquired after, and "reported her to him as dead. But, on the receipt of the above "letter, I discovered that his correspondent was Madame Sophie "Gay, mother of the celebrated poetess and beauty, Mademoiselle "Delphine Gay" (Moore).

Sophie Nichault de la Valette (1776–1852), novelist, dramatist, musician, and verse-writer, married, in 1799, as her second husband, M. Gay. Her *salon* was the resort of all that was most brilliant in French society under the Empire. Among her novels, which began with *Laure d'Estell* (1802), the most successful was *Léonie de Montbreuse* (1813). But, of all her numerous works, it was said that her daughter Delphine, afterwards Madame de Girardin (1804–1855), was the most brilliant.

received the French of mine. Only think of being *traduced* into a foreign language in such an abominable travesty! It is useless to rail, but one can't help it.

Have you got my Memoir copied?[1] I have begun a continuation. Shall I send it you, as far as it is gone?

I can't say any thing to you about Italy, for the Government here look upon me with a suspicious eye, as I am well informed. Pretty fellows!—as if I, a solitary stranger, could do any mischief. It is because I am fond of rifle and pistol shooting, I believe; for they took the alarm at the quantity of cartridges I consumed,—the wiseacres!

You don't deserve a long letter—nor a letter at all—for your silence. You have got a new Bourbon,[2] it seems, whom they have christened *Dieu-donné*;—perhaps the honour of the present may be disputed. Did you write the good lines on ——, the Laker? * * * * *

The Queen has made a pretty theme for the journals. Was there ever such evidence published? Why it is worse than *Little's Poems* or *Don Juan*. If you don't write soon, I will "make you a speech."

Yours, etc.

1. Moore, in his Diary for May 7, 1820, writes, "Williams dined "with us; he has begun copying out Lord B.'s 'Memoirs' for me, "as I fear the original papers may become worn out by passing "through so many hands" (*Memoirs, etc.*, of Thomas Moore, vol. iii. p. 116).

2. Henri Charles Marie Ferdinand Dieudonné d'Artois, Duc de Bordeaux and Comte de Chambord (1820-1883), was the posthumous son of the Duc de Berri assassinated by Louvel. In 1830, when his grandfather Charles X. abdicated in his favour, he went into exile. In 1843 he claimed the throne of France, assuming the title of Henri V. After his marriage (1846) with Marie Thérèse Béatrix, daughter of the Duke of Modena, by whom he had no children, he settled at Frohsdorf, near Vienna. In 1873 the Comte de Paris recognized his right to the French crown, and thus united the legitimists. But his refusal to accept the tricolor in place of the white standard of the Bourbons destroyed the hopes of the royalist party.

842.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 8bre 25°, 1820.

Dr MORAY,—Pray forward the enclosed to Lady Byron: it is on business.

In thanking you for the *Abbot*, I made four grand mistakes. Sir John Gordon [1] was not of Gight, but of Bogagicht, and a Son of Huntley's. He suffered, *not* for his loyalty, but in an insurrection. He had *nothing* to do with Loch Leven, having been dead some time at the period of the Queen's confinement. And 4^thly^ I am not sure that he was the Queen's paramour or no; for Robertson does not allude to this, though *Walter Scott does*, in the list she gives of her admirers (as unfortunate) at the close of *the Abbot*.

1. In *The Abbot* (chap. xxxvii.), Mary, standing by the dying George Douglas at the battle of Langside, says, "Look—look at "him well, thus has it been with all who loved Mary Stuart!—The "royalty of Francis, the wit of Chastelar, the power and gallantry "of the gay Gordon, the melody of Rizzio, the portly form and "youthful grace of Darnley, the bold address and courtly manners "of Bothwell—and now the deep-devoted passion of the noble "Douglas—nought could save them—they looked on the wretched "Mary, and to have loved her was crime enough to deserve early "death!" In 1562, one year after Mary landed in Scotland, Sir John Gordon, a younger son of the Earl of Huntly, killed Lord Ogilvie in a fray. Mary refused to pardon Gordon, and her refusal caused Lord Huntly to march on Aberdeen. The Gordons were defeated; Lord Huntly was killed; Sir John Gordon beheaded; and two of his brothers, condemned to death, were eventually pardoned. The younger, Adam, became the famous "Edom o' "Gordon." There is no reason to suppose that Mary ever saw Sir John Gordon, much less that he was her favoured lover.

The Gordons of Gight, though descended from the Earl of Huntly, were then in the third generation from the founder of their branch of the family. John Gordon, second son of the fourth Laird of Gight, and great-grandson of Huntly, was hanged in February, 1592, for the murder of the Earl of Moray; but his brother William, Laird of Gight from 1576 to 1605 (J. M. Bullock, *Tragic Adventures of Byron's Ancestors*, in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, November 11, 18, 25, 1898), though responsible for "at least five "murders," died in his bed.

I must have made all these mistakes in recollecting my Mother's account of the matter, although she was more accurate than I am, being precise upon points of genealogy, like all the Aristocratical Scotch. She had a long list of ancestors, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger's,[1] most of whom are to be found in the old Scotch Chronicles, Spalding, etc., in arms and doing mischief. I remember well passing Loch Leven, as well as the Queen's Ferry: we were on our way to England in 1798.

Why do the papers call *Hobhouse young*? he is a year and a half older than I am; and I was thirty-two last January.

Of Italy I can say nothing by the post: we are in instant expectation of the Barbarians passing the Po; and then there will be a war of fury and extermination.

Pray write sometimes; the communications will not long be open.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—Send me the *Monastery* and some Soda powders.

You had better not publish Blackwood and the Roberts *prose*, except what regards *Pope*;—you have let the time slip by.

843.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 9bre 4°, 1820.

I have received from Mr. Galignani the enclosed letters, duplicates and receipts, which will explain themselves.[2] As the poems are your property by purchase,

1. In *The Rivals*, act iii. sc. 4, Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "Ah, "my little friend! If I had *Blunderbuss Hall* here, I could show "you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish "the new room; every one of whom had killed his man!"

2. Galignani had asked Byron to grant him such legal right over

right, and justice, *all matters of publication*, etc., etc., *are for you to decide upon*. I know not how far my compliance with Mr. G.'s request might be legal, and I doubt that it would not be honest. In case you choose to arrange with him, I enclose the permits to *you*, and in so doing I wash my hands of the business altogether. I sign them merely to enable you to exert the power you justly possess more properly. I will have nothing to do with it further, except, in my answer to Mr. Galignani, to state that the letters, etc., etc., are sent to you, and the causes thereof.

If you can check those foreign Pirates, do; if not, put the permissive papers in the fire: *I* can have no view nor object whatever, but to secure to you your property.

Yours,
BYRON.

P.S.—There will be shortly "*the Devil to pay*" *here*; and, as there is no saying that I may not form an *Item in his bill*, I shall not now write at greater length: *you* have *not answered* my late letters; and you have acted foolishly, as you will find out some day.

P.S.—I have read part of the *Quarterly* just arrived: Mr. Bowles[1] shall be answered; he is not *quite* correct in his statement about *E[nglish] B[ards] and S[cotch]*

those poems of which he had hitherto been the sole publisher in France, as would prevent piracy.

1. Byron refers to Disraeli's article on Pope, suggested by Spence's *Anecdotes of Books and Men*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1820 (pp. 400–434). The reviewer quotes on p. 425 a passage from Bowles's *Invariable Principles of Poetry* (1819), in which Bowles describes his correction of Byron's mistake in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, line 360—

"When first Madeira trembled to a kiss."

(See *Poems*, vol. i. p. 325, and Byron's *note*. See also Appendix III. for Byron's controversy with Bowles.)

R[*eviewers*]. They support Pope, I see, in the *Quarterly*.[1] Let them continue to do so: it is a Sin, and a Shame, and a *damnation* to think that *Pope / /* should require it—but he does. Those miserable mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace themselves and deny God, in running down Pope, the most *faultless* of Poets, and almost of men.

The *Edinburgh* praises Jack Keats or Ketch, or whatever his names are: why, his is the * of Poetry—something like the pleasure an Italian fiddler extracted out of being suspended daily by a Street Walker in Drury Lane. This went on for some weeks: at last the Girl went to get a pint of Gin—met another, chatted too long, and Cornelli was *hanged outright before she returned*. Such like is the trash they praise, and such will be the end of the * * poesy of this miserable Self-polluter of the human Mind.

W. Scott's *Monastery* just arrived: many thanks for that Grand Desideratum of the last Six Months.

P.S.—You have cut up old Edgeworth,[2] it seems, amongst you. You are right: he was a bore. I met the whole batch—Mr., Mrs., and Miss—at a blue breakfast of Lady Davy's in Blue Square; and he proved but bad, in taste and tact and decent breeding. He began by saying that *Parr* (Dr. Parr) had attacked him,

1. "It is with pain we have so long witnessed the attacks on the "moral and poetical character of this great poet by the last two of his "editors. Warton, who first entered the list, though not unwilling "to wound, exhibits occasionally some of the courtesy of the ancient "chivalry; but his successor, the Rev. Mr. Bowles, pushes the con-"test *à l'outrance*, with the appearance, though not with the reality, "of personal hostility. It had been more honourable in this gentle-"man, with his known prejudices against this class of poetry, in "which Pope will always remain unrivalled, to have declined the "office of editor, than to attempt to spread among new generations of "readers the most unfavourable and the most unjust impressions of "the Poet and of the Man."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiii. p. 407.

2. In the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1820, pp. 510-549.

and that he (the father of Miss E.) had *cut him up* in his answer. Now, Parr would have annihilated him; and if he had not, why tell *us* (a long story) *who* wanted to breakfast? I saw them different times in different parties, and I thought him a very tiresome coarse old Irish half-and-half Gentleman, and her a pleasant reserved old woman— * * * * * * * * * * * *

844.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, November 5, 1820.

Thanks for your letter, which hath come somewhat costively; but better late than never. Of it anon. Mr. Galignani, of the Press, hath, it seems, been supplanted and sub-pirated by another Parisian publisher, who has audaciously printed an edition of L. B.'s works, at the ultra-liberal price of ten francs and (as Galignani piteously observes) eight francs only for booksellers! *horresco referens.* Think of a man's *whole* works producing so little!

Galignani sends me, post haste, a permission *for him, from me,* to publish, etc., etc., which *permit* I have signed and sent to Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street. Will you explain to G. *that I* have no right to dispose of Murray's works without his leave? and therefore I must refer him to M. to get the permit out of his claws—no easy matter, I suspect. I have written to G. to say as much; but a word of mouth from a "great brother author" would convince him that I could not honestly have complied with his wish, though I might legally. What I could do I have done, viz. signed the warrant and sent it to Murray. Let the dogs divide the carcass, if it is killed to their liking.

I am glad of your epigram. It is odd that we should

both let our wits run away with our sentiments; for I am sure that we are both Queen's men at bottom.[1] But there is no resisting a clinch—it is so clever! Apropos of that—we have a "diphthong" also in this part of the world—not a *Greek*, but a *Spanish* one—do you understand me?—which is about to blow up the whole alphabet. It was first pronounced at Naples, and is spreading; but we are nearer the barbarians, who are in great force on the Po, and will pass it, with the first legitimate pretext.

There will be the devil to pay, and there is no saying who will or who will not be set down in his bill. If "honour should come unlooked for"[2] to any of your acquaintance, make a Melody of it, that his ghost, like poor Yorick's, may have the satisfaction of being plaintively pitied—or still more nobly commemorated, like "Oh breathe not his name."[3] In case you should not think him worth it, here is a Chant for you instead—

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

1. Moore was a supporter of the Queen. In his Diary for November 11, 1820 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 168), he writes, "The decision of the House of Lords against the Queen occupying "every one's mind and tongue. What a barefaced defiance of all "law and justice, and what precious scoundrels there are in the "high places of the world!"

2. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act v. sc. 3. Compare Pope's *Temple of Fame*, line 513.

3. Moore's song, of which the first stanza runs as follows:—

"O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head;"

appeared in No. i. of the *Irish Melodies*.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get knighted.

So you have gotten the letter of "Epigrams"—I am glad of it. You will not be so, for I shall send you more. Here is one I wrote for the endorsement of "the Deed "of Separation" in 1816; but the lawyers objected to it, as superfluous. It was written as we were getting up the signing and sealing. * * has the original.

Endorsement to the Deed of Separation, in the April of 1816.

A year ago you swore, fond she!
"To love, to honour," and so forth:
Such was the vow you pledged to me,
And here's exactly what 'tis worth.

For the anniversary of January 2, 1821, I have a small grateful anticipation, which, in case of accident, I add—

To Penelope, January 2, 1821.

This day, of all our days, has done
The worst for me and you:—
'Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,
And *five* since we were *two*.

Pray excuse all this nonsense; for I must talk nonsense just now, for fear of wandering to more serious topics, which, in the present state of things, is not safe by a foreign post.

I told you in my last, that I had been going on with

the "Memoirs," and have got as far as twelve more sheets. But I suspect they will be interrupted. In that case I will send them on by post, though I feel remorse at making a friend pay so much for postage, for we can't frank here beyond the frontier.

I shall be glad to hear of the event of the Queen's concern. As to the ultimate effect, the most inevitable one to you and me (if they and we live so long) will be that the Miss Moores and Miss Byrons will present us with a great variety of grandchildren by different fathers.

Pray, where did you get hold of Goethe's Florentine husband-killing story? Upon such matters, in general, I may say, with Beau Clincher, in reply to Errand's wife—

"Oh the villain, he hath murdered my poor Timothy!

"*Clincher.* Damn your Timothy!—I tell you, woman, "your husband has *murdered me*—he has carried away "my fine jubilee clothes."[1]

So Bowles has been telling a story, too ('t is in the *Quarterly*), about the woods of "Madeira," and so forth. I shall be at Bowles again, if he is not quiet. He misstates, or mistakes, in a point or two. The paper is finished, and so is the letter.

Yours, etc.

845.—To John Murray.

R[avenn]a, 9bre 9°, 1820.

DEAR MORAY,—The talent you approve of is an amiable one, and as you say might prove "a national "Service," but unfortunately I must be angry with a man before I draw his real portrait; and I can't deal in "*generals*," so that I trust never to have provocation

1. Farquhar's *Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee*, act iv. sc. 1. (For Goethe's story, see his review of *Manfred*, Appendix II. p. 504.)

enough to make a *Gallery*. If "*the* person" had not by many little dirty sneaking traits provoked it, I should have been silent, though I *had observed* him. Here follows an alteration. Put—

> Devil with *such* delight in damning,
> That if at the resurrection
> Unto him the free selection
> Of his future could be given,
> 'Twould be rather Hell than Heaven.

That is to say, if these two new lines do not too much lengthen out and weaken the amiability of the original thought and expression. You have a discretionary power about showing: I should think that Croker and D'Israeli would not disrelish a sight of these light little humorous things, and may be indulged now and then.

D'Israeli wrote the article on Spence: I know him by the mark in his mouth. I am glad that the *Quarterly* has had so much Classical honesty as to insert it: it is good and true.

Hobhouse writes me a facetious letter about my *indolence* and love of Slumber. It becomes him: he is in active life; he writes pamphlets against Canning, to which he does not put his name; he gets into Newgate and into Parliament—both honourable places of refuge; and he "greatly daring dines" at all the taverns (why don't he set up a *tap* room at once), and then writes to quiz my laziness.

Why, I do like one or two vices, to be sure; but I can back a horse and fire a pistol "without winking or "blinking" like Major Sturgeon;[1] I have fed at times for

1. In Foote's *Mayor of Garratt*, act i. sc. 1, Major Sturgeon says, "In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poise, and turn to the "right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month I could fire "without winking or blinking."

two months together on *sheer biscuit and water* (without metaphor); I can get over seventy or eighty miles a day *riding* post, and *swim five* at a Stretch, taking a *piece* before and after, as at Venice, in 1818, or at least I *could do*, and have done it ONCE, and I never was ten minutes in my life over a *solitary* dinner.

Now, my friend Hobhouse, when we were wayfaring men, used to complain grievously of hard beds and sharp insects, while I slept like a top, and to awaken me with his swearing at them: he used to damn his dinners daily, both quality and cookery and quantity, and reproach me for a sort of "brutal" indifference, as he called it, to these particulars; and now he writes me facetious sneerings because I *do not* get up early in a morning, when there is no occasion—if there were, *he* knows that I was always *out* of bed before him, though it is true that my ablutions detained me longer in dressing than his noble contempt of that "oriental scrupulosity" permitted.

Then he is still sore about "*the ballad*"—he!! why, he lampooned me at Brighton, in 1808, about Jackson the boxer and bold Webster, etc.: in 1809, he turned the death of my friend E^d *Long* into ridicule and rhyme, because his name was susceptible of a *pun*; and, although he saw that I was distressed at it, before I left England in 1816, he wrote rhymes upon *D. Kinnaird*, *you*, and *myself*; and at Venice he parodied the lines "Though "the day of my destiny's over"[1] in a comfortable quizzing way: and now he harps on my ballad about his election! Pray tell him all this, for I will have no underhand work with my "old Cronies." If he can deny the facts, let him. I maintain that he is more *carnivorously* and *carnally sensual* than I am, though I am bad enough too

1. See *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 73, *note* 1.

for that matter; but not in eating and haranguing at the Crown and Anchor, where I never was but twice—and those were at "Whore's Hops" when I was a younker in my teens; and, Egad, I think them the most respectable meetings of the two. But he is a little wroth that I would not come over to the *Queen's* trial: *lazy*, quotha! it is so true that he should be ashamed of asserting it. He counsels me not to "get into a Scrape;" but, as Beau Clincher says, "How melancholy are Newgate "reflections!"[1] To be sure, his advice is worth following; for experience teacheth: he has been in a dozen within these last two years. *I pronounce me the more temperate of the two.*

Have you gotten *The Hints* yet?

I know Henry Matthews: he is the image, to the very voice, of his brother Charles, only darker: his *laugh* his in particular. The first time I ever met him was in Scrope Davies's rooms after his brother's death, and I nearly dropped, thinking that it was his Ghost. I have also dined with him in his rooms at King's College. Hobhouse once purposed a similar memoir; but I am afraid that the letters of Charles's correspondence with me (which are at Whitton with my other papers) would hardly do for the public: for our lives were not over strict, and our letters somewhat lax upon most subjects.

His Superiority over all his cotemporaries was quite indisputable and acknowledged: none of us ever thought of being *at all near* Matthews; and yet there were some high men of his standing—Bankes, Bob Milnes, Hobhouse, Bailey, and many others—without numbering the *mere Academical* men, of whom we hear little out of the University, and whom he beat *hollow* on *their own* Ground.

1. *The Constant Couple*, act v. sc. 2.

His gaining the Downing Fellowship was the completest thing of the kind ever known. He carried off both declamation prizes: in short, he did whatever he chose. He was three or four years my Senior, but I lived a good deal with him latterly, and with his friends. He wrote to me the very day of his death (I believe), or at least a day before, if not the very day. He meant to have stood for the University Membership. He was a very odd and humourous fellow besides, and spared nobody: for instance, walking out in Newstead Garden, he stopped at Boatswain's monument inscribed "Here "lies Boatswain, a Dog," etc., and then observing a *blank* marble tablet on the other side, "So (says he) there is "room for another friend, and I propose that the Inscrip- "tion be 'Here lies H—bh—se, a Pig,'" etc. You may as well not let *this* transpire to the worthy member, lest he regard neither his dead friend nor his living one, with his wonted Suavity.

Rose's *lines* must be at his own option: *I* can have no objection to their publication. Pray salute him from me.

Mr. Keats, whose poetry you enquire after, appears to me what I have already said: such writing is a sort of mental * * * *—* * * * * * * * his *Imagination*. I don't mean he is *indecent*, but viciously soliciting his own ideas into a state, which is neither poetry nor any thing else but a Bedlam vision produced by raw pork and opium. Barry Cornwall would write well, if he would let himself. Croly is superior to many, but seems to think himself inferior to Nobody.

Last week I sent you a correspondence with Galignani, and some documents on your property. You have now, I think, an opportunity of *checking*, or at least *limiting*, those *French re-publications*. You may let all your authors publish what they please *against me* or

mine: a publisher is not, and cannot be, responsible for all the works that issue from his printer's.

The "White Lady of Avenel" is not quite so good as a *real well-authenticated* ("Donna bianca") *White Lady* of *Colalto*,[1] or spectre in the Marca Trivigiana, who has been repeatedly seen: there is a man (a huntsman) now alive who saw her also. Hoppner could tell you all about her, and so can Rose perhaps. I myself have *no doubt* of the fact, historical and spectral. She always appeared on particular occasions, before the deaths of the family, etc., etc. I heard Mr Benzoni say, that she knew a Gentleman who had seen her cross his room at Colalto Castle. Hoppner saw and spoke with the Huntsman who met her at the Chase, and never *hunted* afterwards. She was a Girl attendant, who, one day dressing the hair of a Countess Colalto, was seen by her mistress to smile upon her husband in the Glass. The Countess had her shut up in the wall at the Castle, like Constance de Beverley. Ever after, she haunted them and all the Colaltos. She is described as very beautiful and fair. It is well authenticated.

Yours,

B.

846.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 9bre 18°, 1820.

DEAR MORAY,—The death of Waite[2] is a shock to the—teeth, as well as to the feelings of all who knew

1. The White Lady of Avenel, in Scott's *Monastery*, mixed much and capriciously in the affairs of the world. The "fair Christine," the victim of a jealous mistress, whose story Rogers told in his *Italy* ("Coll'alto"), seems a more legitimate ghost. Like Constance de Beverley in *Marmion* (Canto II. stanzas xx.–xxxiii.), she was immured alive in the wall.

2. The fashionable dentist of 2, Old Burlington Street. "Went," says Lord Byron, "to Waite's. Teeth are all right and white; but

him. Good God, he and *Blake*[1] both gone! I left them both in the most robust health, and little thought of the national loss in so short a time as five years. They were both as much superior to Wellington in rational greatness, as he who preserves the hair and the teeth is preferable to the "bloody blustering booby" who gains a name by breaking heads and knocking out grinders. Who succeeds *him*? where is tooth powder? *mild* and yet efficacious—where is *tincture*? where are cleansing *roots* and *brushes* now to be obtained? Pray obtain what information you can upon these "*Tusc*ulan ques-"tions:" my jaws ache to think on't. Poor fellows! I anticipated seeing both again; and yet they are gone to that place where both teeth and hair last longer than they do in this life. I have seen a thousand graves opened, and always perceived, that, whatever was gone, the *teeth and hair* remained of those who had died with them. Is not this odd? they go the very first things in *youth*, and yet last the longest in the dust, if people will but *die* to preserve them! It is a queer life, and a queer death, that of mortals.

I knew that Waite had married, but little thought that the other decease was so soon to overtake him. Then he was such a delight, such a Coxcomb, such a Jewel of a Man! There is a taylor at Bologna so like him, and also at the top of his profession. Do not neglect this commission: *who* or *what* can replace him? what says the public?

"he says that I grind them in my sleep, and chip the edges."—*Journal*, February 19, 1814 (*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 387).

1. "Write but like Wordsworth—live beside a lake,
And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake."

"As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and "may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qualifica-"tion than one half of the heads he crops, viz.—Independence."—*Hints from Horace*, l. 476, Byron's *note*; see *Poems*, vol. i. p. 422.

I remand you the preface. *Don't forget* that the Italian extract from the Chronicle must *be translated.* With regard to what you say of retouching the *Juans* and the *Hints*, it is all very well; but I can't *furbish.* I am like the tyger (in poesy), if I miss my first Spring, I go growling back to my Jungle. There is no second. I can't correct; I can't, and I won't. Nobody ever succeeds in it, great or small. Tasso remade the whole of his Jerusalem; but who ever reads that version? All the world goes to the first. Pope *added* to *the* "*Rape of* "*the Lock*," but did not reduce it. You must take my things as they happen to be: if they are not likely to suit, reduce their *estimate* then accordingly. I would rather give them away than hack and hew them. I don't say that you are not right: I merely assert that I cannot better them. I must either "make a spoon, or spoil a "horn." And there's an end.

The parcel of the *second* of June, with the late *Edgeworth* and so forth, has *never* arrived: parcels of a later date have, of which I have given you my opinions in late letters. I remit you what I think a Catholic curiosity—the Pope's brief, authenticating the body of Saint Francis of Assisi, a town on the road to Rome.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—Of the praises of that little dirty blackguard Keates in the *Edinburgh*, I shall observe as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a *pension:* "What! has *he* "got a pension? Then it is time that I should give up "*mine!*"[1] Nobody could be prouder of the praises of the

1. "Johnson, who thought slightingly of Sheridan's art, upon "hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, 'What! have "they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up "mine!' Whether this proceeded from a momentary indignation,

Edinburgh than I was, or more alive to their censure, as I showed in *E[nglish] B[ards] and S[cotch] R[eviewers]*. At present *all the men* they have ever praised are degraded by that insane article. Why don't they review and praise "Solomon's Guide to Health"?[1] it is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keates.

Bowles must be *bowled* down: 'tis a sad match at Cricket, if that fellow can get any Notches at Pope's expence. If he once gets into "*Lord's* ground," (to continue the pun, because it is foolish,) I think I could beat him in one Innings. You did not know, perhaps, that I was once (*not metaphorically*, but *really*) a good Cricketer, particularly in *batting*, and I played in the Harrow match against the Etonians in 1805, gaining more notches (as one of our chosen Eleven) than any, except L.d Ipswich and Brookman, on our side.[2]

847.—To John Murray.[3]

Ravenna, 9bre 19, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—What you said of the late Charles Skinner Matthews has set me to my recollections; but I have not been able to turn up any thing which would do for the purposed Memoir of his brother,—even if he had previously done enough during his life to sanction the introduction of anecdotes so merely personal. He was,

"as if it were an affront to his exalted merit that a player should be "rewarded in the same manner with him, or was the sudden effect "of a fit of peevishness, it was unluckily said, and, indeed, can- "not be justified."—Boswell's *Johnson*, 1763, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. i. pp. 385, 386.

1. Samuel Solomon was notorious for his "Cordial Balm of "Gilead." His *Guide to Health*, or advice to both sexes, in twenty-two years (1795–1817) passed into its sixty-sixth edition.

2. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 70.

3. This letter was, by an error of judgment, printed in *Letters*, vol. i. pp. 150–160. It is now reprinted in its chronological place; but the notes there given have not been repeated.

however, a very extraordinary man, and would have been a great one. No one ever succeeded in a more surpassing degree than he did as far as he went. He was indolent, too; but whenever he stripped, he overthrew all antagonists. His conquests will be found registered at Cambridge, particularly his *Downing* one, which was hotly and highly contested, and yet easily *won*. Hobhouse was his most intimate friend, and can tell you more of him than any man. William Bankes also a great deal. I myself recollect more of his oddities than of his academical qualities, for we lived most together at a very idle period of *my* life. When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow, to which I had become attached during the two last years of my stay there; wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford (there were no rooms vacant at Christchurch); wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds, and consequently about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop. So that, although I knew Matthews, and met him often *then* at Bankes's, (who was my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron,) and at Rhode's, Milnes's, Price's, Dick's, Macnamara's, Farrell's, Gally Knight's, and others of that *set* of contemporaries, yet I was neither intimate with him nor with any one else, except my old schoolfellow Edward Long (with whom I used to pass the day in riding and swimming), and William Bankes, who was good-naturedly tolerant of my ferocities.

It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to *reside* for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of Hobhouse, who, after hating me for two years, because I wore a *white hat*, and

a *grey* coat, and rode a *grey* horse (as he says himself), took me into his good graces because I had written some poetry. I had always lived a good deal, and got drunk occasionally, in their company—but now we became really friends in a morning. Matthews, however, was not at this period resident in College. I met *him* chiefly in London, and at uncertain periods at Cambridge. Hobhouse, in the mean time, did great things: he founded the Cambridge "Whig Club" (which he seems to have forgotten), and the "Amicable Society," which was dissolved in consequence of the members constantly quarrelling, and made himself very popular with "us "youth," and no less formidable to all tutors, professors, and heads of Colleges. William Bankes was gone; while he stayed, he ruled the roast—or rather the *roasting*—and was father of all mischiefs.

Matthews and I, meeting in London, and elsewhere became great cronies. He was not good tempered—nor am I—but with a little tact his temper was manageable, and I thought him so superior a man, that I was willing to sacrifice something to his humours, which were often, at the same time, amusing and provoking. What became of his *papers* (and he certainly had many), at the time of his death, was never known. I mention this by the way, fearing to skip it over, and *as* he *wrote* remarkably well, both in Latin and English. We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and *Monks'* dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visiters, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the *skull-cup*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house, in our conventual garments. Matthews always denominated me "the Abbot,"

and never called me by any other name in his good humours, to the day of his death. The harmony of these our symposia was somewhat interrupted, a few days after our assembling, by Matthews's threatening to throw Hobhouse out of a *window*, in consequence of I know not what commerce of jokes ending in this epigram. Hobhouse came to me and said, that "his respect and "regard for me as host would not permit him to call out "any of my guests, and that he should go to town next "morning." He did. It was in vain that I represented to him that the window was not high, and that the turf under it was particularly soft. Away he went.

Matthews and myself had travelled down from London together, talking all the way incessantly upon one single topic. When we got to Loughborough, I know not what chasm had made us diverge for a moment to some other subject, at which he was indignant. "Come," said he, "don't let us break through—let us go on as we began, to "our journey's end;" and so he continued, and was as entertaining as ever to the very end. He had previously occupied, during my year's absence from Cambridge, my rooms in Trinity, with the furniture; and Jones, the tutor, in his odd way, had said, on putting him in, "Mr. "Matthews, I recommend to your attention not to damage "any of the moveables, for Lord Byron, Sir, is a young man "of *tumultuous passions*." Matthews was delighted with this; and whenever anybody came to visit him, begged them to handle the very door with caution; and used to repeat Jones's admonition in his tone and manner. There was a large mirror in the room, on which he remarked, "that he thought his friends were grown un-"commonly assiduous in coming to *see him*, but he soon "discovered that they only came to *see themselves*." Jones's phrase of "*tumultuous passions*," and the whole scene,

had put him into such good humour, that I verily believe that I owed to it a portion of his good graces.

When at Newstead, somebody by accident rubbed against one of his white silk stockings, one day before dinner; of course the gentleman apologised. "Sir," answered Matthews, "it may be all very well for you, "who have a great many silk stockings, to dirty other "people's; but to me, who have only this *one pair*, which I "have put on in honour of the Abbot here, no apology can "compensate for such carelessness; besides, the expense of "washing." He had the same sort of droll sardonic way about every thing. A wild Irishman, named Farrell, one evening began to say something at a large supper at Cambridge, Matthews roared out "Silence!" and then, pointing to Farrell, cried out, in the words of the oracle, "*Orson is endowed with reason.*" You may easily suppose that Orson lost what reason he had acquired, on hearing this compliment. When Hobhouse published his volume of poems, the *Miscellany* (which Matthews *would* call the "*Miss-sell-any*"), all that could be drawn from him was, that the preface was "extremely like *Walsh*." Hobhouse thought this at first a compliment; but we never could make out what it was, for all we know of *Walsh* is his Ode to King William, and Pope's epithet of "*knowing Walsh*." When the Newstead party broke up for London, Hobhouse and Matthews, who were the greatest friends possible, agreed, for a whim, to *walk together* to town. They quarrelled by the way, and actually walked the latter half of the journey, occasionally passing and repassing, without speaking. When Matthews had got to Highgate, he had spent all his money but three-pence halfpenny, and determined to spend that also in a pint of beer, which I believe he was drinking before a public-house, as Hobhouse passed him (still without

speaking) for the last time on their route. They were reconciled in London again.

One of Matthews's passions was "the fancy;" and he sparred uncommonly well. But he always got beaten in rows, or combats with the bare fist. In swimming, too, he swam well; but with *effort* and *labour*, and *too high* out of the water; so that Scrope Davies and myself, of whom he was therein somewhat emulous, always told him that he would be drowned if ever he came to a difficult pass in the water. He was so; but surely Scrope and myself would have been most heartily glad that

> "the Dean had lived,
> And our prediction proved a lie."

His head was uncommonly handsome, very like what *Pope's* was in his youth.

His voice, and laugh, and features, are strongly resembled by his brother Henry's, if Henry be *he* of *King's College*. His passion for boxing was so great, that he actually wanted me to match him with Dogherty (whom I had backed and made the match for against Tom Belcher), and I saw them spar together at my own lodgings with the gloves on. As he was bent upon it, I would have backed Dogherty to please him, but the match went off. It was of course to have been a private fight, in a private room.

On one occasion, being too late to go home and dress, he was equipped by a friend (Mr. Baillie, I believe,) in a magnificently fashionable and somewhat exaggerated shirt and neckcloth. He proceeded to the Opera, and took his station in Fop's Alley. During the interval between the opera and the ballet, an acquaintance took his station by him and saluted him: "Come round," said Matthews, "come round."—"Why should I come "round?" said the other; "you have only to turn your

"head—I am close by you."—"That is exactly what I "cannot do," said Matthews; "don't you see the state I am "in?" pointing to his buckram shirt collar and inflexible cravat,—and there he stood with his head always in the same perpendicular position during the whole spectacle.

One evening, after dining together, as we were going to the Opera, I happened to have a spare Opera ticket (as subscriber to a box), and presented it to Matthews. "Now, sir," said he to Hobhouse afterwards, "this I call "*courteous* in the Abbot—another man would never have "thought that I might do better with half a guinea than "throw it to a door-keeper;—but here is a man not only "asks me to dinner, but gives me a ticket for the theatre." These were only his oddities, for no man was more liberal, or more honourable in all his doings and dealings, than Matthews. He gave Hobhouse and me, before we set out for Constantinople, a most splendid entertainment, to which we did ample justice. One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Somebody popped upon him in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to *dine with his hat on*. This he called his "*hat* house," and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal times.

When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge for a row with a tradesman named "Hiron," Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening,

> "Ah me! what perils do environ
> The man who meddles with *hot Hiron*."

He was also of that band of profane scoffers who, under the auspices of * * * *, used to rouse Lort Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity; and when he appeared at the window foaming

with wrath, and crying out, "I know you, gentlemen, I "know you!" were wont to reply, "We beseech thee to "hear us, good *Lort!*"—"Good *Lort* deliver us!" (Lort was his Christian name.) As he was very free in his speculations upon all kinds of subjects, although by no means either dissolute or intemperate in his conduct, and as I was no less independent, our conversation and correspondence used to alarm our friend Hobhouse to a considerable degree.

You must be almost tired of my packets, which will have cost a mint of postage.

Salute Gifford and all my friends.

Yours,

B.

848.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 9bre 23°, 1820.

DEAR MORAY,—There have arrived the preface, the translation—the first sixteen pages, also from page *sixty-five* to *ninety-six;* but *no intermediate sheets* from y^e^ *sixteenth* to *sixty-fifth* page. I apprize you of this, in case any such should have been sent.

I hope that the printer will perfectly understand *where* to insert some three or four additional lines, which Mr. Gifford has had the goodness to copy out in his own hand.

The translation is extremely well done, and I beg to present my thanks and respects to Mr. Cohen for his time and trouble. The old Chronicle Style is far better done than I could have done it: some of the old words are past the understanding even of the present Italians. Perhaps if Foscolo was to cast a glance over it, he could rectify such, or confirm them.

Your *two volume won't* do: the *first* is very well, but

the second must be *anonymous*, and the *first with* the *name*, which would make a confusion or an *identity*, both of which ought to be avoided. You had better put the Doge, Dante, etc., into *one* volume, and bring out the other *soon* afterwards, but not on the same day.

The *Hints*, Hobhouse says, will require a good deal of slashing, to suit the times, which will be a work of time, for I don't feel at all laborious just now. Whatever effect they are to have would perhaps be greater in a separate form, and *they* also must have my name to them. Now, if you publish them in the same volume with "*Don Juan*," they identify *Don Juan* as mine, which I don't think worth a Chancery Suit about my daughter's guardianship; as in your present code a facetious poem is sufficient to take away a man's rights over his family.

I regret to hear that the Queen has been so treated on the second reading of her bill.

Of the state of things here it would be difficult and not very prudent to speak at large, the Huns opening all letters: I wonder if they can read them when they have opened them? if so, they may see, in my most legible hand, that I think them damned scoundrels and barbarians, their emperor a fool, and themselves more fools than he; all which they may send to Vienna, for anything I care. They have got themselves masters of the Papal police, and are bullying away; but some day or other they will pay for it all. It may not be very soon, because these unhappy Italians have no union nor consistency among themselves; but I suppose Providence will get tired of them at last, and show that God is not an Austrian.

Ever yours truly,

B.

P.S.—I enclosed a letter to you for Lady B. on business some time ago: did you receive and forward it?

Adopt Mr. Gifford's alterations in the proofs.

849.—To John Hanson.

Ravenna, 9bre 30°. 1820.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter with Counsel's opinion upon the Appeal.[1] You had better then enter the Appeal immediately not to lose further time.

Mr. Kinnaird acted by my directions about Col. Leigh's bond.[2]

Let me hope that the Blessington Mortgage will proceed without further delays.

You have my full directions to proceed in making Mr. Claughton fulfil his payments.

I do not know whether it will be best to send a Courier to Ravenna with the deeds, or to send them by the post. *Consult weight* and security, and adopt the mode which will be most speedy.

The *Scotch deeds directions* I do not understand, notwithstanding all the pencil marks; but I will try to sign them correctly.

My "rough rebukes," as you call them, have been excited by the not very smooth delays, which have intervened. What can a man say at such a distance to you gentlemen of the law? You best know how far they are deserved.

I shall be very glad to hear any good news, and, with respects and remembrances to Charles and all your family,

I am, yours very truly and faithfully,

BYRON.

1. *I.e.* in the Rochdale lawsuit. (See p. 62, *note* 2.)
2. Byron had advanced money to Colonel Leigh, and now made the loan a gift by directing the bond to be cancelled.

850.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, Dec. 9, 1820.

Besides this letter, you will receive *three* packets, containing, in all, 18 more sheets of Memoranda, which, I fear, will cost you more in postage[1] than they will ever produce by being printed in the next century. Instead of waiting so long, if you could make any thing of them *now* in the way of *reversion*, (that is, after *my* death,) I should be very glad,—as, with all due regard to your progeny, I prefer you to your grandchildren. Would not Longman or Murray advance you a certain sum *now*, pledging themselves *not* to have them published till after *my* decease, think you?—and what say you?

Over these latter sheets I would leave you a discretionary power;[2] because they contain, perhaps, a thing or two which is too sincere for the public. If I consent to your disposing of their reversion *now*, where would be the harm? Tastes may change. I would, in your case, make my essay to dispose of them, *not* publish, now; and if *you* (as is most likely) survive me, add what you please from your own knowledge; and, *above all*, *contradict* any thing, if I have *mis*-stated; for my first object is the truth, even at my own expense.

I have some knowledge of your countryman Muley Moloch,[3] the lecturer. He wrote to me several letters

1. "Forty-six francs and a half," according to Moore's Diary for December 22, 1820 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 182).

2. "The power here meant is that of omitting passages that might "be thought objectionable. He afterwards gave me this, as well as "every other right, over the whole of the manuscript" (Moore).

3. See *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 416, *note* 1. Mulock was at this time lecturing on English literature in Paris. Moore attended three of the lectures. November 6, 1820: "Took Bessy in to attend "Mulock's first lecture on English literature; *flumen verborum* "*guttula mentis*" (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 166). November 17, 1820: "Went in with Bessy to Mulock's lecture. Absurd and "false from beginning to end. Dryden was no poet; Butler had

upon Christianity, to convert me; and, if I had not been a Christian already, I should probably have been now, in consequence. I thought there was something of wild talent in him, mixed with a due leaven of absurdity,—as there must be in all talent, let loose upon the world, without a martingale.

The ministers seem still to persecute the Queen * * *; but they *won't* go out, the sons of b—es. Damn Reform—I want a place—what say you? You must applaud the honesty of the declaration, whatever you may think of the intention.

I have quantities of paper in England, original and translated—tragedy, etc., etc., and am now copying out a fifth canto of *Don Juan*, 149 stanzas. So that there will be near *three thin* Albemarle, or *two thick* volumes of all sorts of my Muses. I mean to plunge thick, too, into the contest upon Pope, and to lay about me like a dragon till I make manure of Bowles for the top of Parnassus.

These rogues are right—*we do* laugh at *t'others*—eh? —don't we?[1] You shall see—you shall see what things

"no originality; and Locke was 'of the school of the devil,' both "in his philosophy, politics, and Christianity" (*ibid.*, p. 169). December 11, 1820: "Went into town to Mulock's lecture. Find "that he praised me in his discourse on the living poets, the other "day, exceedingly; set me at the head of them all, near Lord "Byron, who, he says, is the only person in the world who seems "to have any proper notion of religion! In alluding to *Lalla "Rookh*, he said, 'As for his Persian poem (I forget the name of "it), I really never could read it.' The lecture to-day upon evan- "gelical literature and religion in general; mere verbiage" (*ibid.*, p. 178). Mulock's faith in Byron's religious feeling was not shaken by *Cain*. His letter to the *Morning Post* and "Lines to Lord "Byron" therefore seem worth quoting. See Appendix IV.

1. "He here alludes to a humorous article, of which I had told "him, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, where the poets of the day were all "grouped together in a variety of fantastic shapes, with 'Lord Byron "and little Moore laughing behind, as if they would split,' at the "rest of the fraternity" (Moore). The quotation is from "Shuffle- "botham's Dream" (Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* for October, 1820, pp. 3-7).

I'll say, an' it pleases Providence to leave us leisure. But in these parts they are all going to war; and there is to be liberty, and a row, and a constitution—when they can get them. But I won't talk politics—it is low. Let us talk of the Queen, and her bath, and her bottle—that's the only *motley* nowadays.

If there are any acquaintances of mine, salute them. The priests here are trying to persecute me,—but no matter.

Yours, etc.

851.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, Dec. 9, 1820.

I open my letter to tell you a fact,[1] which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is *now* lying *dead* in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door.[2] I was putting on my great-coat to visit Madame la Contessa G. when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to

1. "The other evening ('twas on Friday last)—
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—
Just as my great coat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,
I heard a shot—'twas eight o'clock scarce past—
And running out as fast as I was able,
I found the military commandant
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant."
Don Juan, Canto V. stanza xxxiii.

The commandant's name was Del Pinto (Moore's *Life*, p. 472).

2. From information given to Mr. Richard Edgcumbe by Sante Savini, who was living at Ravenna at the time, the murder took place at the corner of the street leading out of the present Via Cavour to the Church of San Vitale.

hinder us from going, as it is the custom for every body here, it seems, to run away from "the stricken deer."

However, down we ran, and found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with five wounds; one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However, we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child—a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession—a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer—and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or any thing around him but confusion and dismay.

As nobody could, or would, do any thing but howl and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience—made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body—sent off two soldiers to the guard—despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had the commandant carried upstairs into my own quarter.[1] But it was too late, he was gone—not at all disfigured—bled inwardly—not above an ounce or two came out.

I had him partly stripped—made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him, all but the skin. Everybody conjectures why he was killed, but no one knows how. The gun was found close by him—an old gun, half filed down.

He only said, *O Dio!* and *Gesu!* two or three times,

1. "Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slugs, and left him there
To perish on the pavement: so I had
Him borne into the house, and up the stair,
And stripp'd and look'd to," etc.
Don Juan, Canto V. stanza xxxiv.

and appeared to have suffered very little. Poor fellow! he was a brave officer, but had made himself much disliked by the people. I knew him personally, and had met with him often at conversazioni and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dragoons, doctors, priests, and all kinds of persons,—though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved. The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may suppose.

You are to know that, if I had not had the body moved, they would have left him there till morning in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not choose to let even a dog die in such a manner, without succour:—and, as for consequences, I care for none in a duty.

Yours, etc.

P.S.—The lieutenant on duty by the body is smoking his pipe with great composure.—A queer people this.

852.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Decr 9th 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,—I intended to have written to you at some length by this post, but as the Military Commandant is now lying dead in my house, on Fletcher's bed, I have other things to think of.

He was shot at 8 o'Clock this evening about two hundred paces from our door. I was putting on my great Coat to pay a visit to the Countess G., when I heard a shot, and on going into the hall, found all my servants on the balcony exclaiming that "a Man was "murdered." As it is the custom here to let people fight it through, they wanted to hinder me from going out; but I ran down into the Street: Tita, the bravest of them, followed me; and we made our way to the

Commandant, who was lying on his back, with five wounds, of which three in the body—one in the heart. There were about him Diego, his Adjutant, crying like a Child; a priest howling; a Surgeon who dared not touch him; two or three confused and frightened Soldiers; one or two of the boldest of the mob; and the Street dark as pitch, with the people flying in all directions. As Diego could only cry and wring his hands, and the Priest could only pray, and nobody seemed able or willing to do anything except exclaim, shake and stare, I made my Servant and one of the mob take up the body; sent off Diego crying to the Cardinal, the Soldiers for the Guard; and had the Commandant conveyed up Stairs to my own quarters. But he was quite gone. I made the Surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had bled inwardly, and very little external blood was apparent. One of the Slugs had gone quite through—all but the Skin: I felt it myself. Two more shots in the body, one in a finger, and another in the arm. His face not at all disfigured: he seems asleep, but is growing livid. The Assassin has not been taken; but the gun was found—a gun filed down to half the barrel.

He said nothing but *O Dio!* and *O Gesu* two or three times.

The house was filled at last with Soldiers, officers, police, and military; but they are clearing away—all but the Sentinels, and the body is to be removed tomorrow. It seems that, if I had not had him taken into my house, he might have lain in the Streets till morning; as here nobody meddles with such things, for fear of the consequences—either of public suspicion, or private revenge on the part of the Slayers. They may do as they please: I shall never be deterred from a duty of humanity by all the assassins of Italy, and that is a wide word.

He was a brave officer, but an unpopular man. The whole town is in confusion.

You may judge better of things here by this detail, than by anything which I could add on the Subject: communicate this letter to Hobhouse and Douglas K^d, and believe me

Yours ever truly,

B.

P.S.—The poor Man's wife is not yet aware of his death: they are to break it to her in the morning.

The Lieutenant, who is watching the body, is smoaking with the greatest *Sangfroid:* a strange people.

853.—To John Murray.

R^s 10bre 10° 1820.

Dr M.,—I wrote to you by last post. Acknowledge that and this letter, which you are requested to forward immediately.

Yours truly,

B.

P.S.—I have finished fifth Canto of *D. J.*;[1] 143 Stanzas. So prepare.

854.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, 10bre 14° 1820.

DEAR MORAY,—As it is a month since I have had any packets of proofs, I suppose some must have miscarried. Today I had a letter from *Rogers*.[2]

1. Canto V. of *Don Juan*, begun October 16, 1820, was published with Cantos III., IV., at the end of 1821, anonymously.

2. The following is the letter from Rogers. By his allusion to an "Eastern Tale," he refers to an unpublished portion of *Vathek*.

The fifth Canto of *D. J.* is now under copy: it consists of 151 Stanzas. I want to know what the devil you mean to do?

which Beckford had read to him at Fonthill, and the loan of which Byron asked in his letter to Rogers of March 3, 1818 (*Letters*, vol. iv. p. 209, *note* 1). "Kalilah and his sister" are among the persons whom Vathek and Nouronihar meet in the Halls of Eblis, and the history of Kalilah and Zulkais, as Beckford told Redding, was among the episodes written for insertion in *Vathek* (see Dr. Garnett's Introduction to *Vathek*, ed. 1893, p. v.):—

"London, Novr 23, 1820.

"My dear Byron,—In the 78th year of the Hegyra—1120 years "and some odd months ago—I received a very delightful letter from "Venice to which I have written at least fifty answers,—answers "regularly consigned with a Psha! to that element to which Virgil "and Tasso condemned things of a little more value. I am now "however (under the influence of a yellow fog) resolved to inflict "upon you whatever comes first. Moore might have told you of "still more serious designs against your peace last year. I had "taken out my pass-book and said goodbye to my friends, when the "sea suddenly struck me as unnavigable, the Alps as impassable, "and a bilious fit came on that nothing could remove but calomel "and nitrous acid. Next year however I am determined to find "you out, *coûte que coûte*, and pour into your ear a thousand things "I cannot write. Your commission with regard to certain un-"imaginable fancies in the shape of an Eastern Tale, the Loves of "Kalilah and Zulkais, I executed most faithfully—would I could "say successfully; he hesitated, half consented and concluded with "saying that he hoped they would induce you to venture within the "walls of his Abbey—the place of their birth, and from which they "had never wandered. His daughter is now on her way to the "Rospigliosi Palace at Rome, and I have half promised to eat my "Christmas dinner with her there in the hall of the Aurora—but "alas! Last night I had a long conversation on a sofa with a "person you must remember well—Lady Wm Russell. It was at "the eleventh hour. How were you employed at that moment, for "she was speaking of you? London saw all the Poets this year—"but two,—Moore and another. Campbell is just now at Bonn on "the Rhine. Wordsworth returned last week from a journey up "that noble river to Switzerland and the Italian Lakes. Southey "is printing a Poem and a Life; Scott, his *Kenilworth Castle*. "What Moore is about you may know better than I do; I hope he "will soon be as free as air. Frere is gone by sea to Malta with a "sick wife. An article in the last *Quarterly* on Mitchell's *Aristo-"phanes* is his. Lord Holland is again on his crutches, but as gay "as ever. He desires to be most kindly remembered to you. "What is to become of Naples? of England? Of the last you know "at least as much as we do. Whether the Ministers go out—whether

By last post I wrote to you, detailing the murder of the Commandant here. I picked him up shot in the Street at 8 in the Evening; and perceiving that his adjutant and the Soldiers about him had lost their heads completely with rage and alarm, I carried him to my house, where he lay a corpse till next day, when they removed him. Did you receive this my letter? They thought a row was coming—and indeed it was likely—in which the Soldiers would have been massacred. As I am well with the Liberals of the Country, it was another reason for me to succour them; for I thought that, in case of a tumult, I could, by my personal influence with some of the popular Chiefs, protect these surrounded soldiers, who are but five or six hundred against five and twenty thousand: and you see, few as they are, that they keep picking them off daily. It is as dangerous for that, as ever it was in the middle ages. They are a fierce people, and at present roused; and the end no one can tell.

As you don't deserve a longer letter, nor any letter at all, I conclude.

Yours,

B.

"the Queen is to have a palace or a vote of censure—whether the "King is ill or well—comfortable or miserable, dying or love-sick—I "know no more than old Ali blockaded in his tower. Farewell, "my dear Byron; very soon I shall write again, for I have no more "right to a letter from you than to the crown of Persia. Farewell, "and believe me to be

"Ever yours very affectionately,

"SAML. ROGERS.

"The report of your being seen in a curricle in Parliament Street "produced as great a sensation as her Majesty's first appearance, "and I am very sure you would have been as warmly welcomed. "The world is on tiptoe to see you in any shape. In the mean "time a forgery or two is issuing from the press to gratify the most "impatient."

P.S.—The Officers came in a body to *thank* me, etc., etc.; but they might as well have let it alone; for, in the first place, it was but for a common act of decency, and, in the next, their coming may put me in odium with the liberals; and, in that case, it would do them no good, nor me either.

The other night (since the assassination), Fletcher was stopped *three* times in the Street; but, on perceiving who he was, they apologized and bade him pass on: the querists were probably on the look out for Somebody; they are very indefatigable in such researches.

Send me proofs of *the Hints*, that I may correct them or alter. You are losing (like a Goose) the best time for publishing the Dante and the Tragedy: *now* is the moment for Italian subjects.

855.—To Francis Hodgson.

Ravenna, 10bre 22, 1820.

My dear Hodgson,—My sister tells me that you desire to hear from me. I have not written to you since I left England, nearly five years ago. I have no excuse for this silence except laziness, which is none. Where I am my date will tell you; what I have been doing would but little interest you, as it regards another country and another people, and would be almost speaking another language, for my own is not quite so familiar to me as it used to be.

We have here the sepulchre of Dante and the forest of Dryden and Boccaccio, all in very poetical preservation. I ride and write, and have here some Italian friends and connections of both sexes, horses and dogs, and the usual means and appliances of life, which passes chequered as usual (and with all) with good and evil.

Few English pass by this place, and none remain, which renders it a much more eligible residence for a man who would rather see them in England than out of it; they are best at home; for out of it they but raise the price of the necessaries and vices of other countries, and carry little back to their own, except such things as you have lately seen and heard of in the Queen's trial.

Your friend Denman[1] is making a figure. I am glad of it; he had all the auguries of a superior man about him before I left the country. Hobhouse is a Radical, and is doing great things in that somewhat violent line of politics. His intellect will bear him out; but, though I do not disapprove of his cause, I by no means envy him his company. Our friend Scrope[2] is dished, diddled, and done up; *what* he is our mutual friends have written to me somewhat more coldly than I think our former connections with him warrant: but where he is I know not, for neither they nor he have informed me. Remember me to Harry Drury. He wrote to me a year ago to subscribe to the Harrow New School erection;[3] but my name has not now value enough to be placed among

1. Thomas Denman (1779–1854), created (1834) first Lord Denman, and Lord Chief Justice (1832), defended the queen as her solicitor-general, though his unfortunate peroration, alluding to the story of the woman taken in adultery, gave rise to the epigram—

> "Most gracious queen, we thee implore
> To go away and sin no more;
> Or, if that effort be too great,
> To go away at any rate."

A brilliant scholar, Denman had been a member of a "social club "or circle," to which Hodgson, Drury, Bland, Merivale, and others belonged.

2. For Scrope Davies, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 165, *note* 2. Ruined at play, he had escaped to the Continent.

3. In 1819 and 1820, at a cost of upwards of £5000, a new wing, containing speech-room, class-rooms, and library, was added to the old School.—*Harrow School* (1898), edited by E. W. Howson and G. T. Warner, p. 33.

my old schoolfellows, and as to the trifle which can come from a solitary subscriber, that is not worth mentioning. Some zealous politicians wrote to me to come over to the Queen's trial; it was a business with which I should have been sorry to have had anything to do; in which they who voted her guilty cut but a dirty figure. . . . Such a coroner's inquest upon criminal conversation has nothing very alluring in it, and I was obliged to her for personal civilities (when in England), and would therefore rather avoid sitting in judgment upon her, either for guilt or innocence, as it is an ungracious office.

Murray sent me your *Friends*, which I thought very good and classical. The scoundrels of scribblers are trying to run down *Pope*, but I hope in vain. It is my intention to take up the cudgels in that controversy, and to do my best to keep the Swan of Thames in his true place. This comes of Southey and Wordsworth and such renegado rascals with their systems. I hope you will not be silent; it is the common concern of all men of common sense, imagination, and a musical ear. I have already written somewhat thereto and shall do more, and will not strike soft blows in a battle. You will have seen that the *Quarterly* has had the sense and spirit to support Pope in an article upon Bowles; it is a good beginning. I do not know the author of that article, but I suspect *Israeli*, an indefatigable and an able writer. What are you about—poetry? I direct to Bakewell, but I do not know for certain. To save you a double letter, I close this with the present sheet.

Yours ever,

B.

856.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, Dec. 25, 1820.

You will or ought to have received the packet and letters which I remitted to your address a fortnight ago (or it may be more days), and I shall be glad of an answer, as, in these times and places, packets per post are in some risk of not reaching their destination.

I have been thinking of a project for you and me, in case we both get to London again, which (if a Neapolitan war don't suscitate) may be calculated as possible for one of us about the spring of 1821. I presume that you, too, will be back by that time, or never; but on that you will give me some index. The project, then, is for you and me to set up jointly a *newspaper*[1]—nothing more nor less—weekly, or so, with some improvement or modifications upon the plan of the present scoundrels, who degrade that department,—but a *newspaper*, which we will edite in due form, and, nevertheless, with some attention.

There must always be in it a piece of poesy from one or other of us *two*, leaving room, however, for such dilettanti rhymers as may be deemed worthy of appearing in the same column: but *this* must be a *sine qua non;* and also as much prose as we can compass. We will take an *office*—our names *not* announced, but suspected—and, by the blessing of Providence, give the age some new lights upon policy, poesy, biography, criticism, morality, theology, and all other *ism*, *ality*, and *ology* whatsoever.

1. Moore, in his Diary, January 12, 1821, says, "A letter from "Lord Byron yesterday; in which he tells me of his intention to "visit England next spring, and proposes (as a means of paying my "debts) that he and I should set up a newspaper together on his "arrival there" (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 189; see also *ibid.*, p. 285). In 1812 Moore had made the same proposal to Byron.

Why, man, if we were to take to this in good earnest, your debts would be paid off in a twelvemonth, and, by dint of a little diligence and practice, I doubt not that we could distance the common-place blackguards who have so long disgraced common sense and the common reader. They have no merit but practice and impudence, both of which we may acquire; and, as for talent and culture, the devil's in't if such proofs as we have given of both can't furnish out something better than the "funeral baked meats" which have coldly set forth the breakfast table of all Great Britain for so many years. Now, what think you? Let me know; and recollect that, if we take to such an enterprise, we must do so in good earnest. Here is a hint,—do you make it a plan. We will modify it into as literary and classical a concern as you please, only let us put out our powers upon it, and it will most likely succeed. But you must *live* in London, and I also, to bring it to bear, and *we must keep it a secret.*

As for the living in London, I would make that not difficult to you (if you would allow me), until we could see whether one means or other (the success of the plan, for instance) would not make it quite easy for you, as well as your family; and, in any case, we should have some fun, composing, correcting, supposing, inspecting, and supping together over our lucubrations. If you think this worth a thought, let me know, and I will begin to lay in a small literary capital of composition for the occasion.

Yours ever affectionately,

B.

P.S.—If you thought of a middle plan between a *Spectator* and a newspaper, why not?—only not on a *Sunday.*

Not that Sunday is not an excellent day, but it is engaged already. We will call it the "Tenda Rossa,"[1] the name Tassoni gave an answer of his in a controversy, in allusion to the delicate hint of Timour the Lame, to his enemies, by a "Tenda" of that colour, before he gave battle. Or we will call it *Gli*, or *I Carbonari*, if it so please you —or any other name full of "pastime and prodigality," which you may prefer. * * * Let me have an answer. I conclude poetically, with the bellman, "A "merry Christmas to you!"

857.—To John Murray.

R.ª 10.bre 28° 1820.

D.r M.,—I have had no communication from you of any kind since the second reading of the Queen's bill. I write merely to apprize you that, by this Post, I have transmitted to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird the fifth Canto of *Don Juan;* and you will apply (if so disposed) to him for it. It consists of 155 Octave Stanzas, with a few notes.

I wrote to you several times, and told you of the

1. Alessandro Tassoni (1565–1635), a native of Modena, published, in 1622, *La Secchia Rapita*, a mock-heroic poem, which was the forerunner of Boileau's *Lutrin* and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. The allusion is explained by the following extract from the *Vita di Alessandro Tassoni* (p. xxiv.) of Muratori :—

"Al veder questo nuovo assalto cominciò il Tassoni a perder la "pazienza, e montogli la senape al naso. Il perchè preso l'esempio "di Tamerlano, che nelle sue guerre, ed assedi esponeva prima una "*Tenda bianca* in segno di general perdono; nell' altro dì una "*Tenda rossa* per indizio di morte a chi avesse preso l'armi contra "di lui, e nel terzo dì una *Tenda nera* per segno di un totale ester-"minio d' ogni sesso, ed età: pubblicò anch' egli nell' anno 1613 "un Libro in Modena (benchè nel Frontispizio si legga in Fran-"cofort) con questo titolo: *Tenda Rossa, risposta di Girolamo* "*Nomisenti a i Dialoghi di Falcidio Melampodio.*"

various events, assassinations, etc., which have occurred here. War is certain. If you write, write soon.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—Did you receive two letters, etc., from Galignani to me, which I enclosed to you long ago? I suppose your answer must have been intercepted, as they were of importance to you, and you would naturally have acknowledged their arrival.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY, JANUARY 4—FEBRUARY 27, 1821.

Ravenna, January 4, 1821.

"A SUDDEN thought strikes me." Let me begin a Journal once more. The last I kept was in Switzerland, in record of a tour made in the Bernese Alps, which I made to send to my sister in 1816, and I suppose that she has it still, for she wrote to me that she was pleased with it. Another, and longer, I kept in 1813-1814, which I gave to Thomas Moore in the same year.

This morning I gat me up late, as usual—weather bad—bad as England—worse. The snow of last week melting to the sirocco of to-day, so that there were two damned things at once. Could not even get to ride on horseback in the forest. Stayed at home all the morning—looked at the fire—wondered when the post would come. Post came at the Ave Maria, instead of half-past one o'clock, as it ought. Galignani's *Messengers*, six in number—a letter from Faenza, but none from England. Very sulky in consequence (for there ought to have been letters), and ate in consequence a copious dinner; for when I am vexed, it makes me swallow quicker—but drank very little.

I was out of spirits—read the papers—thought what *fame* was, on reading, in a case of murder, that "Mr.

"Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, "cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gipsy "woman accused. He had on his counter (I quote faith- "fully) a *book*, the Life of *Pamela*, which he was *tearing* "for *waste* paper, etc., etc. In the cheese was found, etc., "and a *leaf* of *Pamela wrapt round the bacon*." What would Richardson,[1] the vainest and luckiest of *living*

1. Samuel Richardson (1689–1761) used to say of Fielding that "had he not known who Fielding was, he should have believed he "was an ostler" (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. ii. p. 174). In his *Correspondence* (vol. vi. p. 154) he says, "Poor "Fielding! I could not help telling his sister that I was equally "surprised at and concerned for his continued lowness." Again, writing to Mrs. Donnellan, February 22, 1752, Richardson says (*ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 59), "Mr. Fielding has over-written himself, or "rather *under*-written; and in his own journal seems ashamed of "his last piece; and has promised that the same Muse shall write "no more for him. The piece, in short, is as dead as if it had "been published forty years ago, as to sale."

Speaking of Richardson's vanity, Dr. Johnson told Mrs. Piozzi (*Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi*, ed. Hayward, vol. i. p. 311) that Richardson "died merely from want of change among his flatterers; "he perished for want of *more*, like a man obliged to breathe the "same air till it is exhausted."

Boswell illustrates the same feature in Richardson's character in the following note (*Life of Dr. Johnson*, vol. iv. pp. 28, 29, *note* 7): "One day at his country house at Northend, where a large company "was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from "Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a "very flattering circumstance,—that he had seen his *Clarissa* lying on "the King's brother's table. Richardson, observing that part of the "company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not "to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, "and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed "himself to the gentleman, 'I think, sir, you were saying something "about——' pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentle- "man, provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, "and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference, answered, 'A mere "trifle, sir, not worth repeating.'"

Among Richardson's flatterers was Aaron Hill (1685–1750), whose correspondence with Pope is published in Pope's *Works*, ed. Courthope, vol. x. pp. 1–78. He gratified Richardson, as well as his own feelings, by abusing Pope. Thus, writing, September 10, 1744, to Richardson, he says, "Mr. Pope, as you with equal keenness and "propriety express it, is *gone out*. I told a friend of his, who sent "me the first news of it, that I was very sorry for his death, because "I doubted whether he would live to recover the accident. Indeed,

authors (*i.e.* while alive)—he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding[1] (the *prose* Homer of human nature) and of Pope (the most beautiful of poets)—what would he have said, could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince's toilets (see Boswell's Johnson) to the grocer's counter and the gipsy-murderess's bacon!!!

What would he have said? What can any body say, save what Solomon said long before us? After all, it is but passing from one counter to another, from the bookseller's to the other tradesman's—grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship.

Wrote five letters in about half an hour, short and savage, to all my rascally correspondents. Carriage came. Heard the news of three murders at Faenza and Forli—a carabinier, a smuggler, and an attorney—all last night. The two first in a quarrel, the latter by premeditation.

Three weeks ago—almost a month—the 7th it was—I picked up the commandant, mortally wounded, out of

"it gives me no surprise, to find you thinking he was in the wane of "his popularity. It arose, originally, but from meditated little per- "sonal assiduities, and a certain bladdery swell of management."

1. Byron admired Fielding's democratic spirit. See *Detached Thoughts*, No. 116. Johnson (Boswell's *Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. ii. p. 48), comparing Fielding with Richardson, says, "There is all "the difference in the world between characters of nature and "characters of manners; and *there* is the difference between the "characters of Fielding and those of Richardson." He disparaged Fielding as much as he admired Richardson.

On the other hand, S. T. Coleridge exclaims, "What a "master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think "the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, the *Alchemist*, and *Tom Jones*, the three "most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how whole- "some, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson is "like emerging from a sick-room, heated by stoves, into an open "lawn, on a breezy day in May."—*Table Talk* (July 5, 1834).

the street; he died in my house; assassins unknown, but presumed political. His brethren wrote from Rome last night to thank me for having assisted him in his last moments. Poor fellow! it was a pity; he was a good soldier, but imprudent. It was eight in the evening when they killed him. We heard the shot; my servants and I ran out, and found him expiring, with five wounds, two whereof mortal—by slugs they seemed. I examined him, but did not go to the dissection next morning.

Carriage at 8 or so—went to visit La Contessa G.—found her playing on the piano-forte—talked till ten, when the Count, her father, and the no less Count, her brother, came in from the theatre. Play, they said, Alfieri's *Fileppo*[1]—well received.

Two days ago the King of Naples passed through Bologna on his way to congress.[2] My servant Luigi

1. Alfieri's *Fileppo* appeared in 1783. The scene is laid at Madrid, in 1568. Philip II., Don Carlos, and Elizabeth daughter of Henry II. of France, once betrothed to Don Carlos, but afterwards the third wife of Philip II., are the principal characters. Ranieri de' Calsabigi, writing to Alfieri, August 20, 1783, calls Philip "the Spanish Tiberius," and quotes Tacitus's description of the emperor. Alfieri, in his reply, September 6, 1783, accepts the parallel and the model. Possibly this correspondence may have suggested to Byron the choice of Tiberius (see p. 189) as a subject for a play.

2. That is, to the Congress at Laybach. After the outbreak of the Spanish Revolution of March, 1820, the Czar (April 18) proposed that the sovereigns of Europe should jointly intervene to uphold monarchical principles. The opposition of England prevented intervention; but the project was revived after the Neapolitan Revolution in July, 1820. Though England again protested, a meeting of sovereigns was arranged at Troppau, in Bohemia, in October. There the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, and the Prince of Prussia sanctioned the principle of joint intervention by the three allied sovereigns to resist, and, if necessary, suppress, all popular changes. This principle was to be at once applied in the case of Naples. On the invitation of the allied sovereigns, King Ferdinand of Naples met them at Laybach, in Carniola, in January, 1821. By a letter, which reached Naples February 9, the Duke of Calabria, as viceroy, was informed that these Powers would not tolerate a constitution sprung from revolution, and that, as a pledge of order, the country

brought the news. I had sent him to Bologna for a lamp. How will it end? Time will show.

Came home at eleven, or rather before. If the road and weather are comfortable, mean to ride to-morrow. High time—almost a week at this work—snow, sirocco, one day—frost and snow the other—sad climate for Italy. But the two seasons, last and present, are extraordinary. Read a Life of Leonardo da Vinci by Rossi [1]—ruminated—wrote this much, and will go to bed.

January 5, 1821.

Rose late—dull and drooping—the weather dripping and dense. Snow on the ground, and sirocco above in the sky, like yesterday. Roads up to the horse's belly, so that riding (at least for pleasure) is not very feasible. Added a postscript to my letter to Murray. Read the conclusion, for the fiftieth time (I have read all W. Scott's novels at least fifty times), of the third series of *Tales of my Landlord*—grand work—Scotch Fielding, as well as great English poet—wonderful man! I long to get drunk with him.

Dined *versus* six o' the clock. Forgot that there was a plum-pudding, (I have added, lately, *eating* to my "family of vices,") and had dined before I knew it. Drank half a bottle of some sort of spirits—probably spirits of wine; for what they call brandy, rum, etc., etc., here is nothing but spirits of wine, coloured accordingly. Did *not* eat two apples, which were placed by way of

would be occupied by an Austrian army. Three days before the arrival of the letter, the Austrians had crossed the Po (February 6). For Byron's address to the Neapolitan insurgents, see Appendix V.

1. Possibly Bossi should be read for Rossi. There are two books by Giuseppe Bossi, the painter, on Leonardo da Vinci: (1) *Del Cenacolo di Leonardo da Vinci*, Libri quattro, Milano, 1810, *fol.* (2) *Delle Opinioni di Leonardo da Vinci intorno alla simmetria de' corpi umani, discorso*, Milano, 1811, *fol.*

dessert. Fed the two cats, the hawk, and the tame (but *not tamed*) crow. Read Mitford's *History of Greece*[1]—Xenophon's *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*. Up to this present moment writing, 6 minutes before eight o' the clock—French hours, not Italian.

Hear the carriage—order pistols and great coat, as usual—necessary articles. Weather cold—carriage open, and inhabitants somewhat savage—rather treacherous and highly inflamed by politics.[2] Fine fellows, though, —good materials for a nation. Out of chaos God made a world, and out of high passions comes a people.

Clock strikes—going out to make love. Somewhat perilous, but not disagreeable. Memorandum—a new screen put up to-day. It is rather antique, but will do with a little repair.

Thaw continues—hopeful that riding may be practicable to-morrow. Sent the papers to All[i].—grand events coming.

11 o' the clock and nine minutes. Visited La Contessa G[uiccioli] *nata* G[hisleri] G[amba]. Found her beginning my letter of answer to the thanks of Alessio del Pinto of Rome for assisting his brother the late Commandant in his last moments, as I had begged her to pen my reply for the purer Italian, I being an ultramontane, little skilled in the set phrase of Tuscany. Cut short the letter—finish it another day. Talked of Italy,

1. William Mitford (1744–1827) published his *History of Greece* in 1784–1810. For Byron's opinion of the book, see *Don Juan*, Canto XII. stanza xix. *note*. "His great pleasure consists in praising "tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly: "and, what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern history of "Greece in any language, and he is the best, perhaps, of all modern "historians whatsoever," etc., etc.

2. Antonio Canonico Tarlazzi (1801–1891), a native of Ravenna, who remembered Byron well, told Mr. Richard Edgcumbe that Byron used to meet the "Young Italy" party at night at the *Osteria Boracina*, now pulled down, outside the Porta San Mamante.

patriotism, Alfieri, Madame Albany,[1] and other branches of learning. Also Sallust's *Conspiracy of Catiline*, and the *War of Jugurtha*. At 9 came in her brother, Il Conte Pietro—at 10, her father, Conte Ruggiero.

Talked of various modes of warfare—of the Hungarian and Highland modes of broad-sword exercise, in both whereof I was once a moderate "master of fence." Settled that the R. will break out on the 7th or 8th of March, in which appointment I should trust, had it not been settled that it was to have broken out in October, 1820. But those Bolognese shirked the Romagnuoles.

"It is all one to Ranger."[2] One must not be particular, but take rebellion when it lies in the way. Come home—read the *Ten Thousand* again, and will go to bed.

Mem.—Ordered Fletcher (at four o'clock this afternoon) to copy out seven or eight apophthegms of Bacon,[3] in which I have detected such blunders as a schoolboy might detect rather than commit. Such are the sages! What must they be, when such as I can stumble on their mistakes or misstatements? I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical.

1. The Comtesse d'Albany, *née* Stolberg (1753-1824), married in 1772 the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, whom she left in 1780. She lived with Alfieri from about 1780, in Rome, at Paris, and, after the outbreak of the French Revolution, at Florence. It has been said that, on the death of Charles Edward, in 1788, she was married to Alfieri; but of this there is little or no evidence. On the other hand, her influence on his literary work as a clever well-read woman, half French, half German, was undoubtedly great. After Alfieri's death, in 1803, she attached herself to François Fabre, a French painter, to whom she left the library and manuscripts of Alfieri. Of her *salon* at Florence an account is given in the *Life of George Ticknor*, vol. i. pp. 183, 184.

2. In *The Suspicious Husband* (1747) by Benjamin Hoadly, act v. sc. 2, "Ranger" says, "Up mounted I; and up I should have "gone, if it had been in the garret—it's all one to Ranger."

3. See Appendix VI.

January 6, 1821.

Mist—thaw—slop—rain. No stirring out on horseback. Read Spence's *Anecdotes*. Pope a fine fellow—always thought him so. Corrected blunders in *nine* apophthegms of Bacon—all historical—and read Mitford's *Greece*. Wrote an epigram. Turned to a passage in Guinguené[1]—ditto in Lord Holland's *Lope de Vega*.[2] Wrote a note on *Don Juan*.

At eight went out to visit. Heard a little music—like music. Talked with Count Pietro G. of the Italian comedian Vestris, who is now at Rome—have seen him often act in Venice—a good actor—very. Somewhat of a mannerist; but excellent in broad comedy, as well as in the sentimental pathetic. He has made me frequently

1. Pierre Louis Ginguené (1748–1816), who under the Republic was French ambassador at Turin, began to publish his *Histoire Littéraire de l'Italie*, in 1811. The work, completed by Salfi, occupies 14 volumes, 1811–35.

2. "Till Voltaire appeared, there was no nation more ignorant of "its neighbours' literature than the French. He first exposed, and "then corrected, this neglect in his countrymen. There is no writer "to whom the authors of other nations, especially of England, are "so indebted for the extension of their fame in France, and, through "France, in Europe. There is no critic who has employed more "time, wit, ingenuity, and diligence in promoting the literary inter-"course between country and country, and in celebrating in one "language the triumphs of another. Yet, by a strange fatality, he "is constantly represented as the enemy of all literature but his "own; and Spaniards, Englishmen, and Italians vie with each "other in inveighing against his occasional exaggeration of faulty "passages; the authors of which, till he pointed out their beauties, "were hardly known beyond the country in which their language "was spoken. Those who feel such indignation at his misrepre-"sentations and oversights would find it difficult to produce a critic "in any modern language, who, in speaking of foreign literature, is "better informed or more candid than Voltaire; and they certainly "never would be able to discover one who to those qualities unites "so much sagacity and liveliness."—*Some Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio*, ed. 1817 (published with Lord Holland's name), vol. i. p. 216. (See Appendix VI. for Byron's use of this passage at the end of his correction of Bacon's Apophthegms.)

laugh and cry, neither of which is now a very easy matter —at least, for a player to produce in me.

Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalric and feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as haymaking and milking?

Came home, and read Mitford again, and played with my mastiff—gave him his supper. Made another reading to the epigram, but the turn the same. To-night at the theatre, there being a prince on his throne in the last scene of the comedy,—the audience laughed, and asked him for a *Constitution.* This shows the state of the public mind here, as well as the assassinations. It won't do. There must be an universal republic,—and there ought to be.

The crow is lame of a leg—wonder how it happened —some fool trod upon his toe, I suppose. The falcon pretty brisk—the cats large and noisy—the monkeys I have not looked to since the cold weather, as they suffer by being brought up. Horses must be gay—get a ride as soon as weather serves. Deuced muggy still—an Italian winter is a sad thing, but all the other seasons are charming.

What is the reason that I have been, all my lifetime, more or less *ennuyé?* and that, if any thing, I am rather less so now than I was at twenty, as far as my recollection serves? I do not know how to answer this, but presume

that it is constitutional,—as well as the waking in low spirits, which I have invariably done for many years. Temperance and exercise, which I have practised at times, and for a long time together vigorously and violently, made little or no difference. Violent passions did;—when under their immediate influence—it is odd, but—I was in agitated, but *not* in depressed, spirits.

A dose of salts has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me. But wine and spirits make me sullen and savage to ferocity—silent, however, and retiring, and not quarrelsome, if not spoken to. Swimming also raises my spirits,—but in general they are low, and get daily lower. That is *hopeless;* for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as I was at nineteen. The proof is, that then I must game, or drink, or be in motion of some kind, or I was miserable. At present, I can mope in quietness; and like being alone better than any company—except the lady's whom I serve. But I feel a something, which makes me think that, if I ever reach near to old age, like Swift, "I shall die at "top" first.[1] Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses.

January 7, 1821, Sunday.

Still rain—mist—snow—drizzle—and all the incalculable combinations of a climate where heat and cold struggle for mastery. Read Spence, and turned over

1. "I remember as I and others were taking with Swift an even-"ing walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he stopped short: we passed "on; but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found "him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upwards at a noble elm, "which, in its uppermost branches, was much withered and decayed. "Pointing at it, he said, 'I shall be like that tree, I shall die at "top.'"—Dr. Young, in his *Letter to Richardson*.

Palazzo Guiccioli.
Ravenna.

Roscoe,[1] to find a passage I have not found. Read the fourth vol. of W. Scott's second series of *Tales of my Landlord*. Dined. Read the *Lugano Gazette*. Read—I forget what. At eight went to conversazione. Found there the Countess Geltrude,[2] Betti V. and her husband, and others. Pretty black-eyed woman that—*only* nineteen—same age as Teresa, who is prettier, though.

The Count Pietro G[amba] took me aside to say that the Patriots have had notice from Forli (twenty miles off) that to-night the government and its party mean to strike a stroke—that the Cardinal here has had orders to make several arrests immediately, and that, in consequence, the Liberals are arming, and have posted patroles in the streets, to sound the alarm and give notice to fight for it.

He asked me "what should be done?" I answered, "Fight for it, rather than be taken in detail;" and offered, if any of them are in immediate apprehension of arrest, to receive them in my house (which is defensible), and to defend them, with my servants and themselves (we have arms and ammunition), as long as we can,—or to try to get them away under cloud of night. On going home, I offered him the pistols which I had about me—but he refused, but said he would come off to me in case of accidents.

It wants half an hour of midnight, and rains;—as Gibbet says, "a fine night for their enterprise—dark as "hell, and blows like the devil."[3] If the row don't happen *now*, it must soon. I thought that their system of shooting people would soon produce a re-action—and now it seems coming. I will do what I can in the way

1. William Roscoe (1753–1831) had already published his two historical works: *The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent* (1796), and *The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth* (1805).
2. *Sic* in Moore.
3. *Beaux' Stratagem*, act iv. sc. 2.

of combat, though a little out of exercise. The cause is a good one.

Turned over and over half a score of books for the passage in question, and can't find it. Expect to hear the drum and the musquetry momently (for they swear to resist, and are right,)—but I hear nothing, as yet, save the plash of the rain and the gusts of the wind at intervals. Don't like to go to bed, because I hate to be waked, and would rather sit up for the row, if there is to be one.

Mended the fire—have got the arms—and a book or two, which I shall turn over. I know little of their numbers, but think the Carbonari[1] strong enough to beat the troops, even here. With twenty men this house might be defended for twenty-four hours against any force to be brought against it, *now* in this place, for the same time; and, in such a time, the country would have notice, and would rise,—if ever they *will* rise, of which there is some doubt. In the mean time, I may as well read as do any thing else, being alone.

1. The Italian *Carbonari* owed their origin, statutes, and ritual to the Freemasons (Saint-Edme, *Constitution, etc., des Carbonari*, pp. 7, 8). Much of their secret phraseology was, on the other hand, taken from the charcoal-burners; thus a *Carbonari* lodge was a *barraca* (hut), and a meeting a *vendita* (sale). Founded as a political society by the "republican refugees, who fled from Joseph Buona-"parte's rule to the Abruzzi and Calabria" (Bolton King, *History of Italian Unity*, vol. i. p. 19), they spread over Italy, though Naples remained the centre of their organization. In the society were included royalists and republicans, papalists and anti-papalists, soldiers, men of letters, priests, and officials. It linked together Neapolitan *Carbonari* and Murattists, detesting Bourbon rule; Piedmontese *Adelfi*, cherishing ideals of a free and united Italy; Lombard *Federali*, inspired by the romantic movement to social and literary revolt; and the "American hunters" of the Romagna, whose *Capo* was Byron. But the bond was one of disaffection, not of principle. In want of cohesion and in diversity of political aims lay the fatal weakness of the society. The movement which it helped to prepare, neither popular nor national, collapsed (see p. 8, *note* 1), and Mazzini and the later Italian patriots set their faces against the association.

January 8, 1821, Monday.

Rose, and found Count P. G. in my apartments. Sent away the servant. Told me that, according to the best information, the Government had not issued orders for the arrests apprehended; that the attack in Forli had not taken place (as expected) by the *Sanfedisti*—the opponents of the *Carbonari* or Liberals—and that, as yet, they are still in apprehension only. Asked me for some arms of a better sort, which I gave him. Settled that, in case of a row, the Liberals were to assemble *here* (with me), and that he had given the word to Vincenzo G. and others of the *Chiefs* for that purpose. He himself and father are going to the chase in the forest; but V. G. is to come to me, and an express to be sent off to him, P. G., if any thing occurs. Concerted operations. They are to seize—but no matter.

I advised them to attack in detail, and in different parties, in different *places* (though at the *same* time), so as to divide the attention of the troops, who, though few, yet being disciplined, would beat any body of people (not trained) in a regular fight—unless dispersed in small parties, and distracted with different assaults. Offered to let them assemble here if they choose. It is a strongish post—narrow street, commanded from within—and tenable walls.

Dined. Tried on a new coat. Letter to Murray, with corrections of Bacon's *Apophthegms* and an epigram —the *latter not* for publication. At eight went to Teresa, Countess G. At nine and a half came in Il Conte P. and Count P. G. Talked of a certain proclamation lately issued. Count R. G. had been with * * (the * *), to sound him about the arrests. He, * *, is a *trimmer*, and deals, at present, his cards with both hands. If he don't mind, they'll be full. * * pretends (*I* doubt him

—*they* don't,—we shall see) that there is no such order, and seems staggered by the immense exertions of the Neapolitans, and the fierce spirit of the Liberals here. The truth is, that * * cares for little but his place (which is a good one), and wishes to play pretty with both parties. He has changed his mind thirty times these last three moons, to my knowledge, for he corresponds with me. But he is not a bloody fellow—only an avaricious one.

It seems that, just at this moment (as Lydia Languish[1] says), "there will be no elopement after all." I wish that I had known as much last night—or, rather, this morning—I should have gone to bed two hours earlier. And yet I ought not to complain; for, though it is a sirocco, and heavy rain, I have not *yawned* for these two days.

Came home—read *History of Greece*—before dinner had read Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*. Wrote address to the letter in answer to Alessio del Pinto, who has thanked me for helping his brother (the late Commandant, murdered here last month) in his last moments. Have told him I only did a duty of humanity—as is true. The brother lives at Rome.

Mended the fire with some *sgobole* (a Romagnuole word), and gave the falcon some water. Drank some Seltzer-water. Mem.—received to-day a print, or etching, of the story of Ugolino, by an Italian painter—different, of course, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and I think (as far as recollection goes) *no worse*, for Reynolds's is not good in history.[2] Tore a button in my new coat.

1. "Lydia Languish" in *The Rivals*, act iv. sc. 2—

"So!—there will be no elopement after all!" (*sullenly*).

2. Medwin (*Angler in Wales*, vol. ii. pp. 178, 179), speaking of Byron's palace at Pisa, says, "I found him in his sanctum. The

I wonder what figure these Italians will make in a regular row. I sometimes think that, like the Irishman's gun (somebody had sold him a crooked one), they will only do for "shooting round a corner;" at least, this sort of shooting has been the late tenor of their exploits. And yet there are materials in this people, and a noble energy, if well directed. But who is to direct them? No matter. Out of such times heroes spring. Difficulties are the hotbeds of high spirits, and Freedom the mother of the few virtues incident to human nature.

Tuesday, January 9, 1821.

Rose—the day fine. Ordered the horses; but Lega (my *secretary*, an Italianism for steward or chief servant) coming to tell me that the painter had finished the work in fresco for the room he has been employed on lately, I went to see it before I set out. The painter has not copied badly the prints from Titian, etc., considering all things.

Dined. Read Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, —all the examples and mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. I do not so much admire the opening. I remember an observation of Sharpe's, (the *Conversationist*, as he was called in London, and a very clever man,) that the first line of this poem was superfluous, and that Pope (the best of poets, *I* think,) would have begun at once, only changing the punctuation—

"Survey mankind from China to Peru." [1]

"walls of it were stained, and against them hung a picture of "Ugolino, in the *Torre Della fame*, the work of one of the Guiccioli's "sisters, and a miniature of Ada."

1. For Richard Sharp, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 341, *note* 2. He had been a wholesale hatter, and was of a peculiarly dark complexion. "Somebody said that he had transferred the colour of his

The former line, "Let observation," etc., is certainly heavy and useless. But 'tis a grand poem—and *so true!* —true as the 10th of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages *changes* all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and every thing "about, around, and underneath" man, *except man himself*, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes lead but to disappointment.[1]

"hats to his face, when Luttrell said that 'it was darkness which "might be felt'" (*Greville Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 249).

Byron refers to the following passage:—

"There is another offence against simplicity which should be "shunned; though it occurs often in Johnson, and though the "abstract terms, affected by him, give a kind of false pomp to the "style, assuming the air of personification. He thus commences "his imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal—

"'Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru.'

"Dryden and Pope would have been satisfied with the second line, "and would have avoided both the tautology and pomposity of the "first."—Sharp's *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse*, pp. 35, 36, ed. 1834.

Johnson (Boswell's *Life*, vol. i. p. 403) himself discussed this question of abrupt openings. Speaking of Gray, he says, "His "*Ode*, which begins—

"'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,
Confusion on thy banners wait!'

"has been celebrated for its abruptness, and plunging into the "subject all at once. But such arts as these have no merit, unless "when they are original. We admire them only once; and this "abruptness has nothing new in it. We have had it often before. "Nay, we have it in the old song of Johnny Armstrong—

"'Is there ever a man in all Scotland
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,' etc.

"And then, sir,

"'Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call.'"

1. "Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more."
Vanity of Human Wishes.

All the discoveries which have yet been made have multiplied little but existence. An extirpated disease is succeeded by some new pestilence; and a discovered world has brought little to the old one, except the p— first and freedom afterwards—the *latter* a fine thing, particularly as they gave it to Europe in exchange for slavery. But it is doubtful whether "the Sovereigns" would not think the *first* the best present of the two to their subjects.

At eight went out—heard some news. They say the King of Naples has declared by couriers from Florence, to the *Powers* (as they call now those wretches with crowns), that his Constitution was compulsive, etc., etc., and that the Austrian barbarians are placed again on *war* pay, and will march. Let them—"they come like "sacrifices in their trim," [1] the hounds of hell! Let it still be a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat, in Switzerland, which I have seen.

Heard some music. At nine the usual visitors—news, *war*, or rumours of war. Consulted with P. G., etc., etc. They mean to *insurrect* here, and are to honour me with a call thereupon. I shall not fall back; though I don't think them in force or heart sufficient to make much of it. But, *onward!*—it is now the time to act, and what signifies *self*, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchedly to the future? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but yet the *ocean* conquers, nevertheless. It

1. "Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them."
King Henry IV., Part I. act iv. sc. 1.

overwhelms the Armada, it wears the rock, and, if the *Neptunians* are to be believed, it has not only destroyed, but made a world. In like manner, whatever the sacrifice of individuals, the great cause will gather strength, sweep down what is rugged, and fertilise (for *sea-weed* is *manure*) what is cultivable. And so, the mere selfish calculation ought never to be made on such occasions; and, at present, it shall not be computed by me. I was never a good arithmetician of chances, and shall not commence now.

January 10, 1821.

Day fine—rained only in the morning. Looked over accounts. Read Campbell's *Poets*—marked errors of Tom (the author) for correction. Dined—went out—music—Tyrolese air, with variations. Sustained the cause of the original simple air against the variations of the Italian school.

Politics somewhat tempestuous, and cloudier daily. To-morrow being foreign post-day, probably something more will be known.

Came home—read. Corrected Tom Campbell's slips of the pen. A good work, though—style affected—but his defence of Pope is glorious.[1] To be sure, it is his *own cause* too,—but no matter, it is very good, and does him great credit.

Midnight.

I have been turning over different *Lives* of the Poets. I rarely read their works, unless an occasional flight over

1. To Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets* (9 vols., 1819) is prefixed an *Essay on English Poetry*, which concludes with a defence of Pope. The *Essay*, and the *Lives* prefixed to the *Specimens*, were republished separately in 1848, edited by Peter Cunningham. In this edition the defence of Pope occupies pp. 108–117.

the classical ones, Pope, Dryden, Johnson, Gray, and those who approach them nearest (I leave the *rant* of the rest to the *cant* of the day), and—I had made several reflections, but I feel sleepy, and may as well go to bed.

January 11, 1821.

Read the letters. Corrected the tragedy and the *Hints from Horace*. Dined, and got into better spirits. Went out—returned—finished letters, five in number. Read *Poets*, and an anecdote in Spence.

All[i]. writes to me that the Pope, and Duke of Tuscany, and King of Sardinia, have also been called to Congress; but the Pope will only deal there by proxy. So the interests of millions are in the hands of about twenty coxcombs, at a place called Leibach![1]

I should almost regret that my own affairs went well, when those of nations are in peril. If the interests of mankind could be essentially bettered (particularly of these oppressed Italians), I should not so much mind my own "sma peculiar." God grant us all better times, or more philosophy!

In reading, I have just chanced upon an expression of Tom Campbell's;—speaking of Collins, he says that "no reader cares any more about the *characteristic* "*manners* of his Eclogues than about the authenticity of "the tale of Troy."[2] 'Tis false—we *do* care about "the "authenticity of the tale of Troy." I have stood upon that plain *daily*, for more than a month in 1810; and if any thing diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard

1. See p. 8, *note* 1.

2. In Campbell's life of William Collins (*Essay on English Poetry*, ed. 1848, p. 270), he says, speaking of Collins's pastoral eclogues, "It seems that he himself ultimately undervalued those "eclogues, as deficient in characteristic manners; but surely no just "reader of them cares any more about this circumstance than about "the authenticity of the tale of Troy."

Bryant[1] had impugned its veracity. It is true I read *Homer Travestied*[2] (the first twelve books), because Hobhouse and others bored me with their learned localities, and I love quizzing. But I still venerated the grand original as the truth of *history* (in the material *facts*) and of *place*. Otherwise, it would have given me no delight. Who will persuade me, when I reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not contain a hero?—its very magnitude proved this. Men do not labour over the ignoble and petty dead—and why should not the *dead* be *Homer's* dead? The secret of Tom Campbell's defence of *inaccuracy* in costume and description is, that his *Gertrude*,[3] etc., has no more locality in common with Pennsylvania than with Penmanmaur. It is notoriously full of grossly false scenery, as all Americans declare, though they praise parts of the poem. It is thus that self-love for ever creeps out, like a snake, to sting anything which happens, even accidentally, to stumble upon it.

January 12, 1821.

The weather still so humid and impracticable, that London, in its most oppressive fogs, were a summer-bower to this mist and sirocco, which has now lasted

1. "I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted;—time will doubt of Rome."
Don Juan, Canto IV. stanza ci.

The first edition of Jacob Bryant's *Dissertation concerning the war of Troy, and the expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; showing that no such expedition was ever undertaken, and that no such city of Phrygia existed*, appeared in 1796.

2. *Homer Travestie; Being a new translation of that great poet*, appeared anonymously in 1720. It contained a translation of three books. A second edition, with four books translated by Cotton, junior, was printed in 1762. The third edition of this work, greatly enlarged, was published in 1770, under the title of *A Burlesque Translation of Homer* (*i.e. of Books I.-XII. of the Iliad*), with the real name of the author, T. Bridges.

3. *Gertrude of Wyoming* appeared in 1809.

(but with one day's interval), chequered with snow or heavy rain only, since the 30th of December, 1820. It is so far lucky that I have a literary turn;—but it is very tiresome not to be able to stir out, in comfort, on any horse but Pegasus, for so many days. The roads are even worse than the weather, by the long splashing, and the heavy soil, and the growth of the waters.

Read the Poets—English, that is to say—out of Campbell's edition. There is a good deal of taffeta in some of Tom's prefatory phrases, but his work is good as a whole. I like him best, though, in his own poetry.

Murray writes that they want to act the Tragedy of *Marino Faliero*—more fools they, it was written for the closet. I have protested against this piece of usurpation, (which, it seems, is legal for managers over any printed work, against the author's will) and I hope they will not attempt it. Why don't they bring out some of the numberless aspirants for theatrical celebrity, now encumbering their shelves, instead of lugging me out of the library? I have written a fierce protest against any such attempt; but I still would hope that it will not be necessary, and that they will see, at once, that it is not intended for the stage. It is too regular—the time, twenty-four hours—the change of place not frequent—nothing *melo*-dramatic—no surprises, no starts, nor trap-doors, nor opportunities "for tossing their heads and kicking their heels"—and no *love*—the grand ingredient of a modern play.

I have found out the seal cut on Murray's letter. It is meant for Walter Scott—or *Sir* Walter—he is the first poet knighted since Sir Richard Blackmore. But it does not do him justice. Scott's—particularly when he recites—is a very intelligent countenance, and this seal says nothing.

Scott is certainly the most wonderful writer of the

day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any—if not better (only on an erroneous system)—and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar learned were tired of hearing "Aristides "called the Just," and Scott the Best, and ostracised him.

I like him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good-nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper!—for he deserves it. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of W. Scott's. I shall give the seal, with his bust on it, to Madame la Comtesse G. this evening, who will be curious to have the effigies of a man so celebrated.

How strange are my thoughts!—The reading of the song of Milton, "Sabrina fair"[1] has brought back upon me—I know not how or why—the happiest, perhaps, days of my life (always excepting, here and there, a Harrow holiday in the two latter summers of my stay there) when living at Cambridge with Edward Noel Long,[2] afterwards of the Guards,—who, after having served honourably in the expedition to Copenhagen (of which two or three thousand scoundrels yet survive in plight and pay), was drowned early in 1809, on his passage to Lisbon with his regiment in the *St. George* transport, which was run foul of in the night by another transport. We were rival swimmers—fond of riding—reading—and of conviviality. We had been at Harrow together; but—*there*, at least—his was a less boisterous spirit than

1. "Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair," etc.
Comus, line 859, *et seqq.*

2. For Long, the "Cleon" of *Childish Recollections*, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 73, *note* 2, and vol. ii. p. 19, *note*.

mine. I was always cricketing—rebelling—fighting—*row*ing (from *row*, not *boat*-rowing, a different practice), and in all manner of mischiefs; while he was more sedate and polished. At Cambridge—both of Trinity—my spirit rather softened, or his roughened, for we became very great friends. The description of Sabrina's seat reminds me of our rival feats in *diving*. Though Cam's is not a very translucent wave, it was fourteen feet deep, where we used to dive for, and pick up—having thrown them in on purpose—plates, eggs, and even shillings. I remember, in particular, there was the stump of a tree (at least ten or twelve feet deep) in the bed of the river, in a spot where we bathed most commonly, round which I used to cling, and "wonder how the devil I came there."

Our evenings we passed in music (he was musical, and played on more than one instrument, flute and violoncello), in which I was audience; and I think that our chief beverage was soda-water. In the day we rode, bathed, and lounged, reading occasionally. I remember our buying, with vast alacrity, Moore's new quarto[1] (in 1806), and reading it together in the evenings.

We only passed the summer together;—Long had gone into the Guards during the year I passed in Notts, away from college. *His* friendship, and a violent, though *pure*, love and passion—which held me at the same period—were the then romance of the most romantic period of my life.

* * * * *

I remember that, in the spring of 1809, Hobhouse laughed at my being distressed at Long's death, and amused himself with making epigrams upon his name, which was susceptible of a pun—*Long*, *short*, etc. But three years after, he had ample leisure to repent it, when

1. *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems* (1806).

our mutual friend, and his, Hobhouse's, particular friend, Charles Matthews, was drowned also, and he himself was as much affected by a similar calamity. But *I* did not pay him back in puns and epigrams, for I valued Matthews too much myself to do so; and, even if I had not, I should have respected his griefs.

Long's father wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised—but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good amiable being as rarely remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted. Yet, although a cheerful companion, he had strange melancholy thoughts sometimes. I remember once that we were going to his uncle's, I think—I went to accompany him to the door merely, in some Upper or Lower Grosvenor or Brook Street, I forget which, but it was in a street leading out of some square,—he told me that, the night before, he "had taken "up a pistol—not knowing or examining whether it was "loaded or no—and had snapped it at his head, leaving "it to chance whether it might not be charged." The letter, too, which he wrote me on leaving college to join the Guards, was as melancholy in its tenour as it could well be on such an occasion. But he showed nothing of this in his deportment, being mild and gentle;—and yet with much turn for the ludicrous in his disposition. We were both much attached to Harrow, and sometimes made excursions there together from London to revive our schoolboy recollections.[1]

1. "... ere yon silver lamp of night ...
Has thrice retraced her path of light, ...
I trust, that we, my gentle Friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend,
Above the dear-loved peaceful seat,
Which once contained our youth's retreat;
And, then, with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle in the festive crew."
Lines to Edward Noel Long, Esq., see *Poems*, 1898, vol. i. p. 188.

Midnight.

Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer[1]—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity; but they *must* learn to pronounce it. With all the allowance for a *translation*, and above all, an *Italian* translation (they are the very worst of translators, except from the Classics—Annibale Caro,[2] for instance—and *there*, the bastardy of their language helps them, as, by way of *looking legitimate*, they ape their father's tongue); —but with every allowance for such a disadvantage, the tragedy of *Sappho* is superb and sublime! There is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. And *who is he?* I know him not; but *ages will*. 'Tis a high intellect.

I must premise, however, that I have read *nothing* of Adolph Müllner's (the author of *Guilt*[3]), and much less of Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland, than I could wish. I only know them through the medium of English, French,

1. Franz Grillparzer (1791–1872) was born at Vienna, where his originality was crushed by rigorous press-censorship. He began his literary career with *Die Ahnfrau* (1817), which was followed by *Sappho* (1819). His *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* (1825) was kept for two years in the censor's office, and only discovered by accident, when the poet had given it up for lost (see Laube's edition of Grillparzer's *Sämtl. Werke*, vol. i. p. xxiv.). The passage from Byron's *Journal* is prefixed to a translation of *Sappho*, into English blank verse, by L. C. C. (1855). Guido Sorelli's *versione italiana* of *Saffo* was published in 1819. Perhaps Byron's curious anachronism, where he makes Sardanapalus (act iii. sc. 1) say—

> "Sing me a song of Sappho, her, thou know'st,
> Who in thy country threw——"

is due to the impression made on his mind by Grillparzer's *Sappho*.

2. Annibale Caro (1507–1566) translated the *Æneid* into blank verse (printed at Venice in 1581), and sang the praises alternately of Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V.

3. Adolf Müllner (1774–1829) published his *Die Schuld* (1812). It belongs to the *Schicksalsdrama*, or "Fate Tragedies," in which some of the romantic school, *e.g.* Zacharias Werner, Houwald, etc., found expression for the new thoughts and feelings which invaded the rationalistic world of the eighteenth century.

and Italian translations. Of the *real* language I know absolutely nothing,—except oaths learned from postillions and officers in a squabble! I can *swear* in German potently, when I like—"Sacrament—*Verfluchter*—*Hunds-fott*"—and so forth;[1] but I have little less of their energetic conversation.

I like, however, their women, (I was once *so desperately* in love with a German woman, Constance,) and all that I have read, translated, of their writings, and all that I have seen on the Rhine of their country and people—all, except the Austrians, whom I abhor, loathe, and—I cannot find words for my hate of them, and should be sorry to find deeds correspondent to my hate; for I abhor cruelty more than I abhor the Austrians—except on an impulse, and then I am savage—but not deliberately so.

Grillparzer is grand—antique—*not so simple* as the ancients, but very simple for a modern—too Madame de Stael*ish*, now and then—but altogether a great and goodly writer.

January 13, 1821, Saturday.

Sketched the outline and Drams. Pers. of an intended tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus, (I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old,) and read over a passage in

1. "On with the horses; off to Canterbury!
Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash through puddle;
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!
Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle
Along the road, as if they went to bury
Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle
With 'schnapps'—sad dogs! whom 'Hundsfott' or 'Verfluchter,'
Affect no more than lightning a conductor."
Don Juan, Canto X. stanza lxxi.

the ninth vol. octavo, of Mitford's *Greece*, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians.[1]

Dined—news come—the *Powers* mean to war with the peoples. The intelligence seems positive—let it be so—they will be beaten in the end. The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.

I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grillparzer's *Sappho*, which she promises to read. She quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not the loftiest* theme for true tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my fewer arguments. I believe she was right. I must put more love into *Sardanapalus* than I intended. I speak, of course, *if* the times will allow me leisure. That *if* will hardly be a peace-maker.

January 14, 1821.

Turned over Seneca's tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of *Sardanapalus*. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned—dined—wrote some more of my tragedy.

Read Diodorus Siculus—turned over Seneca, and some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the spirits

1. The passage from Mitford's *History of Greece* (vol. ix. pp. 311–313) is quoted in *Sardanapalus*, as a note to act i. sc. 2—

> "Sardanapalus
> The king, and son of Anacyndaraxes,
> In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus.
> Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a fillip."

Sardanapalus, a Tragedy, was published with *The Two Foscari*, and *Cain, a Mystery*, in December, 1821. Murray paid for the three tragedies £2710.

(at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and I don't like laudanum now as I used to do. So I have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters, which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and thereunto I conclude this day's diary.

The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is, however, strange. It *settles*, but it makes me gloomy—gloomy at the very moment of their effect, and not gay hardly ever. But it composes for a time, though sullenly.

January 15, 1821.

Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest—fired pistols. Returned home—dined—dipped into a volume of Mitford's *Greece*—wrote part of a scene of *Sardanapalus*. Went out—heard some music—heard some politics. More ministers from the other Italian powers gone to Congress. War seems certain—in that case, it will be a savage one. Talked over various important matters with one of the initiated. At ten and half returned home.

I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore ("the poet," *par excellence*, and he deserves it) and I were going together, in the same carriage, to dine with Earl Grey,[1] the *Capo Politico* of the remaining

1. Charles Grey (1764–1845) succeeded his father as second Earl Grey in 1807. As M.P. for Northumberland and Appleby (1786–1807), he was prominent in opposition to Pitt, and support of Fox, a member of the Society of the Friends of the People, and a consistent advocate of parliamentary reform. In the Fox and Grenville administration of 1806 he was First Lord of the Admiralty, and on the death of Fox, in September of that year, he became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, leader of the House of Commons and of the Whig party. After the fall of the Government in March, 1807, Lord Grey was excluded from office till 1830, when he formed the Reform Bill administration of 1830–34. He married, November 18, 1794, a daughter of the first Lord Ponsonby, by whom he had fifteen children. Byron probably refers to Lady Louisa Elizabeth Grey, born April 7, 1797, who married (1816) the first Earl of Durham.

Whigs. Murray, the magnificent (the illustrious publisher of that name), had just sent me a Java gazette—I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it to contain a dispute (the said Java gazette) on Moore's merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But, there is *fame* for you at six and twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

It was a great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest—*pleasure*, at least—to be *with* him; and, surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence[1] the painter,

1. Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769–1830), the son of an innkeeper, was knighted in 1815, and became President of the Royal Academy in 1820. An infant prodigy, he drew, from the age of six, portraits of his father's guests at the Black Bear Inn, Devizes. His prices rose as he grew in fame. "A. Ellis," writes Jekyll, in December, 1828 (*Letters*, p. 189), "gives Lawrence five hundred guineas for a "portrait of Lady G. and child. I have a picture he painted for "half a guinea." Though he made a large income, he was always in money difficulties, mainly through his passion for collecting works of art. Rogers lent him money (*Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 426), and, when Lawrence came to his door at night towards Christmas, 1825, "in a state of alarming agitation," asking for a few thousand pounds, it was through Rogers that Lord Dudley saved him from ruin (*ibid.*, pp. 423–425). He died in debt. "Poor "Sir T. Lawrence," writes Jekyll, January, 1830 (*Letters*, p. 220), "is the subject of universal regret, terribly in debt, £6000 they say "to Lord Dudley, and God knows how much to others. . . . It is "false that he ever played. The riches of his portfolio very great, "for so he spent all he had. They talk of a value of £60,000 in "sketches, studies, etc., of the great masters, an irreparable blow to "the Academy. No such successor can be found." His good looks and good manners, combined with his artistic genius and intellectual gifts, made him popular in society. Greville (*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 263) speaks of him, at the age of sixty, as "very like Canning in

and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patrician thoroughbred look* of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp, so modestly and ingenuously, that she *looked music.* Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

The only pleasure of fame is that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl's harp after.

January 16, 1821.

Read—rode—fired pistols—returned—dined—wrote—visited—heard music—talked nonsense—and went home.

Wrote part of a Tragedy—advanced in Act 1st with "all deliberate speed." Bought a blanket. The weather is still muggy as a London May—mist, mizzle, the air replete with Scotticisms, which, though fine in the descriptions of Ossian, are somewhat tiresome in real, prosaic perspective. Politics still mysterious.

"appearance, remarkably gentlemanlike, with very mild manners, "though rather too *doucereux*, agreeable in society, unassuming, and "not a great talker; his mind was highly cultivated; he had a taste "for every kind of literature, and was enthusiastically devoted to his "art. . . . He was . . . a generous patron of young artists of merit "and talent." His subjects were always painted, to say the least, at their best. His portrait of George IV., which Moore (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 349) described as "disgraceful both to the king and the "painter: a lie upon canvas," is an exaggerated example of his flattery. At the time when Byron wrote (1821), Lawrence was at Rome, where Lady Morgan saw him and one of his finest pictures, the portrait of Pope Pius VII., which, she says (*Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 123), "left all the Italian painters in despair."

January 17, 1821.

Rode i' the forest—fired pistols—dined. Arrived a packet of books from England and Lombardy—English, Italian, French, and Latin. Read till eight—went out.

January 18, 1821.

To-day, the post arriving late, did not ride. Read letters—only two gazettes instead of twelve now due. Made Lega write to that negligent Galignani, and added a postscript. Dined.

At eight proposed to go out. Lega came in with a letter about a bill *unpaid* at Venice, which I thought paid months ago. I flew into a paroxysm of rage, which almost made me faint. I have not been well ever since. I deserve it for being such a fool—but it *was* provoking—a set of scoundrels! It is, however, but five and twenty pounds.

January 19, 1821.

Rode. Winter's wind somewhat more unkind than ingratitude itself, though Shakspeare says otherwise. At least, I am so much more accustomed to meet with ingratitude than the north wind, that I thought the latter the sharper of the two. I had met with both in the course of the twenty-four hours, so could judge.

Thought of a plan of education for my daughter Allegra, who ought to begin soon with her studies. Wrote a letter—afterwards a postscript. Rather in low spirits—certainly hippish—liver touched—will take a dose of salts.

I have been reading the Life, by himself and daughter, of Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, the father of *the* Miss Edgeworth. It is altogether a great name. In 1813, I recollect to have met them in the fashionable

world of London (of which I then formed an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of something) in the assemblies of the hour, and at a breakfast of Sir Humphry and Lady Davy's, to which I was invited for the nonce. I had been the lion of 1812: Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael, with "the Cossack," towards the end of 1813, were the exhibitions of the succeeding year.[1]

I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarety, elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk, and endless. He was seventy, but did not look fifty—no, nor forty-eight even. I had seen poor Fitzpatrick not very long before—a man of pleasure, wit, eloquence, all things.[2] He tottered—but still talked like a gentleman, though feebly. Edgeworth bounced about, and talked loud and long; but he seemed neither weakly nor decrepit, and hardly old.

He began by telling "that he had given Dr. Parr a "dressing, who had taken him for an Irish bogtrotter," etc., etc. Now I, who know Dr. Parr, and who know (*not* by

1. Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744-1817), father of Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), was in London in 1813, with his fourth wife (*née* Beaufort). His *Memoirs*, completed by Maria, were published in 1820.

"May 11, 1813. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Edgeworth are just come "over from Ireland, and are the general objects of curiosity and "attention. . . . Miss Edgeworth is a most agreeable person, very "natural, clever, and well-informed, without the least pretensions "of authorship. She had never been in a large society before, and "she was followed and courted by all the persons of distinction in "London, with an avidity almost without example."—Sir J. Mackintosh, *Life*, vol. ii. p. 267. See also *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 391, *note* 1.

2. General Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1813), second son of the first Earl of Ossory, was for forty years the intimate friend of Fox. He was Secretary at War to the coalition ministry of 1783; and again in 1806, during the Fox and Grenville administration. He wrote various poetical trifles; among others, *The Bath Picture* (1772), *Dorinda* (1775). To *The Rolliad* he contributed "The Lyars," a political eclogue between Prettyman (*sic*) and Banks.

experience—for I never should have presumed so far as to contend with him—but by hearing him *with* others, and *of* others) that it is not so easy a matter to "dress him," thought Mr. Edgeworth an assertor of what was not true. He could not have stood before Parr for an instant. For the rest, he seemed intelligent, vehement, vivacious, and full of life. He bids fair for a hundred years.

He was not much admired in London, and I remember a "ryghte merrie" and conceited jest which was rife among the gallants of the day,—viz. a paper had been presented for the *recall of Mrs. Siddons to the stage*, (she having lately taken leave, to the loss of ages,—for nothing ever was, or can be, like her,) to which all men had been called to subscribe. Whereupon Thomas Moore, of profane and poetical memory, did propose that a similar paper should be *sub*scribed and *circum*scribed "for the recall of Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland."[1]

The fact was—every body cared more about *her*. She was a nice little unassuming "Jeanie Deans-looking body," as we Scotch say—and, if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write *her name;* whereas her father talked, *not* as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing.

As for Mrs. Edgeworth, I forget—except that I think she was the youngest of the party. Altogether, they were an excellent cage of the kind; and succeeded for two months, till the landing of Madame de Stael.

To turn from them to their works, I admire them; but they excite no feeling, and they leave no love—except for some Irish steward or postillion. However, the

1. "In this I rather think Byron was misinformed; whatever "merit there may be in the jest, I have not, as far as I can recollect, "the slightest claim to it" (Moore).

impression of intellect and prudence is profound—and may be useful.[1]

January 21, 1821.

Rode—fired pistols. Read from Grimm's *Correspondence.* Dined—went out—heard music—returned—wrote a letter to the Lord Chamberlain to request him to prevent the theatres from representing the Doge, which the Italian papers say that they are going to act. This is pretty work—what! without asking my consent, and even in opposition to it!

January 21, 1821.

Fine, clear, frosty day—that is to say, an Italian frost, for their winters hardly get beyond snow; for which reason nobody knows how to skate (or skait)—a Dutch and English accomplishment. Rode out, as usual, and fired pistols. Good shooting—broke four common, and rather small, bottles, in four shots, at fourteen paces, with a common pair of pistols and indifferent powder. Almost as good *wafering* or shooting—considering the difference of powder and pistol,—as when, in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, it was my luck to split walking-sticks, wafers, half-crowns, shillings, and even the *eye* of a

1. "In my first enthusiasm of admiration, I thought that [Miss "Edgeworth] had first made fiction useful; but every fiction since "Homer has taught friendship, patriotism, generosity, contempt of "death. These are the highest virtues; and the fictions which "taught them were therefore of the highest, though not of unmixed "utility. Miss Edgeworth inculcates prudence, and the many "virtues of that family. Are these excellent virtues higher or more "useful than those of fortitude and benevolence? Certainly not. "Where, then, is Miss Edgeworth's merit? Her merit—her "extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and as a woman of genius "—consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult "to treat as the subject of fiction than others, and which had there-"fore been left by former writers to her."—Sir James Mackintosh, *Life*, vol. ii. p. 42.

walking-stick, at twelve paces, with a single bullet—and all by *eye* and calculation; for my hand is not steady,[1] and apt to change with the very weather. To the prowess which I here note, Joe Manton and others can bear testimony; for the former taught, and the latter has seen me do, these feats.

Dined—visited—came home—read. Remarked on an anecdote in Grimm's *Correspondence*, which says that "Regnard et la plûpart des poëtes comiques étaient gens "bilieux et mélancoliques; et que M. de Voltaire, qui "est très gai, n'a jamais fait que des tragédies—et que la "comédie gaie est le seul genre où il n'ait point réussi. "C'est que celui qui rit et celui qui fait rire sont deux "hommes fort différens."—Vol. VI.

At this moment I feel as bilious as the best comic writer of them all, (even as Regnard[2] himself, the next to Molière, who has written some of the best comedies in any language, and who is supposed to have committed suicide,) and am not in spirits to continue my proposed tragedy of *Sardanapalus*, which I have, for some days, ceased to compose.

To-morrow is my birth-day—that is to say, at twelve o' the clock, midnight, *i.e.* in twelve minutes, I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!!—and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose.

1. Medwin (*The Angler in Wales*, vol. ii. p. 183) says, "It was "always a matter of wonder to me how Byron ever struck the mark. "His aim was long and his hand trembled as though he had St. "Vitus's dance."

2. To Jean François Regnard (1655–1709) is generally assigned, as Byron says, the next place after Molière as a writer of comedies. He wrote both for the Théâtre Italien and the Théâtre Français; but his best pieces were written for the latter (1694–1708). Among them are *Le Joueur* (1696); *Le Distrait* (1697); *Les Folies Amoureuses* (1704); *Le Légataire Universel* (1708). There seems no foundation for the charge of suicide.

It is three minutes past twelve.—"'Tis the middle of "the night by the castle clock,"[1] and I am now thirty-three!

> "Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
> Labuntur anni;"[2]—

but I don't regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done.

> Through life's road, so dim and dirty,
> I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
> What have these years left to me?
> Nothing—except thirty-three.

January 22, 1821.

1821.
Here lies
interred in the Eternity
of the Past,
from whence there is no
Resurrection
for the Days—Whatever there may be
for the Dust—
the Thirty-Third Year
of an ill-spent Life,
Which, after
a lingering disease of many months
sunk into a lethargy,
and expired,
January 22d, 1821, A. D.
Leaving a successor
Inconsolable
for the very loss which
occasioned its
Existence.

1. Coleridge's *Christabel*, Part I. line 1.
2. Horace, *Carm.* II. xiv. 1–2.

January 23, 1821.

Fine day. Read—rode—fired pistols, and returned. Dined—read. Went out at eight—made the usual visit. Heard of nothing but war,—"the cry is still, They "come."[1] The Carbonari seem to have no plan—nothing fixed among themselves, how, when, or what to do. In that case, they will make nothing of this project, so often postponed, and never put in action.

Came home, and gave some necessary orders, in case of circumstances requiring a change of place. I shall act according to what may seem proper, when I hear decidedly what the Barbarians mean to do. At present, they are building a bridge of boats over the Po, which looks very warlike. A few days will probably show. I think of retiring towards Ancona, nearer the northern frontier; that is to say, if Teresa and her father are obliged to retire, which is most likely, as all the family are Liberals. If not, I shall stay. But my movements will depend upon the lady's wishes—for myself, it is much the same.

I am somewhat puzzled what to do with my little daughter, and my effects, which are of some quantity and value,—and neither of them do in the seat of war, where I think of going. But there is an elderly lady who will take charge of *her*, and T. says that the Marchese C. will undertake to hold the chattels in safe keeping. Half the city are getting their affairs in marching trim. A pretty Carnival! The blackguards might as well have waited till Lent.

January 24, 1821.

Returned—met some masques in the Corso—*Vive la bagatelle!*—the Germans are on the Po, the Barbarians at

1. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5.

the gate, and their masters in council at Leybach (or whatever the eructation of the sound may syllable into a human pronunciation), and lo! they dance and sing and make merry, "for to-morrow they may die." Who can say that the Arlequins are not right? Like the Lady Baussiere, and my old friend Burton—I "rode on."[1]

Dined—(damn this pen!)—beef tough—there is no beef in Italy worth a curse; unless a man could eat an old ox with the hide on, singed in the sun.

The principal persons in the events which may occur in a few days are gone out on a *shooting party*. If it were like a "*highland* hunting," a pretext of the chase for a grand re-union of counsellors and chiefs, it would be all very well. But it is nothing more or less than a real snivelling, popping, small-shot, water-hen waste of powder, ammunition, and shot, for their own special amusement: a rare set of fellows for "a man to risk his "neck with," as "Marishall Wells" says in the *Black Dwarf*.[2]

If they gather,—"whilk is to be doubted,"—they will not muster a thousand men. The reason of this is, that the populace are not interested,—only the higher and middle orders. I wish that the peasantry *were;* they are

1. "The Lady *Baussiere* had got into a wilderness of conceits, "with moralizing too intricately upon *La Fosseuse's* text—— She "mounted her palfrey, her page followed her—the host passed by— "the Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

"'One denier,' cried the Order of Mercy—'one single denier, in "behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards "heaven and you for their redemption.'

"—— The Lady *Baussiere* rode on."—*Tristram Shandy*, bk. v. chap. i.

Byron was a devoted admirer of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and, like him in his part of "Democritus Junior," and like the Italians, laughed at misfortunes.

2. "'For my part, I won't enter my horse for such a plate,' said "Mareschal; and added, betwixt his teeth, 'A pretty pair of fellows "to trust a man's neck with.'"—*The Black Dwarf*, chap. xiii.

a fine savage race of two-legged leopards. But the Bolognese won't—the Romagnuoles can't without them. Or, if they try—what then? They will try, and man can do no more—and, if he *would* but try his utmost, much might be done. The Dutch, for instance, against the Spaniards—*then* the tyrants of Europe, since, the slaves, and, lately, the freedmen.[1]

The year 1820 was not a fortunate one for the individual me, whatever it may be for the nations. I lost a lawsuit, after two decisions in my favour. The project of lending money on an Irish mortgage was finally rejected by my wife's trustee after a year's hope and trouble. The Rochdale lawsuit had endured fifteen years, and always prospered till I married; since which, every thing has gone wrong—with me at least.

In the same year, 1820, the Countess T. G. *nata* G[l]. G[l]., in despite of all I said and did to prevent it, *would* separate from her husband, Il Cavalier Commendatore G[l]., etc., etc., etc., and all on the account of "P. P. "clerk of this parish."[1] The other little petty vexations of the year—overturns in carriages—the murder of people before one's door, and dying in one's beds—the cramp in swimming—colics—indigestions and bilious attacks, etc., etc., etc.—

> "Many small articles make up a sum,
> And hey ho for Caleb Quotem, oh!"[2]

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1. Alluding to Pope's *Memoirs of P.P. Clerk of this Parish*, which were probably intended, though Pope denied it in his Prolegomena to the *Dunciad*, as a skit on Bishop Burnet's *History of my own Times*. See *Pope's Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, vol. x. p. 435.

2. "Many small articles make up a sum;
I dabble in all—I'm merry and rum;
And 'tis heigho! for Caleb Quotem, O!"

—*The Review, or the Wags of Windsor* (by George Colman the Younger), sc. 4.

January 25, 1821.

Received a letter from Lord S. O.,[1] state secretary of the Seven Islands—a fine fellow—clever—dished in England five years ago, and came abroad to retrench and to renew. He wrote from Ancona, in his way back to Corfu, on some matters of our own. He is son of the late Duke of L[eeds] by a second marriage. He wants me to go to Corfu. Why not?—perhaps I may, next spring.

Answered Murray's letter—read—lounged. Scrawled this additional page of life's log-book. One day more is over of it and of me:—but "which is best, life or death, "the gods only know," as Socrates said to his judges, on the breaking up of the tribunal.[2] Two thousand years since that sage's declaration of ignorance have not enlightened us more upon this important point; for, according to the Christian dispensation, no one can know whether he is *sure* of salvation—even the most righteous —since a single slip of faith may throw him on his back, like a skaiter, while gliding smoothly to his paradise. Now, therefore, whatever the certainty of faith in the facts may be, the certainty of the individual as to his happiness or misery is no greater than it was under Jupiter.

It has been said that the immortality of the soul is a

1. Sidney Godolphin Osborne (1789–1861), son of Francis Godolphin, fifth Duke of Leeds, by his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Thomas Anguish. He was therefore stepson to Lady Amelia d'Arcy, afterwards Baroness Conyers in her own right, who married (1) the Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards fifth Duke of Leeds, from whom she was divorced in 1779; and (2) Captain Byron, father of the poet, by whom she was the mother of Augusta Leigh.

2. "Sed tempus est," inquit, "jam hinc abire, me ut moriar, vos "ut vitam agatis. Utrum autem sit melius, Dii immortales sciunt: "hominem quidem scire arbitror neminem."—Cicero, *Tusc. Quæst.*, i. 41.

grand peut-être—but still it is a *grand* one. Every body clings to it—the stupidest, and dullest, and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded that he is immortal.

January 26, 1821.

Fine day—a few mares' tails portending change, but the sky clear, upon the whole. Rode—fired pistols—good shooting. Coming back, met an old man. Charity—purchased a shilling's worth of salvation. If that was to be bought, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life—sometimes for *vice*, but, if not more *often*, at least more *considerably*, for virtue—than I now possess. I never in my life gave a mistress so much as I have sometimes given a poor man in honest distress; but no matter. The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me (with the help of * * who has crowned their efforts) will triumph;—and, when justice is done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is as cold as the hearts which have stung me.

Returning, on the bridge near the mill, met an old woman. I asked her age—she said "*Tre croci.*"[1] I asked my groom (though myself a decent Italian) what the devil *her* three crosses meant. He said, ninety years, and that she had five years more to boot!! I repeated the same three times—not to mistake—ninety-five years!!!—and she was yet rather active—*heard* my question, for she answered it—*saw* me, for she advanced towards me; and did not appear at all decrepit, though certainly touched with years. Told her to come to-morrow, and will examine her myself. I love phenomena. If she *is*

1. A *croce* = ten years; therefore *tre croci* = thirty years (*i.e.* XXX.). "Probably," said Signor Sabastiani Fusconi (himself exiled with the Gambas in 1821) to Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, "the "old woman replied, *Tre tre croci*," *i.e.* ninety years. Byron gave her a pension during the rest of her life.

ninety-five years old, she must recollect the Cardinal Alberoni,[1] who was legate here.

On dismounting, found Lieutenant E. just arrived from Faenza. Invited him to dine with me to-morrow. Did *not* invite him for to-day, because there was a small *turbot*, (Friday, fast regularly and religiously,[2]) which I wanted to eat all myself. Ate it.

Went out—found T. as usual—music. The gentlemen, who make revolutions and are gone on a shooting, are not yet returned. They don't return till Sunday—that is to say, they have been out for five days, buffooning, while the interests of a whole country are at stake, and even they themselves compromised.

It is a difficult part to play amongst such a set of assassins and blockheads—but, when the scum is skimmed off, or has boiled over, good may come of it. If this country could but be freed, what would be too great for the accomplishment of that desire? for the extinction of that Sigh of Ages? Let us hope. They have hoped these thousand years. The very revolvement of the chances may bring it—it is upon the dice.

If the Neapolitans have but a single Massaniello[3]

1. Alberoni (1664–1752), the son of a gardener of Placentia, through the Duke of Parma and his niece, Elizabeth Farnese, Queen of Spain, rose to be the ruler of Spain from 1715 to 1719, under Philip V. After his downfall he returned to Italy, his native country, suffered, at the hands of Pope Innocent III., a sort of imprisonment which lasted four years, was restored to his rights as cardinal in 1723, and made legate to the Romagna (1734–39). As legate, in 1739, he endeavoured to unite the republic of San Marino to the Papal dominions, representing to Clement XII. that it was a second Geneva. The attempt failed, and in 1740 Alberoni was removed by Benedict XIV. from the Romagna to Bologna. The story is told in Lady Morgan's *Italy* (vol. iii. pp. 236, 237), where it was possibly read by Byron.

2. "Byron," says Medwin (*The Angler in Wales*, vol. i. p. 118), "who was a 'virtuous man' in Falstaff's sense of the word, had great "faith in abstinence, for on Friday he would not touch *beccaficas*."

3. Tommaso Aniello (1623–1647), a fisherman of Amalfi, headed a

amongst them, they will beat the bloody butchers of the crown and sabre. Holland, in worse circumstances, beat the Spains and Philips; America beat the English; Greece beat Xerxes; and France beat Europe, till she took a tyrant; South America beats her old vultures out of their nest; and, if these men are but firm in themselves, there is nothing to shake them from without.

January 28, 1821.

Lugano Gazette did not come. Letters from Venice. It appears that the Austrian brutes have seized my three or four pounds of English powder. The scoundrels!—I hope to pay them in *ball* for that powder. Rode out till twilight.

Pondered the subjects of four tragedies to be written (life and circumstances permitting), to wit, Sardanapalus, already begun; Cain, a metaphysical subject, something in the style of Manfred, but in five *acts*, perhaps, with the chorus; Francesca of Rimini, in five acts; and I am not sure that I would not try Tiberius. I think that I could extract a something, of *my* tragic, at least, out of the gloomy sequestration and old age of the tyrant—and even out of his sojourn at Caprea—by softening the *details*, and exhibiting the despair which must have led to those very vicious pleasures. For none but a powerful and gloomy mind overthrown would have had recourse to such solitary horrors,—being also, at the same time, *old*, and the master of the world.

Memoranda.

What is Poetry?—The feeling of a Former world and Future.

rising of the Neapolitans in 1647, and compelled the Spanish Viceroy, Arcos, to abolish unpopular taxes, and to proclaim an amnesty. But his cruelty alienated his followers, and, after being master of Naples for seven days, he was assassinated by order of the viceroy.

Thought Second.

Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure, —worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious, —does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow— a fear of what is to come—a doubt of what *is*—a retrospect to the past, leading to a prognostication of the future? (The best of Prophets of the future is the Past.) Why is this, or these?—I know not, except that on a pinnacle we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we never fear falling except from a precipice—the higher, the more awful, and the more sublime; and, therefore, I am not sure that Fear is not a pleasurable sensation; at least, *Hope* is; and *what Hope* is there without a deep leaven of Fear? and what sensation is so delightful as Hope? and, if it were not for Hope, where would the Future be?—in hell. It is useless to say *where* the Present is, for most of us know; and as for the Past, *what* predominates in memory?—*Hope baffled.* Ergo, in all human affairs, it is Hope—Hope—Hope. I allow sixteen minutes, though I never counted them, to any given or supposed possession. From whatever place we commence, we know where it all must end. And yet, what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men better or wiser. During the greatest horrors of the greatest plagues, (Athens and Florence, for example— see Thucydides and Machiavelli,) men were more cruel and profligate than ever. It is all a mystery. I feel most things, but I know nothing, except

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— — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —[1]

1. "Thus marked, with impatient strokes of the pen, by himself "in the original" (Moore).

Thought for a Speech of Lucifer, in the Tragedy of Cain:—

Were *Death* an *evil*, would *I* let thee *live?*
Fool! live as I live—as thy father lives,
And thy son's sons shall live for evermore.

Past Midnight. One o' the clock.

I have been reading Frederick Schlegel[1] (brother to the other of the name) till now, and I can make out nothing. He evidently shows a great power of words, but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like Hazlitt, in English, who *talks pimples*—a red and white corruption rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon maps), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, except their own humours.

I dislike him the worse, (that is, Schlegel,) because he always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo, he goes down like sunset, or melts like a rainbow, leaving a rather rich confusion,—to which, however, the above comparisons do too much honour.

Continuing to read Mr. Frederick Schlegel. He is not such a fool as I took him for, that is to say, when he speaks of the North. But still he speaks of things *all over the world* with a kind of authority that a philosopher would disdain, and a man of common sense, feeling, and knowledge of his own ignorance, would be ashamed of. The man is evidently wanting to make an impression, like his brother,—or like George in the Vicar of Wakefield, who found out that all the good things had been said already on the right side, and therefore "dressed up

1. Karl Wilhelm Friedrich Schlegel (1772–1829) began his literary career with his novel *Lucinde* (1799). His *Sprache und Weisheit der Indier* (1808), chiefly composed in Paris, introduced Sanskrit to Europe. Byron was probably reading his *History of Literature*, lectures delivered at Vienna (1814) and translated at Edinburgh in 1818.

"some paradoxes" upon the wrong side—ingenious, but false, as he himself says—to which "the learned world "said nothing, nothing at all, sir."[1] The "learned "world," however, *has* said something to the brothers Schlegel.

It is high time to think of something else. What they say of the antiquities of the North is best.

January 29, 1821.

Yesterday, the woman of ninety-five years of age was with me. She said her eldest son (if now alive) would have been seventy. She is thin—short, but active—hears, and sees, and talks incessantly. Several teeth left—all in the lower jaw, and single front teeth. She is very deeply wrinkled, and has a sort of scattered grey beard over her chin, at least as long as my mustachios. Her head, in fact, resembles the drawing in crayons of Pope the poet's mother, which is in some editions of his works.

I forgot to ask her if she remembered Alberoni (legate here), but will ask her next time. Gave her a louis—ordered her a new suit of clothes, and put her upon a weekly pension. Till now, she had worked at gathering wood and pine-nuts in the forest—pretty work at ninety-five years old! She had a dozen children, of whom some are alive. Her name is Maria Montanari.

Met a company of the sect (a kind of Liberal Club) called the *Americani* in the forest, all armed, and singing, with all their might, in Romagnuole—"*Sem* tutti soldat' "per la liberta" ("we are all soldiers for liberty"). They

1. "'Finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong "side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I "therefore dressed up three paradoxes with ingenuity. They were "false indeed, but they were new.'—'Well said, my boy,' cried I, "'and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?'—'Sir,' "replied my son, 'the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; "nothing at all, Sir.'"—*Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xx.

cheered me as I passed—I returned their salute, and rode on. This may show the spirit of Italy at present.

My to-day's journal consists of what I omitted yesterday. To-day was much as usual. Have rather a better opinion of the writings of the Schlegels than I had four-and-twenty hours ago; and will amend it still further, if possible.

They say that the Piedmontese have at length arisen —*ça ira!*

Read Schlegel. Of Dante he says, "that at no time "has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets "ever been much the favourite of his countrymen." 'Tis false! There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not* a favourite! Why, they talk Dante—write Dante—and think and dream Dante at this moment (1821) to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it.[1]

In the same style this German talks of gondolas on the Arno[2]—a precious fellow to dare to speak of Italy!

He says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in

1. In lecture ix. (*Lectures on the History of Literature*, ed. 1841, p. 237) Schlegel says of Dante, "The truth is, that at no time has "the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much "the favourite of his countrymen." Again (*ibid.*, p. 238), he says, "His chief defect is, in a word, a want of gentle feelings."

"I don't wonder," said Byron, "at the enthusiasm of the Italians "about Dante. He is the poet of liberty. Persecution, exile, the "dread of a foreign grave, could not shake his principles. There is "no Italian gentleman, scarcely any well-educated girl, that has not "all the finer passages of Dante at the fingers' ends; particularly "the Ravennese. The Guiccioli, for instance, could almost repeat "any part of the Divine Comedy; and, I dare say, is well read in "the *Vita Nuova*, that prayer-book of love."—Medwin, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, p. 242.

2. In lecture xi. (*Lectures on the History of Literature*, p. 297), speaking of Tasso, Schlegel says, "Individual parts and episodes of "his poem are frequently sung in the gondolas of the Arno and the "Po."

a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father's feelings in Ugolino —and Beatrice—and "La Pia!" Why, there is gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness—but who *but* Dante could have introduced any "gentleness" at all into *Hell*? Is there any in Milton's? No—and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory and majesty.

One o'clock.

I have found out, however, where the German is right —it is about the *Vicar of Wakefield*. "Of all romances "in miniature (and, perhaps, this is the best shape in "which Romance can appear) the *Vicar of Wakefield* is, I "think, the most exquisite."[1] He *thinks*!—he might be sure. But it is very well for a Schlegel. I feel sleepy, and may as well get me to bed. To-morrow there will be fine weather.

"Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay."[2]

January 30, 1821.

The Count P. G. this evening (by commission from the Ci.) transmitted to me the new *words* for the next six months. * * * and * * *. The new sacred word is * * *—the reply * * *—the rejoinder * * *. The former word (now changed) was * * *—there is also * * *—* * *.[3] Things seem fast coming to a crisis—*ça ira!*

1. *History of Literature*, lecture xiv. p. 367.

2. "When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat.
Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day."
Dryden's *Aurengzebe*, act iv. sc. 1.

3. "In the original MS. these watchwords are blotted over so as "to be illegible" (Moore).

We talked over various matters of moment and movement. These I omit;—if they come to any thing, they will speak for themselves. After these, we spoke of Kosciusko.[1] Count R. G. told me that he has seen the Polish officers in the Italian war burst into tears on hearing his name.

Something must be up in Piedmont—all the letters and papers are stopped. Nobody knows anything, and the Germans are concentrating near Mantua. Of the decision of Leybach nothing is known. This state of things cannot last long. The ferment in men's minds at present cannot be conceived without seeing it.

January 31, 1821

For several days I have not written any thing except a few answers to letters. In momentary expectation of an explosion of some kind, it is not easy to settle down to the desk for the higher kinds of composition. I *could* do it, to be sure, for, last summer, I wrote my drama in the very bustle of Madame la Contessa G.'s divorce, and all its process of accompaniments. At the same time, I also had the news of the loss of an important lawsuit in England. But these were only private and personal business; the present is of a different nature.

I suppose it is this, but have some suspicion that it may be laziness, which prevents me from writing; especially as Rochefoucalt says that "laziness often "masters them all"[2]—speaking of the *passions*. If this

1. Thaddeus Kosciusko (1746–1817) commanded the national forces of Poland against Russia in 1794. Defeated and taken prisoner at Maciejowice, October 10, 1794, he died in 1817 at Soleure, in Switzerland.

2. "C'est se tromper que de croire qu'il n'y ait que les violentes "passions, comme l'ambition et l'amour, qui puissent triompher des "autres. La paresse, toute languissante qu'elle est, ne laisse pas d'en "être souvent la maîtresse; elle usurpe sur tous les desseins et sur

were true, it could hardly be said that "idleness is the "root of all evil," since this is supposed to spring from the passions only: *ergo*, that which masters all the passions (laziness, to wit) would in so much be a good. Who knows?

Midnight.

I have been reading Grimm's *Correspondence*.[1] He repeats frequently, in speaking of a poet, or a man of genius in any department, even in music, (Grétry, for instance,) that he must have *une ame qui se tourmente, un esprit violent*. How far this may be true, I know not; but if it were, I should be a poet "*per excellenza;*" for I have always had *une ame*, which not only tormented itself but every body else in contact with it; and an *esprit violent*, which has almost left me without any *esprit* at all. As to defining what a poet *should* be, it is not worth while, for what are *they* worth? what have they done?

Grimm, however, is an excellent critic and literary historian. His *Correspondence* forms the annals of the literary part of that age of France, with much of her

"toutes les actions de la vie; elle y détruit et y consume insensible-"ment les passions et les vertus" (*Réflections Morales*, cclxxiv.).

1. Friedrich Melchior Grimm (1723–1807) served as reader to the Duke of Saxe Coburg, then acted as secretary to the Duc d'Orléans at Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Diderot, Raynal, Suard, and other literary men of the day. He was appointed Plenipotentiary at the court of France and the Duke of Saxe Coburg, who also raised him to the rank of baron. His correspondence with the duke, the Empress Catherine, Frederick the Great, and other potentates, is a lively chronicle of scandal, politics, and literature in France from 1753 to 1793.

Speaking of St. Lambert (*Correspondance*, ed. Tourneux, vol. viii. p. 289, *note*), he says, "Que lui manque-t-il donc pour être un "poëte? Ce qui lui manque, c'est une âme qui se tourmente, un "esprit violent, une imagination forte et brillante, etc., etc."

So again, speaking of Grétry, he says (*ibid.*, September, 1768), "M. Grétri est de Liège; il est jeune, il a l'air pâle, blême, souffrant, "tourmenté, tous les symptômes d'un homme de génie."

politics, and still more of her "way of life." He is as valuable, and far more entertaining than Muratori[1] or Tiraboschi[2]—I had almost said, than Ginguené[3]—but there we should pause. However, 't is a great man in its line.

Monsieur St. Lambert[4] has,

"Et lorsqu' à ses regards la lumière est ravie,
Il n'a plus, en mourant, à perdre que la vie."

This is, word for word, Thomson's

"And dying, all we can resign is breath,"

without the smallest acknowledgment from the Lorrainer of a poet. M. St. Lambert is dead as a man, and (for any thing I know to the contrary) damned, as a poet, by this time. However, his *Seasons* have good things, and, it may be, some of his own.

1. Ludovico Antonio Muratori (1672–1750) published, among other learned works, his *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores præcipui ab Anno* 500 *ad Annum* 1500, 29 vols., fol., 1723–51, at Milan.

2. Geronimo Tiraboschi (1731–1794) published his *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, 13 vols., 4to, 1772–82, at Modena.

3. See p. 154, *note* 1.

4. François, Marquis de St. Lambert (1716–1803), born at Vézelise in Lorraine, began life as a soldier and a courtier in the service of Stanislas II., of Poland and Lorraine. In 1756 he devoted himself to a literary career, associated himself with Helvetius and the French philosophical school of the day, contributed to the *Encyclopédie*, published several volumes of poetry, tales, memoirs, and philosophy, and spent the last years of his life at Eaubonne, near Montmorency, in the society of Madame d'Houdetot. His *Saisons* appeared in 1769. The passage to which Byron refers occurs in "L'Automne" (Chant troisième)—

"Il voit autour de lui tout périr, tout changer,
A la race nouvelle il se trouve étranger;
Et lorsqu' à ses regards la lumière est ravie,
Il n'a plus en mourant à perdre que la vie."

In Thomson's "verses occasioned by the death of Mr. Aikman" occurs the line to which Byron refers—

"Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath."

February 2, 1821.

I have been considering what can be the reason why I always wake, at a certain hour in the morning, and always in very bad spirits—I may say, in actual despair and despondency, in all respects—even of that which pleased me over night. In about an hour or two, this goes off, and I compose either to sleep again, or, at least, to quiet. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty—calculating, however, some lost from the bursting out and effervescence and overflowing of the soda-water, in drawing the corks, or striking off the necks of the bottles from mere thirsty impatience. At present, I have *not* the thirst; but the depression of spirits is no less violent.

I read in Edgeworth's *Memoirs* of something similar (except that his thirst expended itself on *small beer*) in the case of Sir F. B. Delaval;[1]—but then he was, at least, twenty years older. What is it?—liver? In England, Le Man (the apothecary) cured me of the thirst in three days, and it had lasted as many years. I suppose that it is all hypochondria.

What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse,

1. "His friends, perhaps to obviate any suspicion of his having "destroyed himself, had his body opened, and the physician who "attended informed me that his death was probably occasioned by "an unnatural distension of his stomach, which seemed to have lost "the power of collapsing. This they attributed to his drinking "immoderate quantities of water and small beer. He always had a "large jug of beer left by his bedside at night, which was usually "empty before morning. . . . Whether this was cause or effect still "remains uncertain."—*Memoirs of R. L. Edgeworth*, ed. 1844, p. 97, *note*.

it is into fury.. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination), like Swift—"dying at top." I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun life* at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.

Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing.

February 5, 1821.

At last, "the kiln's in a low."[1] The Germans are ordered to march, and Italy is, for the ten thousandth time to become a field of battle. Last night the news came.

This afternoon—Count P. G. came to me to consult upon divers matters. We rode out together. They have sent off to the C. for orders. To-morrow the decision ought to arrive, and then something will be done. Returned—dined—read—went out—talked over matters. Made a purchase of some arms for the new enrolled Americani, who are all on tiptoe to march. Gave order for some *harness* and portmanteaus necessary for the horses.

Read some of Bowles's dispute about Pope, with all the replies and rejoinders. Perceive that my name has

1. When the Highland clans broke out in revolt in 1715, Andrew Fairservice bounced into Francis Osbaldistone's room "like a mad-"man, jumping up and down, and singing, with more vehemence "than tune—

"'The kiln's on fire—the kiln's on fire—
The kiln's on fire—she's a' in a lowe.'"

Rob Roy, ed. 1836, vol. ii. chap. xx.

been lugged into the controversy, but have not time to state what I know of the subject. On some "piping day "of peace"[1] it is probable that I may resume it.

February 9, 1821.

Before dinner wrote a little; also, before I rode out, Count P. G. called upon me, to let me know the result of the meeting of the Ci. at F. and at B. * * returned late last night. Every thing was combined under the idea that the Barbarians would pass the Po on the 15th inst. Instead of this, from some previous information or otherwise, they have hastened their march and actually passed two days ago; so that all that can be done at present in Romagna is, to stand on the alert and wait for the advance of the Neapolitans. Every thing was ready, and the Neapolitans had sent on their own instructions and intentions, all calculated for the *tenth* and *eleventh*, on which days a general rising was to take place, under the supposition that the Barbarians could not advance before the 15th.

As it is, they have but fifty or sixty thousand troops, a number with which they might as well attempt to conquer the world as secure Italy in its present state. The artillery marches *last*, and alone, and there is an idea of an attempt to cut part of them off. All this will much depend upon the first steps of the Neapolitans. *Here*, the public spirit is excellent, provided it be kept up. This will be seen by the event.

It is probable that Italy will be delivered from the Barbarians if the Neapolitans will but stand firm, and are united among themselves. *Here* they appear so.

1. "This weak piping time of peace."
Richard III., act i. sc. 1.

February 10, 1821.

Day passed as usual—nothing new. Barbarians still in march—not well equipped, and, of course, not well received on their route. There is some talk of a commotion at Paris.

Rode out between four and six—finished my letter to Murray on Bowles's pamphlets[1]—added postscript. Passed the evening as usual—out till eleven—and subsequently at home.

February 11, 1821.

Wrote—had a copy taken of an extract from Petrarch's Letters,[2] with reference to the conspiracy of the Doge, Marino Faliero, containing the poet's opinion of the matter. Heard a heavy firing of cannon towards Comacchio—the Barbarians rejoicing for their principal pig's birthday, which is to-morrow—or Saint day—I forget which. Received a ticket for the first ball to-morrow. Shall not go to the first, but intend going to the second, as also to the Veglioni.

February 13, 1821.

To-day read a little in Louis B.'s *Hollande*,[3] but have written nothing since the completion of the letter on the Pope controversy. Politics are quite misty for the present. The Barbarians still upon their march. It is not easy to divine what the Italians will now do.

Was elected yesterday *Socio* of the Carnival Ball Society. This is the fifth carnival that I have passed.

1. See Appendix III. for Byron's *Letter* in reply to Bowles's strictures on Pope.

2. An Italian version of the extract from Petrarch's Letters is quoted in the notes to *Marino Faliero*, Appendix, Note B.

3. *Documents Historiques, et Réflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande* (3 vols. 8vo), by Louis Buonaparte, ex-King of Holland, was published at Paris in 1820.

In the four former, I racketed a good deal. In the present, I have been as sober as Lady Grace herself.

February 14, 1821.

Much as usual. Wrote, before riding out, part of a scene of *Sardanapalus*. The first act nearly finished. The rest of the day and evening as before—partly without, in conversazione—partly at home.

Heard the particulars of the late fray at Russi, a town not far from this. It is exactly the fact of Romēo and Giulietta—*not* Romĕo, as the Barbarian writes it. Two families of *Contadini* (peasants) are at feud. At a ball, the younger part of the families forget their quarrel, and dance together. An old man of one of them enters, and reproves the young men for dancing with the females of the opposite family. The male relatives of the latter resent this. Both parties rush home and arm themselves. They meet directly, by moonlight, in the public way, and fight it out. Three are killed on the spot, and six wounded, most of them dangerously,—pretty well for two families, methinks—and all *fact*, of the last week. Another assassination has taken place at Cesenna—in all about *forty* in Romagna within the last three months. These people retain much of the middle ages.

February 15, 1821.

Last night finished the first act of *Sardanapalus*. To-night, or to-morrow, I ought to answer letters.

February 16, 1821.

Last night Il Conte P. G. sent a man with a bag full of bayonets, some muskets, and some hundreds of cartridges to my house, without apprizing me, though I had

seen him not half an hour before. About ten days ago, when there was to be a rising here, the Liberals and my brethren C[i]. asked me to purchase some arms for a certain few of our ragamuffins. I did so immediately, and ordered ammunition, etc., and they were armed accordingly. Well—the rising is prevented by the Barbarians marching a week sooner than appointed; and an *order* is issued, and in force, by the Government, "that all persons having "arms concealed, etc., etc., shall be liable to, etc., etc."—and what do my friends, the patriots, do two days afterwards? Why, they throw back upon my hands, and into my house, these very arms (without a word of warning previously) with which I had furnished them at their own request, and at my own peril and expense.

It was lucky that Lega was at home to receive them. If any of the servants had (except Tita and F. and Lega) they would have betrayed it immediately. In the mean time, if they are denounced or discovered, I shall be in a scrape.

At nine went out—at eleven returned. Beat the crow for stealing the falcon's victuals. Read *Tales of my Landlord*—wrote a letter—and mixed a moderate beaker of water with other ingredients.

February 18, 1821.

The news are that the Neapolitans have broken a bridge, and slain four pontifical carabiniers, whilk carabiniers wished to oppose. Besides the disrespect to neutrality, it is a pity that the first blood shed in this German quarrel should be Italian. However, the war seems begun in good earnest: for, if the Neapolitans kill the Pope's carabiniers, they will not be more delicate towards the Barbarians. If it be even so, in a short time "there will be news o' thae craws," as Mrs. Alison Wilson

says of Jenny Blane's "unco cockernony" in the *Tales of my Landlord*.[1]

In turning over Grimm's *Correspondence* to-day, I found a thought of Tom Moore's in a song of Maupertuis[2] to a female Laplander

"Et tous les lieux
Où sont ses yeux,
Font la zone brûlante."

This is Moore's,

"And those eyes make my climate, wherever I roam."

But I am sure that Moore never saw it; for this was published in Grimm's *Correspondence*, in 1813, and I knew Moore's by heart in 1812. There is also another, but an antithetical coincidence—

"Le soleil luit,
Des jours sans nuit
Bientôt il nous destine;

---

1. "But I doubt the daughter's a silly thing—an unco cockernony "she had busked on her head at the kirk last Sunday."—Mrs. Alison Wilson, in *Old Mortality*, chap. v.

2. Pierre Louis Moreau de Maupertuis (1698–1759) "prétendait "avoir conçu une passion violente pour une jeune Laponne qu'il "avait amenée en France, et qui y est morte. Il aimait à chanter "des couplets qu'il avait faits pour elle sous le pôle, et qu'il faut "conserver ici—

"Pour fuir l'amour,
En vain l'on court
Jusqu'au cercle polaire;
Dieux! qui croiroit
Qu'en cet endroit
On eût trouvé Cythère!

"Dans les frimas
De ces climats,
Christine nous enchante;
Et tous les lieux
Où sont ses yeux
Font la zone brûlante."

Etc., etc. Grimm's *Correspondance*, ed. Tourneux, vol. vii. pp. 180, 181.

Mais ces longs jours
Seront trop courts,
Passés près de Christine."

This is the *thought reversed*, of the last stanza of the ballad on Charlotte Lynes, given in Miss Seward's *Memoirs of Darwin*, which is pretty—I quote from memory of these last fifteen years.

"For my first night I'd go
To those regions of snow,
Where the sun for six months never shines;
And think, even then,
He too soon came again,
To disturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes."[1]

To-day I have had no communication with my Carbonari cronies; but, in the mean time, my lower apartments are full of their bayonets, fusils, cartridges, and what not. I suppose that they consider me as a depôt, to be sacrificed, in case of accidents. It is no great matter, supposing that Italy could be liberated, who or what is sacrificed. It is a grand object—the very *poetry* of politics. Only think—a free Italy!!! Why, there has been nothing like it since the days of Augustus. I reckon the times of Cæsar (Julius) free; because the commotions left every body a side to take, and the parties were pretty equal at the set out. But, afterwards, it was all prætorian and legionary business—and since!—we shall see, or, at least, some will see, what card will turn up. It is best to hope, even of the hopeless. The Dutch did more than these fellows have to do, in the Seventy Years' War.

1. "At a convivial meeting of Lichfield gentlemen, most of "whom could make agreeable verses, it was proposed that every "person in company should give a ballad or epigram on the lady "whose health he drank. Mr. Vyse toasted Miss Lynes, and, taking "out his pencil, wrote the stanzas extempore" (Seward's *Memoirs of Dr. Darwin*, pp. 72-74). Of the stanzas, which are nine in number, that quoted by Byron is the last.

February 19, 1821.

Came home *solus*—very high wind—lightning—moonshine—solitary stragglers muffled in cloaks—women in masks—white houses—clouds hurrying over the sky, like spilt milk blown out of the pail—altogether very poetical. It is still blowing hard—the tiles flying, and the house rocking—rain splashing—lightning flashing—quite a fine Swiss Alpine evening, and the sea roaring in the distance.

Visited—conversazione. All the women frightened by the squall: they *won't* go to the masquerade because it lightens—the pious reason!

Still blowing away. A. has sent me some news to-day. The war approaches nearer and nearer. Oh those scoundrel sovereigns! Let us but see them beaten—let the Neapolitans but have the pluck of the Dutch of old, or the Spaniards of now, or of the German Protestants, the Scotch Presbyterians, the Swiss under Tell, or the Greeks under Themistocles—*all* small and solitary nations (except the Spaniards and German Lutherans), and there is yet a resurrection for Italy, and a hope for the world.

February 20, 1821.

The news of the day are, that the Neapolitans are full of energy. The public spirit *here* is certainly well kept up. The *Americani* (a patriotic society here, an under branch of the *Carbonari*) give a dinner in *the Forest* in a few days, and have invited me, as one of the C^l^. It is to be in *the Forest* of Boccacio's and Dryden's "Hunts-"man's Ghost;" and, even if I had not the same political feelings, (to say nothing of my old convivial turn, which every now and then revives,) I would go as a poet, or, at least, as a lover of poetry. I shall expect to see the spectre of "Ostasio degli Onesti"[1] (Dryden has turned

1. The story of Nastagio degli Onesti, and his love for the

him into Guido Cavalcanti—an essentially different person, as may be found in Dante) come "thundering for his "prey in the midst of the festival." At any rate, whether he does or no, I will get as tipsy and patriotic as possible.

Within these few days I have read, but not written.

February 21, 1821.

As usual, rode—visited, etc. Business begins to thicken. The Pope has printed a declaration against the patriots, who, he says, meditate a rising. The consequence of all this will be, that, in a fortnight, the whole country will be up. The proclamation is not yet published, but printed, ready for distribution. * * sent me a copy privately—a sign that he does not know what to think. When he wants to be well with the patriots, he sends to me some civil message or other.

For my own part, it seems to me, that nothing but the most decided success of the Barbarians can prevent a general and immediate rise of the whole nation.

February 23, 1821.

Almost ditto with yesterday—rode, etc.—visited—wrote nothing—read Roman History.

Had a curious letter from a fellow, who informs me that the Barbarians are ill-disposed towards me. He is

daughter of Messer Paolo Traversari, is the eighth story of the fifth day in Boccaccio. But the spectral horseman in the story is Guido degli Anastagi.

"The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forebade the war;
'Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.'"
Dryden ("Theodore and Honoria").

probably a spy, or an impostor. But be it so, even as he says. They cannot bestow their hostility on one who loathes and execrates them more than I do, or who will oppose their views with more zeal, when the opportunity offers.

February 24, 1821.

Rode, etc., as usual. The secret intelligence arrived this morning from the frontier to the C^{l}. is as bad as possible. The *plan* has missed—the Chiefs are betrayed, military, as well as civil—and the Neapolitans not only have *not* moved, but have declared to the P. government, and to the Barbarians, that they know nothing of the matter!!!

Thus the world goes; and thus the Italians are always lost for lack of union among themselves. What is to be done *here*, between the two fires, and cut off from the N^{n}. frontier, is not decided. My opinion was,—better to rise than be taken in detail; but how it will be settled now, I cannot tell. Messengers are despatched to the delegates of the other cities to learn their resolutions.

I always had an idea that it would be *bungled;* but was willing to hope, and am so still. Whatever I can do by money, means, or person, I will venture freely for their freedom; and have so repeated to them (some of the Chiefs here) half an hour ago. I have two thousand five hundred scudi, better than five hundred pounds, in the house, which I offered to begin with.

February 25, 1821.

Came home—my head aches—plenty of news, but too tiresome to set down. I have neither read nor written, nor thought, but led a purely animal life all day. I mean to try to write a page or two before I go to bed.

But, as Squire Sullen says, "My head aches consumedly: "Scrub, bring me a dram!"[1] Drank some Imola wine, and some punch!

Log-book continued.[2]

February 27, 1821.

I have been a day without continuing the log, because I could not find a blank book. At length I recollected this.

Rode, etc.—wrote down an additional stanza for the 5th canto of *D[on] J[uan]* which I had composed in bed this morning.[3] Visited *l'Amica*. We are invited, on the night of the Veglione (next Dominica) with the Marchesa Clelia Cavalli and the Countess Spinelli Rasponi. I promised to go. Last night there was a row at the ball, of which I am a *socio*. The Vice-legate had the imprudent insolence to introduce *three* of his servants in masque —*without tickets*, too! and in spite of remonstrances. The consequence was, that the young men of the ball took it up, and were near throwing the Vice-legate out of the window. His servants, seeing the scene, withdrew, and he after them. His reverence Monsignore ought to know, that these are not times for the predominance of priests over decorum. Two minutes more, two steps further, and the whole city would have been in arms, and the government driven out of it.

1. In Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*, act v. sc. 4, Sullen says, "How, my writings! My head aches consumedly—Well, gentle- "men, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a "mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's wedding, "and my Divorce, you may command my house—but my head "aches consumedly—Scrub, bring me a dram."

2. "In another paper-book" (Moore).

3. Stanza clviii.—

"Thus in the East they are extremely strict,
And wedlock and a padlock mean the same," etc.

Such is the spirit of the day, and these fellows appear not to perceive it. As far as the simple fact went, the young men were right, servants being prohibited always at these festivals.

Yesterday wrote two notes on the "Bowles and Pope" controversy, and sent them off to Murray by the post. The old woman whom I relieved in the forest (she is ninety-four years of age) brought me two bunches of violets. *Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus.*[1] I was much pleased with the present. An English woman would have presented a pair of worsted stockings, at least, in the month of February. Both excellent things; but the former are more elegant. The present, at this season, reminds one of Gray's stanza, omitted from his elegy :—

> "Here scatter'd oft, the *earliest* of the year,
> By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
> The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

As fine a stanza as any in his elegy. I wonder that he could have the heart to omit it.[2]

Last night I suffered horribly—from an indigestion, I believe. I *never* sup—that is, never at home. But, last

1. Byron quotes from Abraham Cowley's *Epitaphium vivi Auctoris;* the last stanza runs as follows :—

> "Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
> Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
> Herbisque odoratis corona
> Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

2. The stanza originally preceded the "Epitaph," and followed the lines—

> "Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
> Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

This stanza "was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he [Gray] thought (and in my own opinion very justly) that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines, however, are in themselves exquisitely fine, and demand preservation" (*The Works of Thomas Gray*, 1814, ed. Mason and Mathias, vol. i. p. 127).

night, I was prevailed upon by the Countess Gamba's persuasion, and the strenuous example of her brother, to swallow, at supper, a quantity of boiled cockles, and to dilute them, *not* reluctantly, with some Imola wine. When I came home, apprehensive of the consequences, I swallowed three or four glasses of spirits, which men (the venders) call brandy, rum, or hollands, but which gods would entitle spirits of wine, coloured or sugared. All was pretty well till I got to bed, when I became somewhat swollen, and considerably vertiginous. I got out, and mixing some soda-powders, drank them off. This brought on temporary relief. I returned to bed; but grew sick and sorry once and again. Took more soda-water. At last I fell into a dreary sleep. Woke, and was ill all day, till I had galloped a few miles. Query—was it the cockles, or what I took to correct them, that caused the commotion? I think both. I remarked in my illness the complete inertion, inaction, and destruction of my chief mental faculties. I tried to rouse them, and yet could not—and this is the *Soul!!!* I should believe that it was married to the body, if they did not sympathise so much with each other. If the one rose, when the other fell, it would be a sign that they longed for the natural state of divorce. But as it is, they seem to draw together like post-horses.

Let us hope the best—it is the grand possession.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PALAZZO GUICCIOLI, RAVENNA, JANUARY—OCTOBER, 1821.

REPRESENTATION OF *MARINO FALIERO*—COLLAPSE OF REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN ITALY—LETTERS AGAINST BOWLES'S CRITICISM OF POPE—EXILE OF THE GAMBAS—DEATH OF KEATS—*SARDANAPALUS*, *THE TWO FOSCARI*, AND *CAIN*—SHELLEY'S VISIT TO BYRON AT RAVENNA—"THE IRISH AVATAR"—*THE VISION OF JUDGMENT*.

858.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, January 2, 1821.

YOUR entering into my project for the *Memoir*, is pleasant to me. But I doubt (contrary to me my dear Mad[e] Mac F * *,[1] whom I always loved, and always shall—not only because I really *did* feel attached to her *personally*, but because she and about a dozen others of that sex were all who stuck by me in the grand conflict of 1815)—but I doubt, I say, whether the *Memoir* could appear in my lifetime;—and, indeed, I had rather it did not; for a man always *looks dead* after his Life has appeared, and I should certes not survive the appearance of mine. The first part I cannot consent to alter, even

1. Probably Madame de Flahault, *née* Mercer (see *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 253, *note* 1).

although Madame de S[tael]'s opinion of B. C. and my remarks upon Lady C.'s beauty (which is surely great, and I suppose that I have said so—at least, I ought) should go down to our grandchildren in unsophisticated nakedness.

As to Madame de S[tael], I am by no means bound to be her beadsman—she was always more civil to me in person than during my absence. Our dear defunct friend, Monk Lewis, who was too great a bore ever to lie, assured me upon his tiresome word of honour, that at Florence, the said Madame de S[tael] was open-*mouthed* against me; and when asked, in *Switzerland*, *why* she had changed her opinion, replied, with laudable sincerity, that I had named her in a sonnet with Voltaire, Rousseau, etc.[1] and that she could not help it through decency. Now, I have not forgotten this, but I have been generous, —as mine acquaintance, the late Captain Whitby, of the navy, used to say to his seamen (when "married to the "gunner's daughter")—"two dozen and let you off easy." The "two dozen" were with the cat-o'-nine tails;—the "let you off easy" was rather his own opinion than that of the patient.

My acquaintance with these terms and practices arises from my having been much conversant with ships of war and naval heroes in the year of my voyages in the Mediterranean. Whitby was in the gallant action off Lissa[2] in 1811. He was brave, but a disciplinarian.

1. "Rousseau—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Stael,
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore," etc.
Sonnet to Lake Leman, written at Diodati, July, 1816.

2. The combined French and Italian squadron, under Dubourdieu, consisting of six frigates and five smaller armed vessels, sailed from Ancona, with 500 troops on board, to fortify and garrison the island of Lissa on the Dalmatian Coast. On March 13, 1811, they were defeated off Lissa by an English squadron of three frigates and one

When he left his frigate, he left a *parrot*, which was taught by the crew the following sounds—(it must be remarked that Captain Whitby was the image of Fawcett[1] the actor, in voice, face, and figure, and that he squinted).

The Parrot *loquitur*.

"Whitby! Whitby! funny eye! funny eye! two "dozen, and let you off easy. Oh you——!"

Now, if Madame de B. has a parrot, it had better be taught a French parody of the same sounds.

With regard to our purposed Journal, I will call it what you please, but it should be a newspaper, to make it *pay*. We can call it "The Harp," if you like—or any thing.

I feel exactly as you do about our "art,"[2] but it

corvette, under Commodore Hoste (Yonge's *History of the British Navy*, vol. ii. p. 476).

Byron alludes to the battle in *Marino Faliero*, *note* 5. Enumerating the exceptions to the degeneracy of Venice, he says: "There "is Pasqualigo, the last, and alas! *posthumous* son of the marriage "of the Doges with the Adriatic, who fought his frigate with far "greater gallantry than any of his French coadjutors in the memor-"able action off Lissa. I came home in the squadron with the "prizes in 1811, and recollect to have heard Sir William Hoste, "and the other officers engaged in that glorious conflict, speak in "the highest terms of Pasqualigo's behaviour."

1. John Fawcett (1768–1837), after acting at York in Tate Wilkinson's company, made his first appearance in London at Covent Garden, as "Caleb" in *He would be a Soldier*, September 21, 1791. In low comedy he was excellent. Leigh Hunt, in his "Synopses" (*Dramatic Essays*, edited by William Archer and Robert W. Lowe, pp. xliv.–v.), speaks of him as one of the "actors whom modern "writers have spoiled." The meaning of the remark probably is that Colman wrote pieces specially designed to suit his peculiarities. Fawcett made his last appearance on the stage May 30, 1830, as "Captain Copp" in Howard Payne's *Charles the Second*. A list of his principal characters is given in Genest's *English Stage*, vol. ix. pp. 521–525.

2. The following passage from Moore's letter, to which the above was an answer, will best explain what follows: "With respect to "the newspaper, it is odd enough that Lord [John Russell?] and "myself had been (about a week or two before I received your letter)

comes over me in a kind of rage every now and then, like * * * *, and then, if I don't write to empty my mind, I go mad. As to that regular, uninterrupted love of writing, which you describe in your friend, I do not understand it. I feel it as a torture, which I must get rid of, but never as a pleasure. On the contrary, I think composition a great pain.

I wish you to think seriously of the Journal scheme—for I am as serious as one can be, in this world, about any thing. As to matters here, they are high and mighty—but not for paper. It is much about the state of things betwixt Cain and Abel. There is, in fact, no law or government at all; and it is wonderful how well things go on without them. Excepting a few occasional murders, (every body killing whomsoever he pleases, and being killed, in turn, by a friend, or relative, of the defunct,) there is as quiet a society and as merry a Carnival as can be met with in a tour through Europe. There is nothing like habit in these things.

I shall remain here till May or June, and, unless "honour comes unlooked for,"[1] we may perhaps meet, in France or England, within the year.

Yours, etc.

Of course, I cannot explain to you existing circumstances, as they open all letters.

"speculating upon your assistance in a plan somewhat similar, but "more literary and less regularly periodical in its appearance. Lord "[John], as you will see by his volume of Essays, if it reaches you, has "a very sly, dry, and pithy way of putting sound truths upon politics "and manners; and whatever scheme we adopt, he will be a very "useful and active ally in it, as he has a pleasure in writing quite "inconceivable to a poor hack scribe like me, who always feel, about "my art, as the French husband did when he found a man making "love to his (the Frenchman's) wife: 'Comment, Monsieur,—sans "y être *obligé*!' When I say this, however, I mean it only of the "executive part of writing; for the imagining, the shadowing out "of the future work, is, I own, a delicious fool's paradise."

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act v. sc. 3.

Will you set me right about your curst *Champs Elysées*?—are they "*és*" or "*ées*" for the adjective? I know nothing of French, being all Italian. Though I can read and understand French, I never attempt to speak it; for I hate it. From the second part of the Memoirs cut what you please.

859.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Jy 4th, 1821.

Dr My,—I write to you in considerable surprise, that, since the first days of November, I have never had a line from you. It is so incomprehensible, that I can only account for it by supposing some accident. I have written to you at least ten letters, to none of which I have had a word of answer: one of them was on your own affairs—a proposal of Galignani, relative to your publications, which I referred to you (as was proper), for your own decision.

Last week I sent (addressed to Mr. D. Kinnaird) two packets containing the 5th Canto of *D.J.*[1] I wish to know what you mean to do? anything or nothing.

Of the State of this country I can only say, that, besides the assassination of the Commandant of the 7th (of which I gave you an account, as I took him up, and he died in my house) that there have been

1. Murray hesitated whether or not he should continue the publication as an anonymous work, and without his own name as publisher. Croker (*Murray Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 413-416) had written to him, March 26, 1820, saying that Murray had done the poem "great "injustice." "If you print and sell *Tom Jones* and *Peregrine* "*Pickle*, why did you start at *Don Juan*? Why smuggle it into the "world, and, as it were, pronounce it illegitimate in its birth, and "induce so many of the learned rabble, when they could find so "little specific offence in it, to refer to its supposed original state as "one of original sin."

six murders committed within twenty miles—three last night.

Yours very truly,

B.

P.S.—Have you gotten *the Hints*, that I may alter parts and portions?

I just see, by the papers of Galignani, that there is a new tragedy of great expectation, by Barry Cornwall:[1] of what I have read of his works I liked the *Dramatic Sketches*, but thought his *Sicilian Story* and *Marcian Colonna*, in rhyme, quite spoilt by I know not what affectation of Wordsworth, and Hunt, and Moore, and Myself, all mixed up into a kind of Chaos. I think him very likely to produce a good tragedy, if he keep to a natural style, and not play tricks to form Harlequinades for an audience. As he (B. C. is not his *true* name) was a school-fellow of mine, I take more than common interest in his success, and shall be glad to hear of it speedily. If I had been aware that he was in that line, I should have spoken of him in the preface to *M[arino] F[aliero]*: he will do a World's wonder if he produce a great tragedy. I am, however, persuaded, that this is not to be done by following the old dramatists, who are full of gross faults, pardoned only for the beauty of their language; but by writing naturally and *regularly*, and producing *regular* tragedies, like the *Greeks*; but not in *imitation*,—merely the outline of their conduct, adapted

1. "I told Lord Byron," says Medwin (*Conversations*, ed. 1825, vol. i. p. 174), "that I had had a letter from Procter, and that he "had been jeered on the *Duke of Mirandola* not having been in- "cluded in his (Lord B.'s) enumeration of the dramatic pieces of the "day, and that he had added, he had been at Harrow with him. "'Ay,' said Lord Byron, 'I remember the name: he was in the "lower school, in such a class. They stood Farrer, Procter, "Jocelyn!'" (see p. 37, *note* 2).

to our own times and circumstances, and of course *no* chorus.

You will laugh, and say, "why don't *you* do so?" I have, you see, tried a Sketch in *Marino Faliero;* but many people think my talent "*essentially undramatic*," and I am not at all clear that they are not right. If *Marino Faliero* don't fall, in the perusal, I shall, perhaps, try again (but not for the Stage); and, as I think that *love* is not the principal passion for tragedy (and yet most of ours turn upon it), you will not find me a popular writer. Unless it is Love, *furious*, *criminal*, and *hapless*, it ought not to make a tragic subject: when it is melting and maudlin, it *does*, but it ought not to do; it is then for the Gallery and second price boxes.

If you want to have a notion of what I am trying, take up a *translation* of any of the *Greek* tragedians. If I said the original, it would be an impudent presumption of mine; but the translations are so inferior to the originals, that I think I may risk it. Then judge of the "simplicity of plot, etc.," and do not judge me by your mad old dramatists, which is like drinking Usquebaugh and then proving a fountain: yet after all, I suppose that you do not mean that spirits is a nobler element than a clear spring bubbling in the sun; and this I take to be the difference between the Greeks and those turbid mountebanks—always excepting B. Jonson, who was a Scholar and a Classic. Or, take up a translation of Alfieri, and try the interest, etc., of these my new attempts in the old line, by *him* in *English*. And then tell me fairly your opinion. But don't measure me by YOUR OWN *old* or *new* tailor's yards. Nothing so easy as intricate confusion of plot, and rant. Mrs. Centlivre, in comedy, has *ten times the bustle of Congreve;* but are they

to be compared? and yet she drove Congreve from the theatre.[1]

860.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, January 6th 1821.

On the "Braziers' Address to be presented in "*Armour* by the Company,[2] etc., etc.," as stated in the Newspapers:—

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1. See *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 426, *note* 2.

2. The allusion is explained in Rivington's *Annual Register*, under the date October 30, 1820 (vol. lxii. pp. 114*, 115*).

"ADDRESSES TO THE QUEEN.—The Queen's Chamberlain, Sir "William Gell, and the Hon. Keppel Craven, having notified to "the public that her Majesty had resolved . . . not to receive any "addresses by deputation after Monday, several of the most nume- "rous and respectable trades of the metropolis and its vicinity . . . "determined to take advantage of the implied permission, and to "convey to her Majesty, on Monday, the assurance of their loyalty "and esteem. The first procession that passed along the Strand "was that of the Youths of the Metropolis . . . the next . . . was "the Coopers . . . the third . . . the Spanish Leather-dressers . . . "the fourth . . . the Fellmongers . . . Then came the Sealskin "Curriers. But the most splendid exhibition of the day was that of "the brass-founders and braziers. The procession was headed by a "man dressed in a suit of burnished plate armour of brass, and "mounted on a handsome black horse, the reins being held by "persons acting as pages, but wearing brass helmets. This figure "was followed immediately by a large party, bearing beautiful "pieces of fancy work in brass and copper, supported on brass "wands. The brilliancy, number, and variety of these works "excited much admiration. At regular intervals flags were borne, "with various devices and mottoes, 'The Queen and her Rights,' "'Caroline, God and my Right,' 'Wood and Independence,' "'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,' 'Lying "lips are an abomination to the Lord,' 'As a roaring lion and a "raging bear; so is a wicked ruler over a poor people.' Then "came a man clothed in complete steel armour, followed by various "flags, on one of which were the crowns of the King and Queen, "with this motto, 'As it should be,' 'The Queen's Guard are men "of metal.' A man in a complete suite of brass armour, mounted "and attended as the former, appeared, and was followed by two "persons, bearing on a cushion a most magnificent imitation of the "imperial Crown of England. A small number of the deputation "of brass-founders were admitted to the presence of her Majesty,

It seems that the Braziers propose soon to pass
An Address and to bear it themselves *all* in *brass;*
A Superfluous Pageant, for by the Lord Harry!
They'll *find*, where they're going, much *more* than they carry.

Or,

The Braziers it seems are determined to pass
An Address and present it themselves All in brass,
A superfluous {pageant / trouble,} for by the Lord Harry!
They'll find, where they're going, much more than they carry.

R^a Jy 8th 1821.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—I enclose you a long note [1] for the 5th Canto of *Don Juan*; you will find where it should be placed on referring to the MS., which I sent to Mr. Kinnaird. I had subscribed the authorities—Arrian, Plutarch, Hume, etc.—for the *corrections* of Bacon, but, thinking it pedantic to do so, have since erased them.

I have had no letter from you since *one* dated the 3rd of Novr. You are a pretty fellow, but I will be even with you some day.

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

P.S.—The enclosed *epigram* is *not* for publication, recollect.

"and one of the persons in armour advanced to the throne, and "bending on one knee, presented the address, which was enclosed "in a brass case of excellent workmanship. A youth in the pro- "cession afterwards presented to her Majesty an elegant gilt vase, "which she seemed much to admire. Other deputations followed."

1. See Appendix VI. The note was intended for stanza cxlvii., to illustrate Byron's existing note on Bacon's inaccuracy.

861.—To John Murray.

R^s J^y 11th 1821.

D^r M^y,—Put this:—"I am obliged for this excellent "translation of the old Chronicle to Mr. Cohen, to whom "the reader will find himself indebted for a version "which I could not myself (though after so many years "intercourse with Italians) have given by any means so "purely and so faithfully."[1]

I have looked over *The Hints* (of which, by the way, you have not sent the whole), and see little to alter; I do not see yet any *name* which would be offended, at least of my friends. As an advertisement, a short preface, say, as follows: (Let me have the rest though first.)

"However little this poem may resemble the annexed "Latin, it has been submitted to one of the great rules "of Horace, having been kept in the desk for more than "*nine* years. It was composed at Athens in the Spring "of 1811, and received some additions after the author's "return to England in the same year."

I protest, and desire you to *protest* stoutly and *publicly* (if it be necessary), against any attempt to bring the tragedy on *any* stage. It was written solely for the reader. It is too regular, and too simple, and of too remote an interest, for the Stage. I will not be exposed to the insolences of an audience, without a remonstrance. As thus,—

"The Author, having heard that, notwithstanding his "request and remonstrance, it is the intention of one of "the London Managers to attempt the introduction of "the tragedy of M.F. upon the Stage, does hereby protest

1. This *note*, with three trifling alterations, is added to Appendix II. to *Marino Faliero*, after Cohen's translation of the *Cronica di Sanuto*.

"publicly that such a proceeding is as totally against his "wishes, as it will prove against the interests of the "theatre. That Composition was intended for the Closet "only, as the reader will readily perceive. By no kind "of adaptation can it be made fit for the present English "Stage. If the Courtesy of the Manager is not sufficient "to withhold him from exercising his power over a "published drama, which the Law has not sufficiently "protected from such usurpation"[1]

862.—To John Murray.

R^a Jy 11th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—I have read with attention the enclosed, of which you have not sent me, however, the *whole* (which *pray* send), and have made the few corrections I shall make—in what I have seen at least. I will omit nothing and alter little: the fact is (as I perceive), that I wrote a great deal better in 1811, than I have ever done since. I care not a sixpence whether the work is popular or not—*that* is *your* concern; and, as I neither name price, nor care about terms, it can concern you little either, so that it pays its expence of printing. I leave all those matters to your magnanimity (which is something like Lady Byron's), which will decide for itself. You have about—I know not what quantity of my stuff on hand just now (a 5th Canto of *Don Juan* also by this time), and must cut according to your cloth.

Is not one of the Seals meant for my Cranium? and the other—who or what is he?

Yours ever truly,

BYRON.

1. The rest of the letter is missing.

P.S.—What have you decided about Galignani? I think you might at least have acknowledged my letter, which would have been civil; also a letter on the late murders here: also, pray do not omit to protest and impede (as far as possible) any Stage-playing with the tragedy. I hope that the Histrions will see their own interest too well to attempt it. See my other letter.

P.S.—You say, speaking of acting, "let me know "your pleasure in this." I reply that there is no pleasure in it; the play is *not for acting:* Kemble or Kean [1] could *read* it, but where are they? Do not let me be sacrificed in such a manner: depend upon it, it is some party-work to run down you and your favourite horse. I know something of Harris and Elliston personally; and, if they are not Critics enough to see that it would not do, I think them Gentlemen enough to desist at my request. Why don't they bring out some of the thousands of meritorious and neglected men, who cumber their shelves, instead of dragging me out of the library?

Will you excuse the severe postage, with which my late letters will have taxed you?

"I had taken such strong resolutions against anything "of that kind, from seeing how much every body that "*did* write for the Stage, was obliged to subject them-"selves to the players and the town."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, page 22.

1. "Lord Byron," writes Mrs. Piozzi to Dr. Gray, September 1, 1820 (*Autobiography, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 275), "is said to be bringing "out a tragedy; unlucky, if Mr. Kean is leaving England for "America. They seem to be kindred souls, delighting in distortion, "and mistaking it for pathos."

863.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, January 19, 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—Yours of ye 29th Ult^mo^ hath arrived. I must really and seriously request that you will beg of Messrs. Harris or Elliston to let the *Doge* alone: it is *not* an acting play; it will not serve *their* purpose; it will destroy *yours* (the Sale); and it will distress me. It is not courteous, it is hardly even gentlemanly, to persist in this appropriation of a man's writings to their Mountebanks.

I have already sent you by last post a short protest to the Public (against this proceeding); in *case* that *they* persist, which I trust that they will not, you must then publish it in the Newspapers. I shall not let them off with that only, if they go on; but make a longer appeal on that subject, and state what I think the injustice of their mode of behaviour. It is hard that I should have all the buffoons in Britain to deal with—*pirates* who *will* publish, and *players* who *will* act—when there are thousands of worthy and able men who can get neither bookseller nor manager for love nor money.

You never answered me a word about *Galignani:* if *you* mean to use the two *documents*, *do;* if *not*, *burn* them. I do not choose to leave them in any one's possession: suppose some one found them without the letters, what would they *think?* why, that *I* had been doing the *opposite* of what I *have done*, to wit, referred the whole thing to *you*—an act of civility at least, which required saying, "I have received your letter." I thought that you might have some hold upon those publications by this means: to *me* it can be no interest one way or the other.

The *third* canto of *Don Juan is dull*, but you must really put up with it: if the two first and the two following

are tolerable, what do you expect? particularly as I neither dispute with you on it as a matter of criticism, or a matter of business.

Besides, what am I to understand? you and Dr Kinnaird, and others, write to me, that the *two first* published Cantos are among the *best* that I ever wrote, and are reckoned so: Mrs. Leigh writes that they are thought "*execrable*" (bitter word *that* for an author—Eh, Murray!) as a *composition* even, and that she had heard so much against them that she would *never read them*, and never has. Be that as it may, I can't alter. That is not my forte. If you publish the three new ones without ostentation, they may perhaps succeed.

Pray publish the Dante and the *Pulci* (the *Prophecy of Dante*, I mean): I look upon the Pulci as my grand performance. The remainder of *The Hints*, where be they? Now bring them all out about the same time, otherwise "the *variety*" you wot of will be less obvious.

I am in bad humour: some obstructions in business with the damned trustees, who object to an advantageous loan which I was to furnish to a Nobleman on Mortgage, because his property is in *Ireland*, have shown me how a man is treated in his absence. Oh, if I *do* come back, I will make some of those, who little dream of it, *spin*—or they or I shall go down.

The news here is, that Col. Brown[1] (the Witness-buyer) has been stabbed at Milan, but *not* mortally. I wonder that anybody should dirty their daggers in him. They should have beaten him with Sandbags—an old Spanish fashion.

1. Colonel Brown was employed to prepare the case against Queen Caroline in Italy. He was attacked at Milan, December 9, 1820, by two persons as he was returning alone from the Opera. He received four wounds in the head and one in the chest, but recovered.

I sent you a line or two on the Braziers' Company last week, *not* for publication.

Yours ever,

B.

The lines were even worthy

Of —dsworth, the great Metaquizzical poet,
A man of great merit amongst those who know it,
Of whose works, as I told Moore last autumn at **Mestri*
I owe all I know to my passion for *Pastry*.

* *Mestri* and *Fusina* are the ferry trajects to Venice: I believe, however, that it was at Fusina that Moore and I embarked in 1819, when Thomas came to Venice, like Coleridge's Spring "slowly up this way." [1]

Omit the dedication to Goethe.

864.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, January 20, 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—If Harris or Elliston persist,[2] after the remonstrance which I requested you and Mr.

1. *Christabel*, Part I. lines 20–22—

> "The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
> 'Tis a month before the month of May,
> And the Spring comes slowly up this way."

2. On Saturday, April 21, 1821, Murray published *Marino Faliero*. On Wednesday, April 25, the play was represented by Elliston, at Drury Lane. The drama, sheet by sheet from the compositors' hands, was taken from the printing-office to the theatre, and the whole play, in fact, studied before publication.

On Wednesday, April 25, Elliston received the formal licence from the Lord Chamberlain. Half an hour later he was served with a notice from Murray's solicitor, announcing that the Lord Chancellor had granted an injunction against the acting of *Marino Faliero*, and that the play must be immediately withdrawn.

"Elliston was now in his element—namely, a perplexity; and, "with his wonted activity in such cases, he sprang into a hackney-"coach, with the view of driving to Hamilton Place, that he might

Kinnaird to make on my behalf, and which I hope will be sufficient—but *if*, I say, they *do persist*, then I pray you to *present in person* the enclosed letter to the Lord Chamberlain: I have said *in person;* otherwise I shall have neither answer nor knowledge that it has reached its address, owing to "the insolence of office."

I wish you would speak to Lord Holland, and to all my friends and yours, to interest themselves in preventing this cursed attempt at representation.

God help me! at this distance, I am treated like a

"see Lord Eldon himself on the subject. He arrived in very time "to catch his lordship by the skirts of his clothing as he was mount- "ing the steps of his own door. Here the defendant at once entered "on the merits of his case, and his lordship declared the court "sitting—Lord Eldon on the upper step, and Elliston on the pave- "ment—the one all patience, the other all animation. The chan- "cellor hesitated as to his previous order—Lord Eldon doubted— "and Elliston redoubled the force of his argument. At length he "so far succeeded, that the judge suspended the injunction granted "against the acting of the play for that night; but, 'mind,' observed "he, 'you appear before me in the morning of to-morrow.' The "manager hereupon took his respectful leave, quitting the chan- "cellor, after an interview more extraordinary than any, perhaps, "recorded in Mr. Twiss's admirable Life of his lordship" (*Memoirs of Robert W. Elliston* (1845), pp. 268, 269).

Elliston's success with Lord Eldon was met by the following handbill issued by Murray:—

"The Public are respectfully informed that the representation of "Lord Byron's tragedy, *The Doge of Venice* (*Marino Faliero*), this "evening, takes place in defiance of an injunction of the Lord "Chancellor, which was not applied for until the remonstrance of "the publisher, at the earnest desire of the noble author, had failed "in protecting this drama from its intrusion on the stage, for which "it was never intended" (*ibid.*, p. 270).

The play was acted on April 25, but it excited no enthusiasm, and the receipts amounted to only £147.

Subsequently several hearings took place before the Chancellor, "and it was settled that the case should be sent to the Court of "King's Bench, to see whether an action could be maintained. "The argument was to come on in the November following, when, "no counsel appearing on the part of the plaintiff, the case was "struck out. *Marino Faliero* was acted a second time on the 30th "of April, under the authority of the lord chancellor, to which all "parties had assented. The play was represented, on the whole, "seven times, the greatest receipt being £160" (*ibid.*, pp. 270, 271).

corpse or a fool by the few people whom I thought that I could rely upon; and I *was* a fool to think any better of them than of the rest of mankind.

Pray write.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—I have nothing more at heart (that is, in literature) than to prevent this drama from going upon the Stage: in short, rather than permit it, it must be *suppressed altogether*, and only *forty copies struck off privately* for presents to my friends. What damned fools those speculating buffoons must be *not* to see that it is unfit for their Fair, or their booth!

865.—To John Murray.

January 20, 1821.

Dr. My.,—I did not think to have troubled you with the plague and postage of a *double letter* this time, but I have just read in an *Italian paper*, "That Ld. B. has a "tragedy coming out," etc., etc., etc.; and that the *Courier* and *Morning Chronicle*, etc., etc., are pulling one another to pieces about it and him, etc.

Now I do reiterate and desire, that every thing may be done to prevent it from coming out on *any theatre*, for *which* it never was designed, and on which (in the present state of the stage of London) it could never succeed. I have sent you my appeal by last post, which you *must publish in case of need;* and I require you even in *your own* name (if my honour is dear to you) to declare that such representation would be contrary to my *wish and my judgement.* If you do not wish to drive me

mad altogether, you will hit upon some way to prevent this.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—I cannot conceive how Harris or Elliston should be so insane as to think of acting *Marino Faliero;* they might as well act the Prometheus of Æschylus. I speak of course humbly, and with the greatest sense of the distance of time and merit between the two performances; but merely to show the absurdity of the attempt.

The Italian paper speaks of a "party against it;" to be sure there would be a party: can you imagine, that after having never flattered man, nor beast, nor opinion, nor politics, there would *not* be a party against a man, who is also a *popular* writer—at least a successful? why, *all parties* would be a party against.

866.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, January 22, 1821.

Pray get well. I do not like your complaint. So, let me have a line to say you are up and doing again. To-day I am thirty-three years of age.

Through life's road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
What *have* these years left to me?
Nothing—except thirty-three.

Have you heard that the "Braziers' Company" have, or mean to present an address at Brandenburgh House,[1]

1. Brandenburgh House, Fulham, formerly called Crabtree Hall, was built by Captain Crispe, slave-trader and merchant-adventurer in the reign of Charles I. It passed through various hands—Prince

"in armour," and with all possible variety and splendour of brazen apparel?

The Braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass—
A superfluous pageant—for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they're going much more than they carry.

There's an Ode for you, is it not?—worthy

Of Wordsworth, the grand metaquizzical poet,
A man of vast merit, though few people know it;
The perusal of whom (as I told *you* at Mestri)
I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry.

Mestri and Fusina are the "trajects, or common "ferries," to Venice; but it was from Fusina that you and I embarked, though "the wicked necessity of rhyming" has made me press Mestri into the voyage.

So, you have had a book dedicated to you? I am glad of it, and shall be very happy to see the volume.

I am in a peck of troubles about a tragedy of mine, which is fit only for the (* * * *) closet, and which it seems that the managers, assuming a *right* over published poetry, are determined to enact, whether I will or no, with their own alterations by Mr. Dibdin,[1] I presume. I have written to Murray, to the Lord Chamberlain, and to others, to interfere and preserve me from such an exhibition. I want neither the impertinence of their

Rupert, Margaret Hughes, and Bubb Doddington, who changed the name to La Trappe. From Doddington it eventually passed to the Margrave of Brandenburgh. After Queen Caroline's death, the house was pulled down, and the site is now occupied by a distillery.

1. Dibdin (*Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 199), in opening the Surrey Theatre for Easter, 1821, announced "a new melodrame founded "on Lord Byron's recent play of *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice.*" He did not, however, bring out the piece.

hisses, nor the insolence of their applause. I write only for the *reader*, and care for nothing but the *silent* approbation of those who close one's book with good humour and quiet contentment.

Now, if you would also write to our friend Perry, to beg of him to mediate with Harris and Elliston to *forbear* this intent, you will greatly oblige me. The play is quite unfit for the stage, as a single glance will show them, and, I hope, *has* shown them; and, if it were ever so fit, I will never have any thing to do willingly with the theatres.

Yours ever, in haste, etc.

867.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Jy 27, 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—I *have* mentioned Mr. Cohen in a letter to you last week, from which the passage should be extracted and prefixed to his translation. You will also have received two or three letters upon the subject of the *Managers:* in one I enclosed an epistle for the Lord Chamberlain (in case of the worst), and I even prohibited the *publication* of the Tragedy, limiting it to a few copies for my private friends. But this would be useless, after going so far; so you *may publish* as we intended—only, (if the Managers attempt to act), pray present my letter to the L.d Chamberlain, and publish my appeal in the papers, adding that it has all along been against my wishes that it should be represented.

I differ from you about the *Dante*,[1] which I think should be published *with* the tragedy. But do as you please: you must be the best judge of your own craft. I agree with you about the *title*. The play may be good

1. *The Prophecy of Dante* was published with *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*, in April, 1821.

or bad, but I flatter myself that it is original as a picture of *that* kind of passion, which to my mind is so natural, that I am convinced that I should have done precisely what the Doge did on those provocations.

I am glad of Foscolo's approbation.

I wish you would send me the remainder of *The Hints*—you only sent about half of them. As to the other volume, you should publish them about the same period, or else *what* becomes of the "*variety*" which you talk so much of?

Excuse haste. I believe I mentioned to you that —— I forget what it was; but no matter.

Thanks for your compliments of the year: I hope that it will be pleasanter than the last. I speak with reference to *England* only, as far as regards myself, *where* I had every kind of disappointment—lost an important lawsuit—and the trustees of that evil Genius of a woman, L*.* Byron (who was born for my desolation), refusing to allow of an advantageous loan to be made from my property to Lord Blessington, etc., etc., by way of closing the four seasons. These, and a hundred other such things, made a year of bitter business for me in England: luckily, things were a little pleasanter for me *here*, else I should have taken the liberty of Hannibal's ring.[1]

Pray thank Gifford for all his goodnesses: the winter is as cold *here* as Parry's polarities.[2] I must now take a canter in the forest; my horses are waiting.

Yours ever and truly,

B.

1. "Non gladii, non saxa dabunt, nec tela; sed ille
Cannarum vindex, ac tanti sanguinis ultor,
Annulus."

Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 164.

2. Captain Parry (1790–1855) published, in 1821, his *Journal of a*

P.S.—It is exceedingly strange that you have never acknowledged the receipt of *Galignani's letters*, which I enclosed to you three months ago: what the devil does that mean?

868.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, January 28th 1821.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—I have not heard from you for a long time, and now I must trouble you—as usual. Messrs. Siri and Wilhalm have given up business. They had three cases of mine. I desired them to consign these cases to Missiaglia. There were 4 Telescopes, a case of Watches and a tin case of English gunpowder, containing about five pounds of the same, which I have had for *five years*. Messrs. Siri and Wilhalm *own* to all three, and the telescopes and watches they have consigned to M., of the others (though they mention it in a letter of last week) they *now* say nothing—and M. pretends that it is not to be found.

Will you make enquiry? It is of importance to me, because I can find no other such in these countries, and can be of none to the Government because it is so small a quantity. If it has in fact been seized by these fellows, I will present a slight memorial to the Governor of Venice; which (though it may not get me back my three or four pounds of powder) will at least tell him some truths upon things in general, as I shall use pretty strong terms in expressing myself.

I shall feel very much obliged by your making this enquiry.

Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, performed in the Years 1819-20, *in H.M. Ships Hecla and Griper.*

Of course upon other topics I can say nothing at present, except that your Dutch friends will have their hands full one of these days probably.

Pray let me know how you are.

I am, yours very truly,

BYRON.

My best respects to Madame Hoppner. Could not you and I contrive to meet somewhere this spring? I should be *solus*.

P.S.—I sent you all the romances and light reading which Murray has furnished—except the *Monastery*, which you told me that you had already seen. I wish the things which were at Siri and W.'s to *remain* with Missiaglia, and not to be *sent* here, at least for the present. Pray do what you can about the p——r; it is hard those rascals should seize the poor little miserable canister, after the many I shot in relieving their wretched population at Venice. I did not trouble you with the things, because I thought that they would bore you. I never got the *translation* of the German *translation*, but it don't signify as you said it was not worth while. They are printing some things of mine in England, and if any parcel comes from London addressed to me at Venice, pray take any work of mine out you like—and keep it, as well as any other books you choose.

They are always addressed to Missiaglia.

869.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Febr? 2, 1821.

D? MORAY,—Your letter of excuses has arrived. I receive the letter, but do not admit the excuses, except

in courtesy; as when a man treads on your toes and begs your pardon, the pardon is granted, but the joint aches, especially if there be a corn upon it. However, I shall scold you presently.

In the last speech of *The Doge*,[1] there occurs (I think, from memory) the phrase

"And Thou who makest and unmakest Suns;"

Change this to

"And Thou who kindlest and who quenchest Suns;"

that is to say, if the verse runs equally well, and Mr. Gifford thinks the expression improved. Pray have the bounty to attend to this. You are grown quite a minister of State: mind if some of these days you are not thrown out. God will not be always a Tory, though Johnson says the first Whig was the Devil.

You have learnt one secret from Mr. Galignani's (somewhat tardily acknowledged) correspondence. This is, that an *English* Author may dispose of his exclusive copyright in *France*—a fact of some consequence (in *time of peace*), in the case of a popular writer. Now I will tell you what *you* shall do, and take no advantage of you, though you were scurvy enough never to acknowledge my letter for three months. Offer Galignani the *refusal* of the copyright in France; if he refuses, appoint any bookseller in France you please, and I will sign any assignment you please, and it shall never cost you a Sou on *my* account.

Recollect that *I* will have nothing to do with it, except as far as it may secure the copyright to yourself. I will have no bargain but with English publishers, and I desire no interest out of that country.

1. *Marino Faliero*, act v. sc. 3.

Now, that's fair and open, and a little handsomer than your *dodging* silence, to see what would come of it. You are an excellent fellow, *mio Caro* Moray, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet-street about you now and then—a crumb of the old loaf. You have no right to act suspiciously with me, for I have given you no reasons. I shall always be frank with you; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds—to poets as well as physicians, and bidders at Auctions.

I shall say no more at this present, save that I am,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—If you venture, as you say, to Ravenna this year, through guns, which (like the Irishman's), "shoot "round a corner," I will exercise the rites of hospitality while you live, and bury you handsomely (though not in holy ground), if you get "shot or slashed in a creagh or "splore,"[1] which are rather frequent here of late among the native parties. But perhaps your visit may be anticipated; for Lady Medea's trustees and my Attorneo do so thwart all business of mine, in despite of Mr. K^d^ and myself, that I may probably come to your country; in which case write to her Ladyship the duplicate of the epistle the King of France wrote to Prince John.[2] She and her Scoundrels shall find it so.

1. Evan Dhu Maccombich wished nothing better for his friend Donald Bean than to be hung on the "*kind* gallows of Crieff . . . "if he's not shot, or slashed, in a creagh" (*Waverley*, chap. xviii.).

2. "So soon as Philip heard of the King's delivery from captivity, "he wrote to his confederate John, in these terms: '*Take care of* "*yourself: the Devil is broke loose*'" (Hume's *History of England*, ed. 1770, vol. ii. p. 32).

870.—To John Murray.

R^a Fr 12th 1821.

D^r S^r,—You are requested to take particular care that the enclosed note is printed with the drama. Foscolo or Hobhouse will correct the Italian; but do not *you* delay: every one of your cursed proofs is a two months' delay, which you only employ to gain time, because you think it a bad speculation.

Yours,

BYRON.

P.S.—If the thing fails in the publication, you are NOT *pinned* even to your own terms: merely print and publish *what* I desire you, and if you don't succeed, I will abate whatever you please. I care nothing about that; but I wish what I desire to be printed, to be so.

I have never had the remaining sheet of the *Hints from H[orace]*.

In the letter on Bowles,[1] after the words "the long "walls of Palestrina and Malamocco," add "*i Murassi*," which is their Venetian title.

Mr. M. is requested to acknowledge receipt of this by return of post.

871.—To Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire.[2]

Ravenna, February 15, 1821.

MADAM,—I am about to request a favor of your Grace without the smallest personal pretensions to obtain

1. For Byron's controversy with Bowles, and his two *Letters*, see Appendix III.

2. For the Duchess of Devonshire, see *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 178, *note* 1. Byron's two letters are printed from copies in the possession of Mr. Murray. The first letter missed the duchess, who had left

it. It is not however for myself, and yet I err—for surely what we solicit for our friends is, or ought to be,

Rome for Spa. Byron's second letter and the duchess's answer are given below :—

"To Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire.

"Ravenna, July 30, 1821.

"MADAM,—The inclosed letter (of Feb. 15, 1821) which I had "the honour of addressing to your Grace, unfortunately for the "subject of it and for the writer,—arrived after your Grace's de- "parture. I venture to forward it to Spa in the hope that you may "be perhaps tempted to interest yourself in favor of the persons "to whom it refers by writing a few lines to any of your Roman "acquaintances in power. Two words from your Grace I cannot "help thinking would be sufficient—even if the request were still "more presumptuous.

"I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect,

"Your most obed! very humble servant,

"BYRON."

"To Lord Byron.

"Spa, August 17, 1821.

"I regret very much that the letter which your Lordship directed "to Rome did not arrive before I left it, for it is always easier to "explain the subject which one is anxious about in conversation "than by writing—unless, indeed, the pen is held by the author of "*Childe Harold.* I will, however, certainly write to Rome about "the persons who interest you so much, and shall be happy if I "can be of any use to them. I recollect Madame Martinetti's "introducing to me a gentleman of the name of Gamba ; but it is "the warm interest which you express, my Lord, that will make me "particularly anxious to succeed for them. Lady Melbourne had, "I know, the greatest regard and friendship for you ; and I had "ever the sincerest affection for her. Whatever regrets subsequent "occurrences might have occasioned her, I believe her friendship "for you was unvaried. I have found no difficulty in decyphering "your letter, without ever being indebted to Lady Bessborough's "letters for that advantage ; and I have only to wish that I may be "successful in my application, and be able to realize the hopes you "have formed from any influence I may possess at Rome. I always "wish to do any good I can, and in that poor Gibbon and my other "friends have but done me justice ; but believe me also, that there "is a character of justice, goodness, and benevolence in the present "Government of Rome, which, if they are convinced of the just "claim of the Comtes de Gamba, will make them grant their request. "Of Cardinal Gonsalvè it is truly said, 'Il a établi une nouvelle "politique formée sur la veritè et la franchise ; l'estime de toute "l'Europe le paye de ses fatigues ;' pray do not judge of the holy

nearest to ourselves. If I fail in this application, my intrusion will be its own reward; if I succeed, your Grace's reward will consist in having done a good action, and mine in your pardon for my presumption. My reason for appealing to you is this—your Grace has been long in Rome, and could not be long any where without the influence and the inclination to do good.

Among the list of exiles on account of the late suspicions—and the intrigues of the Austrian Government (the most infamous in history) there are many of my acquaintances in Romagna and some of my friends; of these more particularly are the two Counts Gamba (father and son) of a noble and respected family in this city. In common with thirty or more of all ranks they have been hurried from their home without process—without hearing—without accusation. The father is universally respected and liked, his family is numerous and mostly young—and these are now left without protection: the son is a very fine young man, with very little of the vices of his age or climate; he has I believe the honor of an acquaintance with your Grace—having been presented by Madame Martinetti. He is but one and twenty and lately returned from his studies at Rome. Could your Grace, or would you—ask the repeal of both, or at least of *one* of these from those in power in the holy

"City from the reports of others; your own observation would tell "you more than all the reports of others, and, as no one has "described its monuments with such beauty of poetry as yourself, so "no one, I am sure, would do more justice to the merits of its "inhabitants if you staid long enough to know them. I beg of you, "my Lord, once more to be assured of the pleasure with which I "shall undertake, and the satisfaction which I shall feel, if I obtain "the recall of your friends to their native country.

"E. DEVONSHIRE.

"I give up the Austrian Government to all you chuse to say of "them."

City? They are not aware of my solicitation in their behalfs—but I will take it upon me to say that they shall neither dishonour your goodness nor my request. If only one can be obtained—let it be the father on account of his family. I can assure your Grace and the very pious Government in question that there can be no danger in this act of—*clemency* shall I call it? It would be but justice with us—but here! let them call it what they will. . . . I cannot express the obligation which I should *feel* —I say *feel* only—because I do not see how I could repay it to your Grace—I have not the slightest claim upon you, unless perhaps through the memory of our late friend, Lady Melbourne—I say friend only—for my relationship with her family has not been fortunate for them, nor for me. If therefore you should be disposed to grant my request I shall set it down to your tenderness for her who is gone, and who was to me the best and kindest of friends. The persons for whom I solicit will (in case of success) neither be in ignorance of their protectress, nor indisposed to acknowledge their sense of her kindness by a strict observance of such conduct as may justify her interference. If my acquaintance with your Grace's character were even slighter than it is through the medium of some of our English friends, I had only to turn to the letters of Gibbon (now on my table) for a full testimony to its high and amiable qualities.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your Grace's most obedient very humble Servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—Pray excuse my scrawl which perhaps you may be enabled to decypher from a long acquaintance with the handwriting of Lady Bessborough. I omitted

to mention that the measures taken here have been as *blind* as impolitic—this I happen to *know*. Out of the list in Ravenna—there are at least *ten* not only innocent, but even opposite in principles to the liberals. It has been the work of some blundering Austrian spy or angry priest to gratify his private hatreds. Once more your pardon.

872.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, February 16, 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—In the month of March will arrive from Barcelona Signor Curioni,[1] engaged for the Opera. He is an acquaintance of mine, and a gentlemanly young man, high in his profession. I must request your personal kindness and patronage in his favour. Pray introduce him to such of the theatrical people, Editors of Papers, and others, as may be useful to him in his profession, publicly and privately.

He is accompanied by the Signora Arpalice Taruscelli, a Venetian lady of great beauty and celebrity, and a particular friend of mine: your natural gallantry will I am sure induce you to pay her proper attention. Tell Israeli that, as he is fond of *literary* anecdotes, she can tell him some of your acquaintance abroad. I presume that he speaks Italian. Do not neglect this request, but do them and me this favour in their behalf. I shall write to some others to aid you in assisting them with your countenance.

I agree to your request of leaving in abeyance the terms for the three *D. J.s*, till you can ascertain the effect

1. Alberico Curioni, born 1790, a tenor singer, sang in London 1821–32. In the *Literary Gazette* for May 5, 1821 (p. 285), he is described as "a handsome man," with "a voice flexible, but not "fine." See also Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, vol. i. pp. 423, 424.

of publication. If I refuse to alter, you have a claim to so much courtesy in return. I had let you off your proposal about the price of the Cantos, last year (the 3rd and 4th always to reckon as *one* only), and I do not call upon you to renew it. You have therefore no occasion to fight so shy of such subjects, as I am not conscious of having given you occasion.

The 5th is so far from being the last of *D. J.*, that it is hardly the beginning. I meant to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as *Anacharsis Cloots*[1] in the French revolution. To how many cantos this may extend, I know not, nor whether (even if I live) I shall complete it; but this was my notion: I meant to have made him a *Cavalier Servente* in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a Sentimental "Werther-"faced man"[2] in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in Hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest. The Spanish

1. Jean Baptiste Clootz (better known by the name of Anacharsis), a Prussian baron, born at Cleves, in 1755, was the nephew of Cornelius de Pauw, author of *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains*, etc. In 1790, at the bar of the National Convention, he described himself as *l'orateur du genre humain*. Falling under the suspicion of Robespierre, he was, in March, 1794, condemned to death. On the scaffold, he begged the executioner to decapitate him the last, alleging that he wished to make some observations essential to the establishment of certain principles, while the heads of his companions were falling. The request was complied with.

2. In Moore's *Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), Letter v., occur the lines—

> "Then there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can—
> A fine, sallow, sublime, sort of Werther-faced man,
> With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
> The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft."

tradition says Hell: but it is probably only an Allegory of the other state.[1] You are now in possession of my notions on the subject.

You say *The Doge* will not be popular: did I ever write for *popularity?* I defy you to show a work of mine (except a tale or two) of a popular style or complexion. It appears to me that there is room for a different style of the drama; neither a servile following of the old drama, which is a grossly erroneous one, nor yet *too French*, like those who succeeded the older writers. It appears to me, that good English, and a severer approach to the rules, might combine something not dishonorable to our literature. I have also attempted to make a play without love. And there are neither rings, nor mistakes, nor starts, nor outrageous ranting villains, nor melodrame, in it. All this will prevent it's popularity, but does not persuade me that it is *therefore* faulty. Whatever faults

1. Don Juan Tenorio of Seville was the hero of the Spanish mystery-play, the *Atheista Fulminato* (see Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. pp. 262, *seqq.*). The mystery was dramatized by Gabriel Tellez, *i.e.* Tirso de Molina (1585–1648), as *El Burlador de Sevilla y Combidado de Piedra* (1626). Molière's *Don Juan; ou le Festin de Pierre* (1665), versified by Thomas Corneille in 1677, was imitated from the Spanish play. In England Shadwell took Molière's version as the model of his *Libertine*, in 1676. Don Juan was the subject of a musical ballet by Glück, and of Mozart's famous opera *Don Giovanni* (1787).

In Molière's *Don Juan* (act i. sc. 1) Sganarelle says of his master, "Par précaution je t'apprends, *inter nos*, que tu vois en don Juan, "mon maître, le plus grand scélérat que la terre ait jamais porté, un "chien, un démon, un Turc, un hérétique qui ne croit ni ciel, ni "Saint, ni Dieu, ni loup-garou, qui passe cette vie en véritable bête "brute, un pourceau d'Épicure, un vrai Sardanapale, qui ferme "l'oreille à toutes les remontrances Chrétiennes qu'on lui peut faire, "et traite de billevesées tout ce que nous croyons." In the old Spanish version of the story, Don Juan seduces the daughter of the governor, Don Gonsalvo de Ulloa, and then kills the father. Forcing his way into the family vault of the Ulloas, in the Church of St. Francis, he finds a marble statue raised to the memory of the murdered man. He invites the statue to a banquet. His invitation is accepted; the guest delivers Don Juan to the devils to be tormented, and he is swallowed up in a cloud of fire.

it has will arise from deficiency in the conduct, rather than in the conception, which is simple and severe.

So *you epigrammatize* upon *my epigram?* I will *pay you* for *that*, mind if I don't, some day. I never let any one off in the long run (*who first begins*): remember *Sam*, and see if I don't do you as good a turn. You unnatural publisher! what! quiz your own authors! You are a paper Cannibal.

In the letter on Bowles (which I sent by Tuesday's post) after the words "*attempts had been made*" (alluding to the republication of *English Bards*), add the words "*in Ireland;*" for I believe that Cawthorn did not begin his attempts till after I had left England the second time. Pray attend to this. Let me know what you and your Squad think of the letter on Bowles.[1]

I did not think the second *Seal* so bad: surely it is far better than the Saracen's head with which you have sealed your *last letter;* the larger, in *profile*, was surely much better than that.

So Foscolo says he will get you a *seal cut* better in Italy: he means a *throat*—that is the only thing they do dexterously. The Arts—all but Canova's, and Morghen's,[2] and *Ovid's*[3] (I don't *mean poetry*),—are as low as need be: look at the Seal which I gave to Wm Bankes, and own it. How came George Bankes to quote *English*

1. Gifford's opinion of the letter in defence of Pope is quoted in the *Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 420: "It will be unsafe "to publish it as it stands. The letter is not very refined, but it is "vigorous and to the purpose. Bowles requires checking. I hope, "however, that Lord B. will not continue to squander himself thus. "When will he resume his majestic march, and shake the earth "again?"

2. Raphael Morghen (1758–1835), born at Portici, near Naples, was the famous engraver. He settled at Florence in 1793, on the invitation of the Grand-Duke Ferdinand III., and lived there the rest of his life.

3. The *Ars Amatoria*.

Bards in the House of Commons?[1] All the World keep flinging that poem in my face.

Belzoni *is* a grand traveller, and his English is very prettily broken.[2]

As for News, the Barbarians are marching on Naples, and if they lose a single battle, all Italy will be up. It will be like the Spanish war, if they have any bottom.

Letters opened!—to be sure they are, and that's the reason why I always put in my opinion of the German Austrian Scoundrels: there is not an Italian who loathes them more than I do; and whatever I could do to scour Italy and the earth of their infamous oppression, would be done *con amore.*

Yours, ever and truly,

B.

Recollect that the *Hints* must be printed with the *Latin*, otherwise there is no sense.

1. In moving the address at the opening of Parliament (January 23, 1821), speaking of the way in which "the new springs of know-"ledge were endeavoured to be poisoned at their source," Bankes says that he was "reminded of the lines of the poet, when he ex-"pressed the keen pangs of the bird, wounded by the arrow feathered "from his own wing—

"'Keen was the pang—but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the feather which had winged the steel!'"

So *The Traveller* (January 24, 1821) gives the quotation from *English Bards, etc.*, lines 845, 846, which should have run thus—

"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel."

According to Hansard (New Series, vol. iv. p. 39), the quotation was correctly made.

2. Giovanni Battista Belzoni (1778–1823) died of dysentery at Gato, in Benin, on his way to Timbuctoo. Murray published, in 1820, Belzoni's *Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia.* The book was written without any literary assistance beyond that of the individual employed to copy out his manuscript and correct the press. "As I made my discoveries alone," Belzoni Preface, p. i.) says, "I have been anxious to write my book by

873.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, February 21, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—In the 44th page, vol. 1st, of Turner's travels[1] (which you lately sent me), it is stated that "Lord Byron, when he expressed such confidence of it's "practicability, seems to have forgotten that Leander "swam both ways, with and *against* the tide; whereas *he* "(L.d B.) only performed the easiest part of the task by "swimming *with* it from Europe to Asia."[2] I certainly could not have forgotten, what is known to every Schoolboy, that Leander crossed in the Night and returned towards the morning. My object was, to ascertain that the Hellespont could be crossed *at all* by swimming, and in this Mr. Ekenhead and myself both succeeded, the one in an hour and ten minutes, and the other in one hour and five minutes. The *tide* was *not* in our favour: on the contrary, the great difficulty was to bear up against the current, which, so far from helping us to the Asiatic side, set us down right towards the Archipelago. Neither Mr. Ekenhead, myself, nor, I will venture to add, any person on board the frigate, from Captain (now Admiral) Bathurst downwards, had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side, of which Mr. Turner speaks. I never heard of it till this moment,

"myself, though in so doing the reader will consider me, and with "great propriety, guilty of temerity; but the public will perhaps "gain in the fidelity of my narrative what it loses in elegance. I "am not an Englishman, but I prefer that my readers should receive "from myself, as well as I am able to describe them, an account of "my proceedings in Egypt, in Nubia, on the coast of the Red Sea, "and in the Oasis; rather than run the risk of having my meaning "misrepresented by another. If I am intelligible, it is all that I "can expect."

1. *Journal of a Tour in the Levant*, by William Turner, 3 vols., 1820. The book was published by Murray.

2. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 263, *note* 1.

or I would have taken the other course. Lieutenant Ekenhead's sole motive, and mine also, for setting out from the European side was, that the little Cape above Sestos was a more prominent starting place, and the frigate, which lay below, close under the Asiatic castle, formed a better point of view for us to swim towards; and, in fact, we landed immediately below it.

Mr. Turner says, "Whatever is thrown into the "Stream on this part of the European bank *must* arrive "at the Asiatic shore." This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the Current, although a strong wind in the Asiatic direction might have such an effect occasionally.

Mr. Turner attempted the passage from the Asiatic side, and failed. "After five and twenty minutes, in "which he did not advance a hundred yards, he gave "it up from complete exhaustion." This is very possible, and might have occurred to him just as readily on the European side. He should have set out a couple of miles higher, and could then have come out below the European castle. I particularly stated, and Mr. Hobhouse has done so also, that we were obliged to make the real passage of one mile extend to between *three* and *four*, owing to the force of the stream. I can assure Mr. Turner, that his Success would have given me great pleasure, as it would have added one more instance to the proofs of the practicability. It is not quite fair in him to infer, that because *he* failed, Leander could not succeed. There are still four instances on record: a Neapolitan, a young Jew, Mr. Ekenhead, and myself; the two last done in the presence of hundreds of *English* Witnesses.

With regard to the difference of the *current*, I perceived none: it is favourable to the Swimmer on neither

side, but may be stemmed by plunging into the Sea, a considerable way above the opposite point of the coast which the Swimmer wishes to make, but still bearing up against it: it is strong, but if you *calculate* well, you may reach land. My own experience and that of others bids me pronounce the passage of Leander perfectly practicable: any young man, in good health and tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from *either* side. I was three hours in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the passage of the Hellespont. Of what may be done in swimming, I will mention one more instance. In 1818,[1] the Chevalier Mengaldo (a Gentleman of Bassano), a good Swimmer, wished to swim with my friend Mr. Alexander Scott and myself. As he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him. We all three started from the Island of the Lido and swam to Venice. At the entrance of the Grand Canal, Scott and I were a good way ahead, and we saw no more of our foreign friend, which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a Gondola to hold his cloathes and pick him up. Scott swum on till past the Rialto, where he got out, less from fatigue than from *chill*, having been *four hours* in the water, without rest or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back—this being the *condition* of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, comprizing the whole of the Grand Canal (besides the distance from the Lido), and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, *four hours* and *twenty minutes*. To this Match, and during the greater part of it's performance, Mr. Hoppner,

1. This was in June, 1818.

the Consul General, was witness; and it is well known to many others. Mr. Turner can easily verify the fact, if he thinks it worth while, by referring to Mr. Hoppner. The distance we could not *accurately* ascertain; it was of course considerable.

I crossed the *Hellespont* in *one* hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution, than I was when I passed the Dardanelles; and yet two years ago I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes; and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowsers, an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. My two companions were also *four* hours in the water. Mengaldo might be about thirty years of age; Scott about six and twenty.

With this experience in swimming at different periods of life, not only upon the SPOT, but elsewhere, of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that Leander's exploit was perfectly practicable? If three individuals did more than the passage of the Hellespont, why should he have done less? But Mr. Turner failed, and, naturally seeking a plausible reason for his failure, lays the blame on the *Asiatic* side of the Strait. To me the cause is evident. He tried to swim *directly* across, instead of going higher up to take the vantage. He might as well have tried to *fly* over Mount Athos.

That a young Greek of the heroic times, in love, and with his limbs in full vigour, might have *succeeded* in such an attempt is neither wonderful nor doubtful.[1] Whether

1. Turner says (*Tour in the Levant*, vol. i. pp. 44, 45), "Having "been accustomed to swimming from my childhood, I have no "hesitation in asserting that no man could have strength to swim a "mile and a half (the breadth of the Strait in the narrowest spot, "a little northerly of the castles) against such a current; and higher "up or lower down, the Strait widens so considerably, that he

he *attempted* it or *not* is another question, because he might have had a small *boat* to save him the trouble.

I am yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Mr. Turner says that the swimming from Europe to Asia was "the *easiest* part of the task." I doubt whether Leander found it so, as it was the return: however, he had several hours between the intervals. The argument of Mr. T., "that higher up or lower down, "the strait widens so considerably that he would save "little labour by his starting," is only good for indifferent swimmers: a man of any practice or skill will always consider the distance less than the strength of the stream. If Ekenhead and myself had thought of crossing at the *narrowest point*, instead of going up to the Cape above it, we should have been swept down to Tenedos. The Strait is, however, not extremely wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts. As the frigate was stationed some time in the Dardanelles waiting for the firman, I bathed often in the strait subsequently to our traject, and generally on the Asiatic side, without perceiving the greater Strength of the opposing Stream by which the diplomatic traveller palliates his own failure. An amusement in the small bay which opens immediately below the Asiatic fort was to *dive* for the LAND tortoises, which we flung in on purpose, as they amphibiously crawled along the bottom. *This* does not argue any vaster violence of current than on the European shore. With regard to the modest insinuation that we chose the European side as "easier," I appeal to Mr. Hobhouse

"would save little labour by changing his place of starting. I "therefore treat the tale of Leander's swimming across both ways "as one of those fables to which the Greeks were so ready to give "the name of history. *Quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiâ.*"

and Admiral Bathurst if it be true or no? (poor Ekenhead being since dead): had we been aware of any such difference of Current as is asserted, we would at least have proved it, and were not likely to have given it up in the twenty five minutes of Mr. T.'s own experiment. The secret of all this is, that Mr. Turner failed, and that we succeeded; and he is consequently disappointed, and seems not unwilling to overshadow whatever little merit there might be in our Success. Why did he not try the European side? If he had succeeded there, after failing on the Asiatic, his plea would have been more graceful and gracious. Mr. T. may find what fault he pleases with my poetry, or my politics; but I recommend him to leave aquatic reflections, till he is able to swim "five "and twenty minutes" without being "*exhausted*," though I believe he is the first modern Tory who ever swam "*against* the Stream" for half the time.[1]

874.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, February 22, 1821.

As I wish the soul of the late Antoine Galignani to rest in peace, (you will have read his death, published by himself, in his own newspaper,) you are requested particularly to inform his children and heirs, that of their "*Literary Gazette*," to which I subscribed more than *two* months ago, I have only received one *number*, notwithstanding I have written to them repeatedly. If they have no regard for me, a subscriber, they ought to have some for their deceased parent, who is undoubtedly no better off in his present residence for this total want of attention.

1. The above letter was published in the *Monthly Magazine* for April, 1821 (pp. 363–365), and in the *Traveller* for April 3, 1821. Turner's reply, published by Moore, in the *Life*, is given in Appendix VII.

If not, let me have my francs. They were paid by Missiaglia, the *W*enetian bookseller. You may also hint to them that when a gentleman writes a letter, it is usual to send an answer. If not, I shall make them "a "speech," which will comprise an eulogy on the deceased.

We are here full of war, and within two days of the seat of it, expecting intelligence momently. We shall now see if our Italian friends are good for any thing but "shooting round a corner," like the Irishman's gun. Excuse haste,—I write with my spurs putting on. My horses are at the door, and an Italian Count waiting to accompany me in my ride.

Yours, etc.

P.S.—Pray, amongst my letters, did you get one detailing the death of the commandant here? He was killed near my door, and died in my house.

BOWLES AND CAMPBELL.

To the air of "*How now, Madame Flirt*," in the *Beggars' Opera*.[1]

BOWLES. Why, how now, saucy Tom,
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mr. Campbell.

1. *The Beggar's Opera*, act ii. sc. 2—
Air, "Good morrow, Gossip Joan."
"POLLY. *Why, how now, Madam Flirt?*
If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt!

"LUCY. *Why, how now, saucy jade?*
Sure the wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made [To him.
The scoff of such a gipsy?
Saucy jade!" [To her.

Answer.

CAMPBELL. Why, how now, Billy Bowles?
Sure the priest is maudlin!
(*To the public*) How can you, damn your souls!
Listen to his twaddling?

875.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, February 26th 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—Over the *second Note*,[1] viz. the one on Lady M. Montague, I leave you a complete discretionary power of *omission altogether*, or curtailment, as you please, since it may be scarcely chaste enough for the Canting prudery of the day. The *first* note on a different subject you had better append to the letter.

Let me know what your Utican Senate say, and acknowledge all the packets.

Yours ever,
BYRON.

Write to *Moore*, and ask him for my lines to *him* beginning with

"My Boat is at the shore:"[2]

they have been published incorrectly: *you* may publish them.

I have written *twice* to Thorwalsen without any answer!! Tell *Hobhouse* so; he was *paid* four years ago: you must address some English at Rome upon the subject —I know none there myself.

1. The second note is now for the first time printed at the end of Byron's *First Letter to John Murray*, in Appendix III.

2. The lines were published in the *Traveller* for January 8, 1821. Moore, in his Diary for January 15, 1821 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 190), notes: "Had seen, Saturday (13), Lord B.'s verses to me "('My Boat is on the Shore'), very incorrectly given in the *Times*; "sent off a correct copy of them to-day to Perry."

On the 2nd January 1821.[1]
Upon this day I married and full sore
Repent that marriage, but my father's more.
Or
Upon this day I married, and deplore
That Marriage deeply, but my father's more.

On the same day to
MEDEA.
This day of all our days has done
The most for me and you:
'Tis just *six* years since We were *One*
And *five* since we were two.

876.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, March 1st 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—After the Stanza,[2] near the close of Canto 5th, which ends with

"Has quite the contrary effect on Vice,"

Insert the following:—

Thus in the East they are extremely strict
And *Wedlock* and a *Padlock* mean the same,
Excepting only when the former's picked
It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame,
Spoilt, as a pipe of Claret is when pricked—
But then their own Polygamy's to blame:
Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life,
Into that moral Centaur, Man and Wife?

I have received the remainder of the *Hints without* the *Latin*, and *without the Note* upon *Pope* from the

1. The following lines are written on the back of the above letter.
2. *Don Juan*, Canto V. stanza clvii.

Letter to the *E[dinburgh]* *B[lackwood's]* *M[agazine]*. Instead of this you send the *lines* on *Jeffrey*,[1] though you know so positively that they were to be omitted, that I *left the direction, that they should be cancelled, appended to my power of Attorney* to you previously to my leaving England, and in case of my demise before the publication of the *Hints*. Of course they must be omitted, and I feel vexed that they were sent.

Has the whole English text been sent regularly continued from the part broken off in the first proofs? And, pray request Mr. Hobhouse to adjust the *Latin* to the English: the imitation is so close, that I am unwilling to deprive it of its principal merit—its closeness. I look upon it and my Pulci[2] as by far the best things of my doing: *you* will not think so, and get frightened for fear I should charge accordingly; but I know that they will *not* be popular, so don't be afraid—publish them together.

The enclosed letter will make you laugh. Pray answer it for me and *secretly*, not to mortify him.

Tell Mr. Balfour that I never wrote for a *prize* in my life, and that the very thought of it would make me write worse than the very worst Scribbler. As for the twenty pounds he wants to gain, you may *send* them to him for me, and *deduct* them in reckoning with Mr. Kinnaird. *Deduct also your own bill for books and powders, etc., etc.*, which must be considerable.

Give my love to Sir W. Scott, and tell him to write more novels: pray send out *Waverley* and the *Guy M.*, and the *Antiquary*. It is five years since I have had a copy. I have read all the others forty times.

1. See *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 430–433.
2. *I.e.* his translation of Canto I. of Luigi Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*.

Have you received all my packets, on Pope, letters, etc., etc., etc.? I write in great haste.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I have had a letter from Hodgson, who, it seems, has also taken up Pope, and adds "the liberties "I have taken with *your* poetry in this pamphlet are no "more than I might have ventured in those delightful "days, etc.:" that may very well be; but if he has said any thing that I don't like, I'll Archbishop of Grenada him. I am in a polemical humour.

877.—To John Murray.

March 2, 1821.

D^R. MURRAY,—This was the beginning of a letter which I meant for Perry,[1] but stopt short, hoping you would be able to prevent the theatres. Of course you need not send it; but it explains to you my feelings on the subject. You say that "there is nothing to fear, let "them do what they please;" that is to say, that you would see me damned with great tranquillity. You are a fine fellow.

Ravenna, January 22, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I have received a strange piece of news, which cannot be more disagreeable to your Public than it is to me. Letters and the Gazettes do me the honour to say that it is the intention of some of the London Managers to bring forward on their Stage the poem of *Marino Faliero, etc.*, which was never intended for such an exhibition, and I trust will never undergo it. It is

1. Editor of the *Morning Chronicle.*

certainly unfit for it. I have never written but for the solitary *reader*, and require no experiments for applause beyond his silent approbation. Since such an attempt to drag me forth as a Gladiator in the Theatrical Arena is a violation of all the courtesies of Literature: I trust that the impartial part of the Press will step between me and this pollution. I say pollution, because every violation of a *right* is such, and I claim my right as an author to prevent what I have written from being turned into a Stage-play. I have too much respect for the Public to permit this of my own free will. Had I sought their favour, it would have been by a Pantomime.

I have said that I write only for the reader. Beyond this I cannot consent to any publication, or to the abuse of any publication of mine to the purposes of Histrionism. The applauses of an audience would give me no pleasure; their disapprobation might, however, give me pain. The wager is therefore not equal. You may, perhaps, say, "how can this be? if their disapprobation gives pain, "their praise might afford pleasure?" By no means. The kick of an Ass or the Sting of a Wasp may be painful to those who would find nothing agreeable in the Braying of the one or in the Buzzing of the other.

This may not seem a courteous comparison, but I have no other ready; and it occurs naturally.

878.—To John Murray.

R^s^ March 9th 1821.

ILLUSTRIOUS MORAY,—You are requested with the "advice of friends" to continue to patch the enclosed "*Addenda*" into my letter to you on the Subject of Bill Bowles's Pope, etc. I think that it may be inoculated into the body of the letter with a little care. Consult, and engraft it.

I enclose you the proposition of a Mr. Fearman,[1] one of your brethren: there is a civil gentleman for you.

Yours truly,

B.

879.—To John Murray.

R^a Mo 12° 1821.

D^R. M^Y.,—Insert, where they may seem apt, the inclosed *addenda* to the *Letter on Bowles*, etc.: they will come into the body of the letter, if you consult any of your Utica where to place them. If there is too much, or too harsh, or not intelligible, etc., let me know, and I will alter or omit the portion pointed out.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—Please to acknowledge all *packets* containing matters of print by return of post: letters of mere *convenance* may wait your bibliopolar pleasure and leisure.

880.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Marzo, 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—In my packet of the 12th Instant, in the last sheet (*not* the *half* sheet), last page, *omit* the sentence which (defining, or attempting to define, what and who are gentlemanly) begins, "I should say at least in "life, that most military men have it, and few naval; that "several men of rank have it, and few lawyers,"[2] etc., etc.

1. Fearman, a publisher, of 170 New Bond Street, had offered to publish Cantos III., IV., V. of *Don Juan*, about which Murray was hesitating.

2. The passage defining "what and who are gentlemanly," and the "digression on the *vulgar* poets," will be found at the end of Byron's second *Letter to John Murray*. (See Appendix III. p. 591.)

I say, omit the whole of that Sentence, because, like the "Cosmogony, or Creation of the World," in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it is not much to the purpose.

In the Sentence above, too, almost at the top of the same page, after the words "that there ever was, or can "be, an Aristocracy of poets," add and insert these words —"I do not mean that they should write in the Style of "the Song by a person of Quality, or *parle Euphuism;* "but there is a *Nobility* of thought and expression to be "found no less in Shakespeare, Pope, and Burns, than in "Dante, Alfieri, etc., etc.," and so on. Or, if you please, perhaps you had better omit the whole of the latter digression on the *vulgar* poets, and insert only as far as the end of the Sentence upon Pope's Homer, where I prefer it to Cowper's, and quote Dr. Clarke in favour of its accuracy.

Upon all these points, take an opinion—take the Sense (or nonsense) of your learned visitants, and act thereby. I am very tractable—in PROSE.

Whether I have made out the case for Pope, I know not; but I am very sure that I have been zealous in the attempt. If it comes to the proofs, we shall beat the Blackguards. I will show more *imagery* in twenty lines of Pope than in any equal length of quotation in English poesy, and that in places where they least expect it: for instance, in his lines on *Sporus*,—now, do just *read* them over—the subject is of no consequence (whether it be Satire or Epic)—we are talking of *poetry* and *imagery* from *Nature and Art*. Now, mark the images separately and arithmetically:—

1. The thing of *Silk*.
2. *Curd* of *Ass's* milk.
3. The *Butterfly*.
4. The *Wheel*.

5. Bug with gilded wings.
6. *Painted* Child of dirt.
7. Whose *Buzz.*
8. Well-bred *Spaniels.*
9. *Shallow streams run dimpling.*
10. *Florid impotence.*
11. *Prompter. Puppet squeaks.*
12. *The Ear of Eve.*
13. *Familiar toad.*
14. *Half-froth, half-venom, spits* himself abroad.
15. *Fop* at the *toilet.*
16. *Flatterer* at the *board.*
17. *Amphibious thing.*
18. Now *trips a lady.*
19. Now *struts a Lord.*
20. A *Cherub's face.*
21. A *reptile* all the rest.
22. The *Rabbins.*
23. Pride that *licks the dust.*

"Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and *Pride* that *licks* the *dust.*"

Now, is there a line of all the passage without the most *forcible* imagery (for his purpose)? Look at the *variety*, at the *poetry*, of the passage—at the *imagination*: there is hardly a line from which a *painting* might not be made, and *is.* But this is nothing in comparison with his higher passages in the *Essay on Man*, and many of his other poems, serious and comic. There never was such an unjust outcry in this world as that which these Scoundrels are trying against Pope.

In the letter to you upon Bowles, etc., insert *these* which follow (*under* the place, as a Note, where I am speaking of Dyer's "Grongar Hill," and the use of *artificial* imagery in illustrating *Nature*):—"Corneille's cele-"brated lines on Fortune—

"'Et comme elle a l'éclat du *Verre*,
Elle en a la fragilité'[1]—

1. *Polyeucte*, acte iv. sc. 2.

"are a further instance of the noble use which may be "made of artificial imagery, and quite equal to any taken "from Nature."[1]

Ask Mr. Gifford if, in the 5th act of *The Doge*,[2] you could not contrive (where the Sentence of the *Veil* is past) to insert the following lines in Marino Faliero's answer:—

> But let it be so. It will be in vain:
> The Veil which blackens o'er this blighted name,
> And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
> Shall draw more Gazers than the thousand portraits
> Which glitter round it in their painted trappings,
> *Your* delegated Slaves—the people's tyrants.[3]

Which will be best? "painted trappings," or "pictured "purple," or "pictured trappings," or "painted purple"? Perpend, and let me know.

I have not had any letter from you, which I am anxious for, to know whether you have received my letters and packets, the letter on Bowles's Pope, etc., etc. Let me hear from you.

Yours truly,

B.

P.S.—Upon *public* matters here I say little: You will all hear soon enough of a general row throughout Italy. There never was a more foolish step than the Expedition to N. by these fellows.

1. The note was not added. (See Appendix III. p. 551.)

2. *Marino Faliero, a Tragedy*, finished July, 1820, was published at the end of the year, together with the *Prophecy of Dante* (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 412). Murray paid £1000 for the tragedy and the poem.

3. "These lines—perhaps from some difficulty in introducing "them—were never inserted in the Tragedy" (Moore). But in the first edition of *Marino Faliero* (act v. sc. 1, *ad fin.*) the lines will be found. The reading "pictured trappings" was adopted.

I wish you to propose to *Holmes*,[1] the miniature painter, to come out to me this spring. I will pay his expences, and any sum in reason. I wish him to take my daughter's picture (who is in a convent) and the Countess G.'s, and the head of a peasant Girl, which latter would make a study for Raphael. It is a complete *peasant* face, but an *Italian* peasant's, and quite in the Raphael Fornarina style. Her figure is tall, but rather large, and not at all comparable to her face, which is really superb. She is not seventeen, and I am anxious to have her likeness while it lasts. Madame G. is also very handsome, but it is quite in a different style—completely blonde and fair—very uncommon in Italy: yet not an *English* fairness, but more like a Swede or a Norwegian. Her figure, too, particularly the bust, is uncommonly good. It must be *Holmes:* I like him because he takes such inveterate likenesses. There is a war here; but a solitary traveller, with little baggage, and nothing to do with politics, has nothing to fear. Pack him up in the diligence. Don't forget.

881.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, April 3, 1821.

Thanks for the translation. I have sent you some books, which I do not know whether you have read or no—you need not return them, in any case. I enclose you also a letter from Pisa. I have neither spared trouble nor expense in the care of the child;[2] and as

1. James Holmes (1777–1860), who had already painted miniatures of Byron, declined to leave England. "Don't be offended "with Holmes," writes Murray to Byron (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 424); "you were of great essential service in putting him "in the way to make a livelihood; but it is very long before, in his "profession, he can gain one."

2. Allegra had been placed at the Convent of St. Anna, at

she was now four years old complete, and quite above the control of the servants—and as a *man* living without

Bagnacavallo, the Roman Tiberiacum, a walled city, once famous for the strength of its castle, which lies between the rivers Senio and Lamone, in the plain of Romagna, about ten miles from Ravenna. Shelley, in a letter to Mary Shelley, August 15, 1821, thus describes a visit to Allegra at the Convent of Bagnacavallo—

"I went the other day to see Allegra at her convent, and stayed "with her about three hours. She is grown tall and slight for her "age, and her face is somewhat altered. The traits have become "more delicate, and she is much paler, probably from the effect of "improper food. She yet retains the beauty of her deep blue eyes "and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness, which, "mixed with her excessive vivacity, which has not yet deserted her, "has a very peculiar effect in a child. She is under very strict "discipline, as may be observed from the immediate obedience she "accords to the will of her attendants. This seems contrary to her "nature, but I do not think it has been obtained at the expense of "much severity. Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beauti-"fully profuse, and hangs in large curls on her neck. She was "prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk, with "trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were "a striking contrast to the other children there. She seemed a "thing of a finer and a higher order. At first she was very shy, "but after a little caressing, and especially after I had given her a "gold chain which I had bought at Ravenna for her, she grew "more familiar, and led me all over the garden, and all over the "convent, running and skipping so fast that I could hardly keep up "with her. She showed me her little bed, and the chair where she "sat at dinner, and the carozzina in which she and her favorite "companions drew each other along a walk in the garden. I had "brought her a basket of sweetmeats, and, before eating any of "them, she gave her companions and all the nuns a portion. This "is not much like the old Allegra. I asked her what I should say "from her to her mamma, and she said—

"'Che mi manda un bacio e un bel vestituro.'

"'E come vuoi il vestituro sia fatto?'

"'Tutti di seta e d' oro,' was her reply.

"Her predominant foible seems the love of distinction and vanity, "and this is a plant which produces good or evil, according to the "gardener's skill. I then asked her what I should say to papa? "'Che venga farmi un visitino e che porta seco la *mammina*,' a "message which you may conjecture that I was too discreet to "deliver. Before I went away she made me run all over the convent "like a mad thing. The nuns, who were half in bed, were ordered "to hide themselves, and on returning Allegra began ringing the "bell which calls the nuns to assemble. The tocsin of the convent "sounded, and it required all the efforts of the prioress to prevent "the spouses of God to render themselves, dressed or undressed, to

any woman at the head of his house cannot much attend to a nursery—I had no resource but to place her for a time (at a high pension too) in the convent of Bagna-Cavalli (twelve miles off), where the air is good, and where she will, at least, have her learning advanced, and her morals and religion inculcated. I had also another reason;—things were and are in such a state here, that I had no reason to look upon my own personal safety as particularly insurable; and I thought the infant best out of harm's way, for the present.

It is also fit that I should add that I by no means intended, nor intend, to give a *natural* child an *English* education, because with the disadvantages of her birth, her after settlement would be doubly difficult. Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might and may marry very respectably. In England such a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a fortune. It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity. I have now explained my notions as to the *place* where she now is—it is the best I could find for the present; but I have no prejudices in its favour.

I do not speak of politics, because it seems a hopeless subject, as long as those scoundrels are to be permitted to bully states out of their independence. Believe me,

Yours ever and truly.

"the accustomed signal. Nobody scolded her for these *scappature*, "so I suppose that she is well treated as far as temper is concerned. "Her intellect is not much cultivated. She knows certain *orasioni* "by heart, and talks and *dreams* of Paradise and angels and all "sorts of things, and has a prodigious list of saints, and is always "talking of the Bambino. This will do her no harm, but the idea "of bringing up so sweet a creature in the midst of such trash till "sixteen!"—Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. pp. 435, 436.

P.S.—There is a report here of a change in France;[1] but with what truth is not yet known.

P.S.—My respects to Mrs. H. I *have* the "best "opinion" of her countrywomen; and at my time of life, (three and thirty, 22d January, 1821,) that is to say, after the life I have led, a *good* opinion is the only rational one which a man should entertain of the whole sex—up to *thirty*, the worst possible opinion a man can have of them in *general*, the better for himself. Afterwards, it is a matter of no importance to *them*, nor to him either, *what opinion* he entertains—his day is over, or, at least, should be.

You see how sober I am become.

882.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, April 21st 1821.

ILLUSTRIOUS MORAY,—I enclose you another letter on "*Bowles*." But I premise that it is not like the former, and that I am not at all sure how *much*, if *any*, of it should be published.[2] Upon this point you can consult with Mr. Gifford, and think *twice* before you publish it at all. Pray send me some more pounds weight of Soda powders: I drink them in Summer by dozens.

Yours truly,

B.

P.S.—You may make my subscription for Mr. Scott's

1. After the murder of the Duc de Berri (February 13, 1820), the Duc de Richelieu succeeded Decazes as head of a moderate administration. The elections of 1821 resulted in a great accession of strength to the ultra-royalists and the Comte d'Artois. Richelieu resigned, December, 1821, and the "Ultras" under Villèle came into power.

2. See Appendix III. The second *Letter*, to which Byron here refers, was not published till 1835.

widow,[1] etc., *thirty* instead of the proposed *ten* pounds; but do not put down *my name;* put down N. N. only. The reason is, that, as I have mentioned him in the enclosed pamphlet,[2] it would look indelicate. I would give more, but my disappointments of last year, about Rochdale and the transfer from the funds, render me more economical for the present.

P.S. 2d.—By next post I will send you the threatening Italian trash alluded to in the enclosed letter; you can make a note of it for the page alluding to the subject: I had not room for it in this cover, nor time.

Mr. M. is requested to acknowledge the receipt of this packet by return of post, by way of Calais, as quickest.

883.—To Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Ravenna, April 26, 1821.

The child continues doing well, and the accounts are regular and favourable. It is gratifying to me that you

1. John Scott (1783–1821) had been Byron's schoolfellow at Aberdeen. He had been successively editor of the *Censor*, the *Stamford News*, *Drakard's Newspaper* (January 10, 1813). The name of the last paper was changed, January, 1814, to the *Champion*, Scott continuing to be the editor. In the *Champion*, "Fare thee "Well" and "The Sketch" were first published, and in the numbers for April 7, 14, 21, 1816, Byron and his defender, Leigh Hunt, were vehemently attacked at the time of the separation. Scott lived abroad from 1815 to 1819, meeting Byron at Venice (see the second letter on Bowles). In 1819 he became the first editor of the *London Magazine* (January, 1820). His attacks on *Blackwood's Magazine*, as the "Mohock Magazine," led to a quarrel with Lockhart, which ended in a duel between Scott and J. H. Christie. The duel took place by moonlight at Chalk Farm, February 16, 1821. Christie did not fire the first time; but on the second occasion his bullet, striking Scott above the right hip, inflicted a fatal wound. A subscription was raised for his widow and children, to which Byron, under the initials "N. N.," contributed £30, instead of the £10 suggested by Murray (*Memoir*, vol. i. p. 420). The fragment given in Appendix VIII. may refer to Scott.

2. See Byron's *Second Letter* on Bowles, Appendix III. p. 576.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Painted at Rome 1819 by Miss Amelia Curran.

and Mrs. Shelley do not disapprove of the step which I have taken, which is merely temporary.

I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats[1]—is it *actually* true? I did not think criticism had been so killing. Though I differ from you essentially in your estimate of his performances, I so much abhor all unnecessary pain, that I would rather he had been seated on the highest peak of Parnassus than have perished in such a manner. Poor fellow! though with such inordinate self-love he would probably have not been very happy. I read the review of *Endymion* in the *Quarterly*. It was severe,—but surely not so severe as many reviews in that and other journals upon others.

I recollect the effect on me of the *Edinburgh* on my first poem; it was rage, and resistance, and redress—but not despondency nor despair. I grant that those are not amiable feelings; but, in this world of bustle and broil, and especially in the career of writing, a man should calculate upon his powers of *resistance* before he goes into the arena.

> "Expect not life from pain nor danger free,
> Nor deem the doom of man reversed for thee."[2]

You know my opinion of *that second-hand* school of

1. The *Quarterly* article on *Endymion* (1818), written by Croker, appeared in September, 1818. Two years and a half later, February 23, 1821, John Keats (1795–1821) died at Rome of consumption. His unfortunate passion for Fanny Brawne, pecuniary troubles, and, in his enfeebled health, the injustice of the criticism that he had received, accelerated the progress of a disease which first declared itself in February, 1820. "A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth "met me," says Coleridge, "in a lane near Highgate. It was "Keats. He was introduced to me, and staid a minute or so. "After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said, 'Let "me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your "hand!' 'There is death in that hand,' I said, when Keats was "gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed "itself distinctly'" (*Table Talk*, vol. ii. pp. 89, 90).

2. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, lines 155, 156.

poetry. You also know my high opinion of your own poetry,—because it is of *no* school. I read *Cenci*[1]—but, besides that I think the *subject* essentially *un*dramatic, I am not an admirer of our old dramatists *as models*. I deny that the English have hitherto had a drama at all. Your *Cenci*, however, was a work of power, and poetry. As to *my* drama, pray revenge yourself upon it, by being as free as I have been with yours.

I have not yet got your *Prometheus*, which I long to see. I have heard nothing of mine, and do not know that it is yet published. I have published a pamphlet on the Pope controversy, which you will not like. Had I known that Keats was dead—or that he was alive and so sensitive—I should have omitted some remarks upon his poetry, to which I was provoked by his *attack* upon *Pope*,[2] and my disapprobation of *his own* style of writing.

You want me to undertake a great poem—I have not the inclination nor the power. As I grow older, the

1. *The Cenci, a Tragedy in Five Acts* was published at Leghorn, in 1819. *Prometheus Unbound, a Lyrical Drama in Four Acts*, was published in 1820, in London.

2. Byron refers to the well-known passage in "Sleep and "Poetry," of which the following are lines 193–206—

> "But ye were dead
> To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
> To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
> And compass vile; so that ye taught a school
> Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
> Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
> Their verses tallied. Easy was the task;
> A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
> Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
> That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
> And did not know it,—no, they went about,
> Holding a poor, decrepit standard out
> Marked with most flimsy mottos, and in large
> The name of one Boileau!"

The allusion to Keats occurs at the end of the *Second Letter to John Murray*. A passage, formerly suppressed, is now restored in a note. (See Appendix III. pp. 588, 589, *note* 3.)

indifference—*not* to life, for we love it by instinct—but to the stimuli of life, increases. Besides, this late failure of the Italians has latterly disappointed me for many reasons,—some public, some personal. My respects to Mrs. S.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—Could not you and I contrive to meet this summer? Could not you take a run here *alone*?

884.—To John Murray.

R^s^ April 26, 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—I sent you by last *postis* a large packet, which will *not* do for publication (I suspect), being, as the Apprentices say, "damned *low*." I put off also for a week or two sending the Italian Scrawl which will form a Note to it. The reason is that, letters being opened, I wish to "bide a wee."

Well, have you published the Tragedy? and does the Letter [1] take?

Is it true, what Shelley writes me, that poor John Keats died at Rome of the *Quarterly Review*? I am very sorry for it, though I think he took the wrong line as a poet, and was spoilt by Cockneyfying, and Suburbing, and versifying Tooke's Pantheon and Lempriere's Dictionary. I know, by experience, that a savage review is Hemlock to a sucking author; and the one on me

1. Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* for May, 1821 (pp. 227–233), condemns the *Letter to* * * * * * * * * * * *by the Rt. Hon. Lord Byron* (London, John Murray, 1821), as "wholly unworthy of "the illustrious author of *Childe Harold*." Bowles's *Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron* are characterized "as a most "satisfactory answer to Lord Byron's paradoxes, and as evincing "throughout the spirit of the scholar and the gentleman."

(which produced the *English Bards, etc.*) knocked me down—but I got up again. Instead of bursting a blood-vessel, I drank three bottles of Claret, and began an answer, finding that there was nothing in the Article for which I could lawfully knock Jeffrey on the head, in an honourable way. However, I would not be the person who wrote the homicidal article, for all the honour and glory in the World, though I by no means approve of that School of Scribbling which it treats upon.

You see the Italians have made a sad business of it. All owing to treachery and disunion amongst themselves. It has given me great vexation. The Execrations heaped upon the Neapolitans by the other Italians are quite in unison with those of the rest of Europe.

Mrs. Leigh writes that Lady *No—ill* is getting *well* again. See what it is to have luck in this world.

I hear that Rogers is not pleased with being called "venerable"[1]—a pretty fellow: if I had thought that he would have been so absurd, I should have spoken of him as defunct—as he really is. Why, betwixt the years he really lived, and those he has been dead, Rogers has lived upon the Earth nearly seventy three years and upwards, as I have proved in a postscript of my letter, by this post, to Mr. Kinnaird.

Let me hear from you, and send me some Soda-powders for the Summer dilution. Write soon.

Yours ever and truly,

B.

P.S.—Your latest packet of books is on its way here,

1. In the First Letter on Bowles, Byron speaks of meeting him "in "the house of our venerable host" Rogers, "the last Argonaut of "classic English poetry, and the Nestor of our inferior race of "living poets." (See Appendix III. p. 537.)

but not arrived. *Kenilworth*[1] excellent. Thanks for the pocket-books, of whilk I have made presents to those ladies who like cuts, and landscapes, and all that. I have got an Italian book or two which I should like to send you if I had an opportunity.

I am not at present in the very highest health. Spring probably; so I have lowered my diet and taken to Epsom Salts.

As you say my *prose* is good, why don't you treat with *Moore* for the reversion of the Memoirs?[2]—*conditionally, recollect;* not to be published before decease. *He* has the permission to dispose of them, and I advised him to do so.

885.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, April 28, 1821.

You cannot have been more disappointed than myself, nor so much deceived. I have been so at some personal risk also, which is not yet done away with. However, no time nor circumstances shall alter my tone nor my feelings of indignation against tyranny triumphant. The present business has been as much a work of treachery as of cowardice,—though both may have done their part. If ever you and I meet again, I will have a talk with you upon the subject. At present, for obvious reasons, I can write but little, as all letters are opened.

1. *Kenilworth* was published in 1821.

2. Murray (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 425) writes, September 6, 1821, "I forgot in my former letter to notice a hint "in yours respecting an additional sum to Mr. Moore. The purchase "which I have made of the 'Memoirs' is perfectly *con amore*. "As a matter of mere business, if I placed the £2000 in the funds "(supposing they did not break), in fourteen years (the least annuity "value of the author's life) it would become £4000. Moore should "not show the 'Memoirs' to any one now, I think."

In *mine* they shall always find *my* sentiments, but nothing that can lead to the oppression of others.

You will please to recollect that the Neapolitans are now nowhere more execrated than in Italy, and not blame a whole people for the vices of a province. That would be like condemning Great Britain because they plunder wrecks in Cornwall.

And now let us be literary;—a sad falling off, but it is always a consolation. If "Othello's occupation be "gone," let us take to the next best; and, if we cannot contribute to make mankind more free and wise, we may amuse ourselves and those who like it. What are you writing? I have been scribbling at intervals, and Murray will be publishing about now.

Lady Noel has, as you say, been dangerously ill; but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again.

I have written a sheet or two more of Memoranda for you; and I kept a little Journal for about a month or two, till I had filled the paper-book. I then left it off, as things grew busy, and, afterwards, too gloomy to set down without a painful feeling. This I should be glad to send you, if I had an opportunity; but a volume, however small, don't go well by such posts as exist in this Inquisition of a country.

I have no news. As a very pretty woman said to me a few nights ago, with the tears in her eyes, as she sat at the harpsichord, "Alas! the Italians must now return to "making operas." I fear *that* and maccaroni are their forte, and "motley their only wear." However, there are some high spirits among them still. Pray write.

And believe me, etc.

886.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, May 3, 1821.

Though I wrote to you on the 28th ultimo, I must acknowledge yours of this day, with the lines.[1] They are sublime, as well as beautiful, and in your very best mood and manner. They are also but too true. However, do not confound the scoundrels at the *heel* of the boot with their betters at the top of it. I assure you that there are some loftier spirits.

Nothing, however, can be better than your poem, or more deserved by the Lazzaroni. They are now abhorred and disclaimed nowhere more than here. We will talk over these things (if we meet) some day, and I will recount my own adventures, some of which have been a little hazardous, perhaps.

So, you have got the Letter on Bowles? I do not recollect to have said any thing of *you* that could offend, —certainly, nothing intentionally. As for * * [Rogers?], I meant him a compliment. I wrote the whole off-hand, without copy or correction, and expecting then every day to be called into the field. What have I said of you? I am sure I forget. It must be something of regret for your approbation of Bowles.[2] And did you *not* approve,

1. Moore has the following notes in his Diary (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 214):—

"March 27, 1821.—Heard of the surrender of the Neapolitans, "without a blow, to the Austrians. Can this be true? Then there "is no virtue in Maccaroni. . . .

"28th. The news but too true; curse on the cowards! . . .

"30th. Wrote a few lines about the rascally Neapolitans."

These were the "Lines written on hearing that the Austrians had "entered Naples," beginning "Aye, down to the dust with them, "slaves as they are." They were printed in the *Traveller* for April 9, 1821.

2. For the allusion, see the first *Letter to John Murray, Esq., on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope*, Appendix III. p. 558. On this passage Moore has the two following notes:—

as he says? Would I had known that before! I would have given him some more gruel. My intention was to make fun of all these fellows; but how I succeeded, I don't know.

As to Pope, I have always regarded him as the greatest name in our poetry. Depend upon it, the rest are barbarians. He is a Greek Temple, with a Gothic Cathedral on one hand, and a Turkish Mosque and all sorts of fantastic pagodas and conventicles about him. You may call Shakspeare and Milton pyramids, if you please, but I prefer the Temple of Theseus or the Parthenon to a mountain of burnt brick-work.

The Murray has written to me but once, the day of its publication, when it seemed prosperous. But I have heard of late from England but rarely. Of Murray's other publications (of mine), I know nothing,—nor whether he *has* published. He was to have done so a month ago. I wish you would do something,—or that we were together.

Ever yours and affectionately,

B.

"I had not, when I wrote, *seen* this pamphlet, as he supposes, but "had merely heard from some friends, that his pen had 'run a-muck' "in it, and that I myself had not escaped a slight graze in its career."

"It may be sufficient to say of the use to which both Lord Byron "and Mr. Bowles thought it worth their while to apply my name in "this controversy, that, as far as my own knowledge of the subject "extended, I was disposed to agree with *neither* of the extreme "opinions into which, as it appeared to me, my distinguished friends "had diverged;—neither with Lord Byron in that spirit of partisan-"ship which led him to place Pope *above* Shakspeare and Milton, "nor with Mr. Bowles in such an application of the 'principles' of "poetry as could tend to sink Pope, on the scale of his art, to any "rank below the very first. Such being the middle state of my "opinion on the question, it will not be difficult to understand how "one of my controversial friends should be as mistaken in supposing "me to differ altogether from his views, as the other was in taking "for granted that I had ranged myself wholly on his side" (*Life*, p. 503).

887.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, May 8th, 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—Pray publish these additional notes.[1] It is of importance to the question in dispute, and even, if you can, print it on a separate page and distribute it to the purchasers of the former copies.

I have had no letters from you for this month past. *Acknowledge this by post;* as this note is worth the whole pamphlet as an *example* of what we are to prove against the Anti-christian anti-popists.

Yours,

BYRON.

P.S.—I copy the following postscript from Moore's latest letter to me of April 14th "Since I wrote the "above, Lady E. F. sent me your letter, and I have run "through it. *How the devil could Bowles say that I "agreed with his twaddling, and (still more strange) how "could you believe him?*" There! what do you think of this? You may show this to the initiated, but *not* publish it in print—yet at least—till I have M.'s permission.

Get and send me, if possible, Tom Tyers's amusing tracts upon Pope and Addison.[2] I had a copy in 1812 which was, I know not how, lost, and I could not obtain another. It is a scarce book, but has run through three editions I think. It is in the Boswell style, but more rapid; very curious, and indeed necessary if you think of a new life of Pope. Why don't Gifford undertake a Life and edition? It is more necessary than that of Ben

1. These "notes" are now printed as an "additional note" to Byron's first *Letter to John Murray, etc.* (See Appendix III. p. 563.)

2. Thomas Tyers (1726–1787), the "Tom Restless" of Johnson's *Idler*, wrote, among other pamphlets, *An Historical Rhapsody on Mr. Pope* (1781) and *An Historical Essay on Mr. Addison* (1782).

Jonson. Nobody can do it but Gifford, both from his qualities and turn of mind.

I have not sent you the Italian Scrap promised in my last letters, but will in a few posts.

Do you recollect the air of "How now, Madame "Flirt?" in the *Beggar's Opera*?[1]

BOWLES.

"Why how now, Saucy Tom,
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Thomas Campbell.—
Saucy Tom!"

CAMPBELL.

"Why how now, Billy Bowles,
Sure the parson's maudlin.
How can you (damn your souls) [To the public
Listen to his twaddling?
Billy Bowles!"

Thorwaldsen sent off the bust to be shipped from Leghorn last week. As it is addressed to your house and care you may be looking out for it, though I know not the probable time of the voyage in this Season of the year, which is one of light airs and breezes and calms in the Mediterranean.

888.—To John Murray.

May 10, 1821, Ravenna.

DEAR MURRAY,—I have just got your packet. I am obliged to Mr. Bowles, and Mr. B. is obliged to me, for having restored him to good humour. He is to write,

1. See p. 252, *note* 1.

and you to publish, what you please,—*motto* and subject. I desire nothing but fair play for all parties. Of course, after the new tone of Mr. B., you will *not* publish my *defence of Gilchrist*:[1] it would be brutal to do so after his urbanity, for it is rather too rough, like his own attack upon G. You may tell him what I say there of *his Missionary*[2] (it is praised, as it deserves), however; and if there are any passages *not personal* to Bowles, and yet bearing upon the question, you may add them to the reprint (if it is reprinted) of my 1st. letter to you. Upon this consult Gifford; and, above all, don't let any thing be added which can *personally* affect Mr. B.

In the enclosed notes, of course what I say of the *democracy* of poetry cannot apply to Mr. Bowles, but to the Cockney-and-Water washing-tub Schools.

Now, what are we to think of Bowles's story, and Moore's!!! they are at issue: is it not odd? I have copied M.'s postscript literally in my letter of the 8th.

1. *I.e.* the second *Letter to John Murray*. (See Appendix III. p. 567.)

Octavius Graham Gilchrist (1779–1823), a grocer at Stamford, published, in 1805, a volume of *Rhymes*, edited (1807) the *Poems* of Richard Corbet, and wrote (1811) *A Letter to W. Gifford, Esq.*, on Weber's edition of Ford's *Plays*. He had plunged into the Pope controversy by reviewing *Spence's Anecdotes* in the *London Magazine* for February, 1820. For further details of his dispute with Bowles, see Appendix III. pp. 524, 525. Gifford (Introduction to *Dramatic Works of John Ford*, p. lii. *note*) says—

"This gentleman, whom with Dr. Roscoe, I lament to call 'the "late ingenious Mr. Gilchrist,' had not reached the meridian of life "when he fell a sacrifice to some consumptive complaint, which "had long oppressed him. His last labour of love was an attempt "to rescue Pope from the rancorous persecution of his editor, the "Rev. Mr. Bowles. I know not why this doughty personage gives "himself such airs of superiority over Mr. Gilchrist; nor why, "unless from pure taste, he clothes them in a diction not often "heard out of the purlieus of St. Giles. Mr. Gilchrist was a man "of strict integrity; and in the extent and accuracy of his critical "knowledge, and the patient industry of his researches, as much "superior to the Rev. Mr. Bowles, as in good manners."

2. *The Missionary of the Andes* was published in 1815.

The anecdote of Mr. B. is as follows, and of course *not* for the public: After dinner at Ld Lansdowne's, they were talking, one evening, as Sir Robert Walpole used to talk always. Bowles said that, after all, *love* was the only thing worthy the risk of damnation.

* * * * *
* * * * *

This is "the tale as told to me" by Moore, and at least as good a story as Cibber's of Pope. You may tell it again to Mr. B., upon whom it reflects rather credit than otherwise, for the humour of it.

I hope and trust that Elliston *won't* be permitted to act the drama.[1] Surely *he* might have the grace to wait for Kean's return before he attempted it; though, *even then*, *I* should be as much against the attempt as ever.

I have got a small packet of books, but neither Waldegrave,[2] Orford, nor Scott's Novels among them. Some *Soda powders*, *pray*? Why don't you *republish* Hodgson's *C. Harold's Monitor* and *Latino-Mastix*?[3]

1. In opening the Surrey Theatre for Easter, 1821, Thomas Dibdin "announced a new melo-drame founded on Lord Byron's "recent play of Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice" (*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin*, vol. ii. p. 199). He was immediately warned by Mr. Murray's solicitor that an injunction had been obtained against Robert William Elliston, to restrain "the performance of "that play or any part thereof," and that similar proceedings would be taken against him.

2. *Memoirs from* 1754 *to* 1758, by James, Earl Waldegrave, K.G., and *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.*, by Horace Walpole, Lord Orford, were published in 1822 by Murray. Both were edited by Lord Holland. Byron was indignant that Murray had given more for them than the £2000 which he offered for *Don Juan* (Cantos III., IV., and V.), *The Two Foscari*, and *Sardanapalus*. As a matter of fact, Murray gave £2500 for the Waldegrave and Walpole Memoirs (*Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 90), and £2710 (*ibid.*, vol. i. p. 425) for the three tragedies of *Sardanapalus*, *Foscari*, and *Cain*.

3. Hodgson's *Childe Harold's Monitor, or Lines occasioned by the Last Canto of Childe Harold, including Hints to other Contemporaries*, was published in 1818. His *Sæculo Mastix, or the Lash of the Age we live in*, appeared in the same year.

they are excellent: think of this—they are all for *Pope*.

Yours truly,

B.

889.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, May 11, 1821.

If I had but known your notion about Switzerland before, I should have adopted it at once. As it is, I shall let the child remain in her convent,[1] where she seems healthy and happy, for the present; but I shall feel much obliged if you will *enquire*, when you are in the cantons, about the usual and better modes of education there for females, and let me know the result of your opinions. It is some consolation that both Mr. and Mrs. Shelley have written to approve entirely my placing the child with the nuns for the present. I can refer to my whole conduct, as having neither spared care, kindness,

1. See p. 262, *note* 2. From 1336 to 1796 the conventual buildings of St. John the Baptist at Bagnacavallo were occupied as a Camaldolese Monastery. When religious houses were suppressed by the French Revolutionary armies, the convent passed into the hands of Count Paolo Gaiani, who, in 1818, made it over to Sister Marianna delle Vergine Addolorata, known in the world as Caterina Fabbri (died 1849). This lady founded the Capuchin Convent of St. John as a place of education for girls of noble family. Allegra was brought to the convent (January 22, 1821), not by her father, but by a Ravennese named Ghigi (*La Figlia di Lord Byron*, Emilio Biondi, Faenza, 1899). It was a fashionable school. Sig. Biondi writes that Allegra had among her schoolfellows "una "marchesa Ghislieri di Bologna, una contessa Loreta di Ravenna, "ed una nostra concittadina, morta da non molti anni in avanzata "età, la nobil donna Ippolita Rusconi—nata contessa Biancoli." During her fatal illness the child was attended by two doctors, and had every possible care. But popular tradition, probably distorting medical orders that the invalid should be fed sparingly, asserted that she was starved to death. Allegra died April 20, 1822. Sig. Biondi thinks that he has discovered evidence that Byron, under an assumed name, visited the convent in August, 1823 (p. 26). Probably the date is a misprint for 1822.

nor expense, since the child was sent to me. The people may say what they please, I must content myself with not deserving (in this instance) that they should speak ill.

The place is a *country* town in a good air, where there is a large establishment for education, and many children, some of considerable rank, placed in it. As a *country* town, it is less liable to objections of every kind. It has always appeared to me, that the moral defect in Italy does *not* proceed from a *conventual* education,—because, to my certain knowledge, they come out of their convents innocent even to *ignorance* of moral evil,—but to the state of society into which they are directly plunged on coming out of it. It is like educating an infant on a mountain-top, and then taking him to the sea and throwing him into it and desiring him to swim. The evil, however, though still too general, is partly wearing away, as the women are more permitted to marry from attachment: this is, I believe, the case also in France. And after all, what is the higher society of England? According to my own experience, and to all that I have seen and heard (and I have lived there in the very highest and what is called the *best*), no way of life can be more corrupt. In Italy, however, it is, or rather *was*, more *systematised;* but *now*, they themselves are ashamed of *regular* Serventism. In England, the only homage which they pay to virtue is hypocrisy. I speak of course of the *tone* of high life;—the middle ranks may be very virtuous.

I have not got any copy (nor have yet had) of the letter on Bowles; of course I should be delighted to send it to you. How is Mrs. H.? well again, I hope. Let me know when you set out. I regret that I cannot meet you in the Bernese Alps this summer, as I once hoped and intended. With my best respects to madam,

I am ever, etc.

P.S.—I gave to a musician*er* a letter for you some time ago—has he presented himself? Perhaps you could introduce him to the Ingrams and other dilettanti. He is simple and unassuming—two strange things in his profession—and he fiddles like Orpheus himself or Amphion: 't is a pity that he can't make Venice dance away from the brutal tyrant who tramples upon it.

890.—To Francis Hodgson.

Ravenna, May 12, 1821.

DEAR HODGSON,—At length your two poems[1] have been sent. I have read them over (with the notes) with great pleasure. I receive your compliments kindly and your censures temperately, which I suppose is all that can be expected among poets. Your poem is, however, excellent,[2] and if not popular only proves that there is

1. Probably *Childe Harold's Monitor* and *Saculo Mastix, or the Lash of the Age we live in.*

2. In Hodgson's *Childe Harold's Monitor* (1818) occurs a passage in praise of Pope—

> "What! shall the bard majestically sweet,
> Who on the pallid walls of Paraclete
> Hung an undying wreath of softest green,
> While, sadly murmuring through the enchanted scene,
> Fell with new charm the solitary floods,
> And holier moonlight veiled the sleeping woods,—
> . . . . . .
> Shall he be summoned to the bar of shame,
> And slander fix false tinsel on his fame?
> . . . . . .
> True, that the wealth of wit at times betrays
> The balanced numbers to too rich a blaze;
> True that those numbers might, at times, have flown
> With Dryden's notes o'er regions scarce their own;
> Dared the contrasted pause, and streamed more free
> In soul-o'erflowing tides of harmony:
> . . . . . .
> But shall we vilify the morning star,
> Bright as he shines o'er earth's dim clouds afar,
> Because unequal to the noonday sun,
> And doomed a humbler course in Heaven to run?"

This praise, and some of the criticism on contemporary poets,

a *fortune* in *fame* as in every thing else in this world. Much, too, depends upon a publisher, and much upon luck; and the number of writers is such, that as the mind of a reader can only contain a certain quantum of poetry and poet's glories, he is sometimes saturated, and allows many good dishes to go away untouched (as happens at great dinners), and this not from fastidiousness but fulness.

You will have seen from my pamphlet on Bowles that our opinions are not very different. Indeed, my modesty would naturally *look* at least bashfully on being termed the "first of living minstrels"[1] (by a brother of the art) if both our estimates of "living minstrels" in general did not leaven the praise to a sober compliment. It is something like the priority in a retreat. There is but one of your tests which is not infallible: Translation. There are three or four *French* translations, and several German and Italian which I have seen. Moore wrote to me from Paris months ago that "the French had caught "the contagion of Byronism to the highest pitch" and has written since to say that nothing was ever like their "entusymusy" (you remember Braham) on the subject,

pleased Byron, and made him forgive the severity with which his own poetry is criticized. In the notes Hodgson says that the third canto of *Childe Harold* is disfigured with "violations of the true tone "of poetic diction," and "rambling metaphysical sentences of "broken prose borrowed from the most worthless of his contem-"poraries." "*Manfred* absolutely teems with them," etc. (p. 69). "That Harold's occasional images, even in his idlest moments, are "as brilliant as ever, nobody can deny; but long indulgence, and "the unaccountable imitation of inferior writers . . . have, assuredly, "deteriorated his style to a most lamentable degree. Concerning "*Beppo*, the less that is said the better" (p. 74), etc.

1. Hodgson had written, towards the beginning of his *Childe Harold's Monitor*—

> "Yet, oh! that, rising at some awful hour,
> The warning voice could breathe resistless power;
> And touch at once, in Truth's and Friendship's key,
> The first of living minstrels—Harold, thee!"

even through the "slaver of a prose translation:" these are his words. The Paris translation is also very inferior to the Geneva one, which is very fair, although in prose also, so you see that your test of "translateable or not" is not so sound as could be wished. It is no pleasure, however, you may suppose, to be criticised through such a translation, or indeed through any. I give up *Beppo*, though you know that it is no more than an imitation of Pulci and of a style common and esteemed in Italy. I have just published a drama, which is at least good English, I presume, for Gifford lays great stress on the purity of its diction.

I have been latterly employed a good deal more on politics than on anything else, for the Neapolitan treachery and desertion have spoilt all our hopes here, as well as our preparations. The whole country was ready. Of course I should not have sate still with my hands in my breeches' pockets. In fact they were full; that is to say, the hands. I cannot explain further now, for obvious reasons, as all letters of all people are opened. Some day or other we may have a talk over that and other matters. In the mean time there did not want a great deal of my having to finish like Lara.

Are you doing nothing? I have scribbled a good deal in the early part of last year, most of which scrawls will now be published, and part is, I believe, actually printed. Do you mean to sit still about Pope? If you do, it will be the first time. I have got such a headache from a cold and swelled face, that I must take a gallop into the forest and jumble it into torpor. My horses are waiting. So good-bye to you.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

Two hours after the Ave Maria, the Italian date of twilight.

DEAR HODGSON,—I have taken my canter, and am better of my headache. I have also dined, and turned over your notes. In answer to your note of page 90[1] I must remark from *Aristotle* and *Rymer*, that the *hero* of tragedy and (I add *meo periculo*) a tragic poem must *be guilty*, to excite "*terror and pity*," the end of tragic poetry. But hear not *me*, but my betters. "The pity "which the poet is to labour for is *for* the criminal. The "terror is likewise in the punishment of the said criminal, "who, if he be represented too great an offender, will *not* "*be pitied*; if altogether *innocent* his punishment will be "unjust."[2] In the Greek Tragedy innocence is unhappy often, and the offender escapes. I must also ask you is *Achilles* a *good* character? or is even Æneas anything but a successful runaway? It is for Turnus men feel and not for the Trojan. Who is the hero of *Paradise Lost*? Why Satan,—and Macbeth, and Richard, and Othello, Pierre, and Lothario, and Zanga? If you talk so, I shall "cut you up like a gourd," as the Mamelukes say. But never mind, go on with it.

1. To the line in *Childe Harold's Monitor*—

"In plundering heroes of the Marmion strain"—

Hodgson adds a note (p. 90), in which he says, "Charles Moor, in "the Robbers, is the worthy mirror and glass of fashion, in which "the poetical heroes of the day have dressed themselves. . . . The "long series of depraved heroes: of profligates adorned with courage, "and rendered interesting by all the warmth and tenderness of love; "who have formed the prominent object in our more popular litera-"ture for many years, cannot but have had the worst effect on the "minds of the young," etc., etc.

2. "Dryden's Life" in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, p. 203, etc.

891.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, May 14th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—A Milan paper states that the play has been represented and universally condemned. As remonstrance has been vain, complaint would be useless. I presume, however, for your own sake (if not for mine), that you and my other friends will have at least published my different protests against its being brought upon the stage at all; and have shown that Elliston (in spite of the writer) *forced* it upon the theatre. It would be nonsense to say that this has not vexed me a good deal; but I am not dejected, and I shall not take the usual resource of blaming the public (which was in the right), or my friends for not preventing—what they could not help, nor I neither—a *forced* representation by a Speculating Manager. It is a pity that you did not show them its *unfitness* for ye stage before the play was *published*, and exact a promise from the managers not to act it.[1] In case of their refusal, we would not have published it at all. But this is too late.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—I enclose Mr. Bowles's letters: thank him in my name for their candour and kindness. Also a letter for Hodgson, which pray forward. The Milan paper states that "*I brought forward the play ! ! !*" This is

1. Goethe (*Conversations with Eckermann and Soret*, translated by John Oxenford, vol. i. pp. 204, 205) said, February 24, 1825, "If I were still superintendent of the theatre, I would bring out "Byron's *Doge of Venice*. The piece is, indeed, long, and would "require shortening. Nothing, however, should be cut out, but the "import of each scene should be taken, and expressed more con- "cisely. The piece would thus be brought closer together, without "being damaged by alterations, and it would gain a powerful effect, "without any essential loss of beauty."

pleasanter still. But don't let yourself be worried about it; and if (as is likely) the folly of Elliston checks the sale, I am ready to make any deduction, or the entire cancel of your agreement.

You will of course *not* publish my defence of Gilchrist, as, after Bowles's good humour upon the subject, it would be too savage.

Let me hear from you the particulars; for, as yet, I have only the simple fact.

If you knew *what* I have had to go through here, on account of the failure of these rascally Neapolitans, you would be amused. But it is now apparently over. They seemed disposed to throw the whole project and plans of these parts upon me chiefly.

892.—To Thomas Moore.

May 14, 1821.

If any part of the letter to Bowles has (unintentionally, as far as I remember the contents) vexed you, you are fully avenged; for I see by an Italian paper that, notwithstanding all my remonstrances through all my friends (and yourself among the rest), the managers persisted in attempting the tragedy, and that it has been "unani-"mously hissed!!" This is the consolatory phrase of the Milan paper, (which detests me cordially, and abuses me, on all occasions, as a Liberal,) with the addition, that *I* "brought the play out" of my own good will.

All this is vexatious enough, and seems a sort of dramatic Calvinism—predestined damnation, without a sinner's own fault. I took all the pains poor mortal could to prevent this inevitable catastrophe—partly by appeals of all kinds, up to the Lord Chamberlain, and partly to the fellows themselves. But, as remonstrance

was vain, complaint is useless. I do not understand it —for Murray's letter of the 24th, and all his preceding ones, gave me the strongest hopes that there would be no representation. As yet, I know nothing but the fact, which I presume to be true, as the date is Paris, and the 30th. They must have been in a *hell* of a hurry for this damnation, since I did not even know that it was published; and, without its being first published, the histrions could not have got hold of it. Any one might have seen, at a glance, that it was utterly impracticable for the stage; and this little accident will by no means enhance its merit in the closet.

Well, patience is a virtue, and, I suppose, practice will make it perfect. Since last year (spring, that is) I have lost a lawsuit, of great importance, on Rochdale collieries—have occasioned a divorce—have had my poesy disparaged by Murray and the critics—my fortune refused to be placed on an advantageous settlement (in Ireland) by the trustees;—my life threatened last month (they put about a paper here to excite an attempt at my assassination, on account of politics, and a notion which the priests disseminated that I was in a league against the Germans,)—and, finally, my mother-in-law recovered last fortnight, and my play was damned last week! These are like "the eight-and-twenty misfortunes of Harlequin."[1] But they must be borne. If I give in, it shall be after keeping up a spirit at least. I should not have cared so much about it, if our southern neighbours had not bungled us all out of freedom for these five hundred years to come.

Did you know John Keats? They say that he was killed by a review of him in the *Quarterly*—if he be

1. See *Le disgratie d'Arlecchino: vis. Harlequin's Misfortunes.* London, 1726, 8vo.

dead, which I really don't know. I don't understand that *yielding* sensitiveness. What I feel (as at this present) is an immense rage for eight-and-forty hours, and then, as usual—unless this time it should last longer. I must get on horseback to quiet me.

Yours, etc.

Francis I. wrote, after the battle of Pavia, "All is "lost except our honour."[1] A hissed author may reverse it—"*Nothing* is lost, except our honour." But the horses are waiting, and the paper full. I wrote last week to you.

893.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, May 17th 1821.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—You will have seen a paragraph in the Italian papers stating that "L.d B. had exposed "his t[ragedy] of *M*[*arino*] *F*[*aliero*], etc., and that it was "universally hissed." You will have also seen in *Galignani* (what is confirmed by my letters from London), that this is *twice* false; for, in the first place, *I opposed* the representation at all, and in the *next*, it was *not* hissed, but is continued to be acted, in spite of Author, publisher, and the Lord Chancellor's injunction.

1. The famous note of Francis I. to his mother after the Battle of Pavia, "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*," is not historical. The real letter begins thus—

"MADAME,—Pour vous advertir comment se porte le ressort "de mon infortune, de toutes choses n' m'est demouré que l' honneur "et la vie qui est saulvé, et pour ce que en nostre adversité cette "nouvelle vous fera quelque resconfort, j'ay prié qu'on me laissast "pour escrire ces lettres, ce qu'on m'a agréablement accordé."

The whole letter is printed by Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire* (ed. 1857, p. 90). Fournier suggests that the phrase may possibly be traced to the Spanish historian, Antonio de Vera, who translates the alleged billet: "*Madama, toto se ha perdido sino es la honra*" (*Vida y hechos de Carlos V.*, p. 123).

Now I wish *you* to obtain a statement of this short and simple truth in the Venetian and Milan papers, as a contradiction to their former lie. I say *you*, because your consular dignity will obtain this justice, which out of their hatred to *me* (as a *liberal*) they would not concede to an unofficial Individual.

Will you take this trouble? I think two words from you to those in power will do it, because I require nothing but the statement of what we both know to be the fact, and that a *fact* in no way political. Am I presuming too much upon your good nature?

I suppose that I have no other resource, and to whom can an Englishman apply, in a case of ignorant insult like this (where no *personal* redress is to be had), but to the person resident most nearly connected with his own government?

I wrote to you last week, and am now, in all haste,

Yours ever and most truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Humble reverences to Madame. Pray favour me with a line in answer.

If the play had been condemned, the injunction would be *superfluous* against the continuance of the representation.

894.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, May 19th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—Enclosed is a letter of Valpy's, which it is for you to answer. I have nothing further to do with the mode of publication. By the papers of Thursday, and two letters from Mr. K.d, I perceive that the Italian Gazette had lied most *Italic*ally, and that the drama had *not* been hissed, and that my friends *had*

interfered to prevent the representation. So it seems they continue to act it, in spite of us all. For this we must "trouble them at *'Size:*" let it by all means be brought to a plea: I am determined to try the right, and will *meet* the expences. The reason of the Lombard lie was that the Austrians—who keep up an Inquisition throughout Italy, and a *list* of *names* of all who think or speak of any thing but in favour of their despotism—have for five years past abused me in every form in the Gazette of Milan, etc. I wrote to you a week ago upon the subject.

Now, I should be glad to know what compensation Mr. Elliston could make me, not only for dragging my writings on the stage in *five* days, but for being the cause that I was kept for *four* days (from Sunday to Thursday morning, the only post days) in the *belief* that the *tragedy* had been acted and "unanimously hissed;" and this with the addition that "*I* had brought it upon the stage," and consequently that none of my friends had attended to my request to the contrary. Suppose that I had burst a blood vessel, like John Keats, or blown [out] my brains in a fit of rage,—neither of which would have been unlikely a few years ago. At present I am, luckily, calmer than I used to be, and yet I would not pass those four days over again for—I know not what.

I wrote to you to keep up your spirits, for reproach is useless always, and irritating; but my feelings were very much hurt, to be dragged like a Gladiator to the fate of a Gladiator by that "*Retiarius*," Mr. Elliston. As to his defence and offers of compensation, what is all this to the purpose? It is like Louis the 14th, who insisted upon buying at any price Algernon Sydney's horse,[1] and, on

1. Byron refers to a discredited anecdote of Sydney and Louis—"It is said that Louis, seeing Sydney mounted on a splendid

refusal, on taking it by force, Sydney shot his horse. I could not shoot my tragedy, but I would have flung it into the fire rather than have had it represented.

I have now written nearly *three* acts of another (intending to complete it in five), and am more anxious than ever to be preserved from such a breach of all literary courtesy and gentlemanly consideration.

If we succeed, well: if not, previous to any future publication, we will request a *promise* not to be acted, which I would even pay for (as money is their object), or I will not publish—which, however, you will probably not much regret.

The Chancellor[1] has behaved nobly. You have also conducted yourself in the most satisfactory manner; and I have no fault to find with any body but the Stage-players and their proprietor. I was always so civil to Elliston personally, that he ought to have been the last to attempt to injure me.

There is a most rattling thunder-storm pelting away at this present writing; so that I write neither by day, nor by candle, nor torch light, but by *lightning*-light: the flashes are as brilliant as the most Gaseous glow of the Gas-light company. My chimney-board has just been thrown down by a gust of wind: I thought that it was

"English thorough-bred, was so enchanted with the animal that he "immediately expressed a desire to become its purchaser. Sydney "declined to part with it, whereupon the haughty monarch gave "orders that money should be tendered and the horse seized. "Sydney, burning with indignation and passion, when this command "was brought to him, instantly took a pistol and shot the magnificent "steed, saying that his horse was born a free creature, had served a "free man, and should not be mastered by a king of slaves" (Ewald, *Life and Times of Algernon Sydney*, vol. ii. p. 17).

1. "By the way," writes Murray to Byron, March 20, 1821 (*Memoir*, vol. i. pp. 420, 421), "Hobhouse spoke to Lord Grey "about the impropriety of allowing a play, not intended for per- "formance, to be acted on the stage. Earl Grey spoke to the Lord "Chancellor, who said that he would grant an injunction."

the "bold Thunder" and "brisk Lightning" in person—*three* of us would be too many. There it goes—*flash* again! but,

> I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;
> I never gave ye *franks*, nor *called* upon you;[1]

as I have done by and upon Mr. Elliston.

Why do not you write? You should have at least sent me a line of particulars: I know nothing yet but by Galignani and the honourable Douglas.

Hobhouse has been paying back Mr. Canning's assault.[2]

1. "I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure."

King Lear, act iii. sc. 2.

2. In the House of Commons, April 17, 1821, Mr. Lambton, seconded by Mr. S. C. Whitbread, proposed "That this House do "resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House to consider the "state of the representation of the people in Parliament." The motion was supported by Hobhouse, who, in meeting the objection that the House would be inundated by demagogues, said, as reported in the *Traveller*, April 18, 1821—

". . . If, however, the demagogue is but six months in finding "his level, in shrinking to his proper dimensions, there is a descrip- "tion of persons that do not in six months, no, nor in thirty years, "find their level, and sink to their proper dimensions here. These "are the regular adventurers, the downright trading politicians. The "House will easily suggest to itself the sort of being to which I allude; "but to prevent mistakes, I would presume to attempt a portrait, "not finished, but not exaggerated. A smart sixth-form boy, the "little hero of a little world, matures his precocious parts at college, "and sends before him his fame to the metropolis; a Minister, or "some Borough-holder of the day thinks him worth saving from his "democratic associates, and from the unprofitable principles which "the thoughtless enthusiasm of youth may have inclined him hitherto "to adopt. The hopeful youth yields at once; and, placed in the "true line of promotion, he takes his beat with the more veteran "prostitutes of Parliament. There he rounds his periods; there he "balances his antitheses; there he adjusts his alliterations; and, "plastering up the interstices of his piebald patchwork rhetoric with "froth and foam—this master of pompous nothings becomes first "favourite of the great Council of the Nation. His very want of "sincerity and virtue qualifies him for a corrupted audience, who

He was right; for Canning had been, like Addison, trying to "*cuff down new-fledged merit.*" [1] Hobhouse has in him "something dangerous" [2] if not let alone.

Well, and how does our Pope Controversy go on, and

"look upon his parts as an excuse for their degeneracy, and regard "him, not only as the partner, but as the apologist of their common "degradation. Such a man may have notoriously spurned at every "principle of public morality and public honour; he may have by "turns insulted, derided, betrayed, and crouched to every party, or "at least every politician, in the State. Sometimes he may have "shown all the arrogance of success, at other times have dis-"played the true tameness of an underling, and have submitted to "serve under those in public whom he has conspired in private to "ruin and destroy. Yet this man—with

"'Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust,'—

"this man, I say, shall be courted and caressed in Parliament, and "he shall never be so much admired, never so much applauded, as "when playing off his buffoonery at the expense of public virtue—as "when depreciating the understandings or mocking the sufferings of "the people. Such a man does not find his level; he does not "shrink to his proper dimensions in the unreformed House; on the "contrary, he is the true House of Commons hero. Despised and "detected as he may be without doors, he finds a shelter in the "bosom of the Senate: sunk as he may be in public opinion, he "there attains to an eminence which raises him for the time above "the scorn of his fellow-countrymen. True, his fame is not lasting, "but for the moment he is the glory and the shame of Parliament: "no one equals him on that stage.

"'Him, thus exalted, for a wit we own,
And court him as top-fiddle of the town.'

"Such a man, I say, sir, would have no place in a reformed Parlia-"ment; and if he be either useful or ornamental in a deliberative "assembly, it is for him that should be reserved that nest of "boroughs which it has been proposed to keep solely for the "demagogues. Talents without character would be banished from "such an assembly, and the honest discharge of a sacred trust would "be the first, instead of the last, requisite of a public man."

1. Byron probably alludes to *Venice Preserved*, act ii. sc. 2—

"... those baleful unclean birds,
Those lazy owls, who, perch'd near fortune's top,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledg'd virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious."

2. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

the pamphlet? It is impossible to write any news: the Austrian scoundrels rummage all letters.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—I could have sent you a good deal of Gossip and some *real* information, were it not that all letters pass through the Barbarians' inspection, and I have no wish to inform *them* of any thing but my utter abhorrence of them and theirs. They have only conquered by treachery, however.

Send me some Soda-powders, some of "Acton's Corn-"rubbers," and W. Scott's romances. And do pray write: when there is anything to interest, you are always silent.

895.—To Madame Guiccioli.

[Undated.]

Ecco la verità di ciò che io vi dissi pochi giorni fa, come vengo sacrificato in tutte le maniere senza sapere il

1. Of this extract Moore (*Life*, p. 510) gives the following translation, prefaced by Countess Guiccioli's account of Byron's anxiety on the occasion:—

"His quiet was, in spite of himself, often disturbed by public "events, and by the attacks which, principally in his character of "author, the journals levelled at him. In vain did he protest that "he was indifferent to these attacks. The impression was, it is "true, but momentary; and he, from a feeling of noble pride, but "too much disdained to reply to his detractors. But, however brief "his annoyance was, it was sufficiently acute to occasion him much "pain, and to afflict those who loved him. Every occurrence rela-"tive to the bringing *Marino Faliero* on the stage caused him "excessive inquietude. On the occasion of an article in the *Milan* "*Gazette*, in which mention was made of this affair, he wrote to me "in the following manner:—'You will see here confirmation of what "I told you the other day! I am sacrificed in every way, without "knowing the *why* or the *wherefore*. The tragedy in question is not "(nor ever was) written for, or adapted to, the stage; nevertheless, "the plan is not romantic; it is rather regular than otherwise;—in

perché e il *come*. La tragedia di cui si parla non è (e non era mai) nè scritta nè adatta al teatro; ma non è però romantico il disegno, è piuttosto regolare—regolarissimo per l' unità del tempo, e mancando poco a quella del sito. Voi sapete bene se io aveva intenzione di farla rappresentare, poichè era scritta al vostro fianco e nei momenti per certo più *tragici* per me come *uomo* che come *autore*,—perchè *voi* eravate in affanno ed in pericolo. Intanto sento dalla vostra Gazetta che sia nata una cabala, un partito, e senza ch' io vi abbia presa la minima parte. Si dice che *l'autore ne fece la lettura ! ! !*—quì forse? a Ravenna?—ed a chi? forse a Fletcher ! ! ! quel illustre litterato, etc., etc.

896.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, May 20, 1821.

Since I wrote to you last week I have received English letters and papers, by which I perceive that what I took for an Italian *truth* is, after all, a French lie of the *Gazette de France*. It contains two ultra-falsehoods in as many lines. In the first place, Lord B. did *not* bring forward his play, but opposed the same; and, secondly, it was *not* condemned, but is continued to be acted, in despite of publisher, author, Lord Chancellor, and (for aught I know to the contrary) of audience, up to the first of May, at least—the latest date of my letters. You will

" point of unity of time, indeed, perfectly regular, and failing but " slightly in unity of place. You well know whether it was ever my " intention to have it acted, since it was written at your side, and at " a period assuredly rather more *tragical* to me as a *man* than as an " *author*; for *you* were in affliction and peril. In the mean time, I " learn from your Gazette that a cabal and party has been formed, " while I myself have never taken the slightest step in the business. " It is said that *the author read it aloud ! ! !*—here, probably, at " Ravenna ?—and to whom ? perhaps to Fletcher ! ! !—that illustrious " literary character, etc., etc.' "

oblige me, then, by causing Mr. Gazette of France to contradict himself, which, I suppose, he is used to. I never answer a foreign *criticism;* but this is a mere matter of *fact*, and not of *opinions*. I presume that you have English and French interest enough to do this for me—though, to be sure, as it is nothing but the *truth* which we wish to state, the insertion may be more difficult.

As I have written to you often lately at some length, I won't bore you further now, than by begging you to comply with my request; and I presume the *esprit du corps* (is it "*du*" or "*de*"? for this is more than I know) will sufficiently urge you, as one of "*ours*," to set this affair in its real aspect. Believe me always yours ever and most affectionately,

BYRON.

897.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, May 25, 1821.

I am very much pleased with what you say of Switzerland, and will ponder upon it. I would rather she married there than here for that matter. For fortune, I shall make all that I can spare (if I live and she is correct in her conduct); and if I die before she is settled, I have left her by will five thousand pounds, which is a fair provision *out* of England for a natural child. I shall increase it all I can, if circumstances permit me; but, of course (like all other human things), this is very uncertain.

You will oblige me very much by interfering to have the FACTS of the play-acting stated, as these scoundrels appear to be organising a system of abuse against me, because I am in their "*list*." I care nothing for *their criticism*, but the matter of fact. I have written *four* acts of another tragedy, so you see they *can't* bully me.

You know, I suppose, that they actually keep a *list* of all individuals in Italy who dislike them—it must be numerous. Their suspicions and actual alarms, about my conduct and presumed intentions in the late row, were truly ludicrous—though, not to bore you, I touched upon them lightly. They believed, and still believe here, or affect to believe it, that the whole plan and project of rising was settled by me, and the *means* furnished, etc., etc. All this was more fomented by the barbarian agents, who are numerous here (one of them was stabbed yesterday, by the way, but not dangerously):—and although when the Commandant was shot here before my door in December, I took him into my house, where he had every assistance, till he died on Fletcher's bed; and although not one of them dared to receive him into their houses but myself, they leaving him to perish in the night in the sreets, they put up a paper about three months ago, denouncing me as the Chief of the Liberals, and stirring up persons to assassinate me. But this shall never silence nor bully my opinions. All this came from the German Barbarians.

898.—To John Murray.

R^a^ May 25th 1821.

MR. MORAY,—Since I wrote the enclosed a week ago, and for some weeks before, I have not had a line from you. Now I should be glad to know upon what principle of common or *un*common feeling, you leave me without any information but what I derive from garbled gazettes in English, and abusive ones in Italian (the Germans hating me as a *Coal-heaver*[1]), while all this kick up has been going on about the play? You SHABBY

1. *I.e.* a carbonaro.

fellow!!! Were it not for two letters from Douglas Kinnaird, I should have been as ignorant as you are negligent.

I send you an Elegy as follows:—

Behold the blessings of a lucky lot!
My play *is damned*, and Lady Noel *not*.

So, I hear Bowles has been abusing Hobhouse:[1] if

1. Hobhouse contributed to the first edition of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (*Poems*, vol. i. p. 327, *note* 1, and Appendix III. of this volume) some couplets on Bowles. These couplets were afterwards exchanged for Byron's own lines, thus quoted by the *Quarterly* reviewer in his article on Spence's *Anecdotes of Books and Men* (*Quarterly Review* for July, 1820, p. 425)—

"If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay—
Let all the scandal of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet did for hire."

In the second of his *Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron* (1821), pp. 103, 104, Bowles, referring to the attack on himself in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, says, "The task of "bestowing the '*heaviest*' and heartiest lashes, I find devolved on "your friend the gallant and puissant Knight of Westminster. "Can I, then, pass over entirely this your *coadjutor*, now my lance "is in its rest? I do not know whether Hobhouse or your Lordship "wrote the lines quoted in the *Quarterly*. If Hobhouse did not "write these, I find he wrote others *more severe*, and therefore I "take them as they stand." He then quotes the lines given above, and adapts them thus—

"If snow-white innocence, that from the first
Has foil'd the best defenders, need the worst,
Hobhouse, essay—
Let all the *pertness* of palav'ring prose
Froth on thy lips, and *perch* upon thy nose;
Affect a virtue that thou can'st not feel;
Clothe faction in the garb of patriot zeal;
Against King, Commons, Lords,—and Canning,—bray
And do for HATE what Santerre did for pay!"

To this Hobhouse replied with the following lines, quoted in the *Memoir of John Murray* (vol. i. p. 421)—

that's the case, he has broken the truce, like Morillo's successor, and I will cut him out, as Cochrane did the Esmeralda.[1]

Since I wrote the enclosed packet, I have completed (but not copied out) four acts of a new tragedy. When I have finished the fifth, I will copy it out. It is on the subject of *Sardanapalus*,[2] the last king of the Assyrians. The words *Queen* and *pavilion* occur, but it is not an allusion to his Britannic Majesty, as you may tremulously (for the admiralty custom) imagine. This you will one day see (if I finish it), as I have made Sardanapalus *brave*, (though voluptuous, as history represents him,) and also as *amiable* as my poor powers could render him. So that it could neither be truth nor satire on any living monarch. I have strictly preserved all the unities hitherto, and mean to continue them in the fifth, if possible; but *not for the Stage*. Yours, in haste and hatred, you scrubby correspondent!

B.

"Should Parson Bowles yourself or friend compare
To some French cut-throat, if you please, Santerre—
Or heap, malignant, on your living head
The smut and trash he pour'd on Pope when dead,
Say what reply—or how with him to deal—
Sot without shame and fool that cannot feel?
You would not parley with a printers' hack—
You cannot cane him, for his coat is black;
Reproof and chastisement are idly spent
On one who calls a kick a compliment.
Unwhipp'd, then, leave him to lampoon and lie
Safe in his parson's guise and infamy."

1. Lord Cochrane, who, in 1817, had undertaken the command and organization of the Chilian navy, cut out the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda*, which was lying under the batteries of Callao, on the night of November 5, 1820.

2. Between May and September 10, 1821, Byron sent to Murray the three dramas of *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, and *Cain*. They were published together in December, 1821, Murray paying for them £2710.

899.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, May 28th 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—Since my last of the 26th or 25th, I have dashed off my fifth act of the tragedy called *Sardanapalus*. But now comes the copying over, which may prove heavy work—heavy to the writer as to the reader. I have written to you at least 6 times *sans* answer, which proves you to be a—bookseller. I pray you to send me a copy of Mr. "*Wrangham's*" reformation of "*Langhorne's* "*Plutarch:*[1]" I have the Greek, which is somewhat small of print, and the Italian, which is too heavy in style, and as false as a Neapolitan patriot proclamation. I pray you also to send me a life, published some years ago, of the *Magician Apollonius* of T[yana], etc., etc.[2] It is in English, and I think edited or written by what "Martin "Marprelate" calls "*a bouncing priest.*" I shall trouble you no further with this sheet than ye postage.

Yours, etc.,

B.

P.S.—Since I wrote this, I determined to inclose it (as a half sheet) to Mr. K., who will have the goodness to forward it. Besides, it saves sealing wax.

900.—To John Murray.

R^a^ May 30th 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—You say you have written often: I have only received yours of the eleventh, which is very

1. The Rev. John Langhorne's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* (1770) was edited by the Rev. Francis Wrangham in 1810.

2. The *Life* of Apollonius of Tyana, of whom Gibbon wrote (*Decline and Fall*, ed. 1854, vol. ii. p. 22, *note*), "We are at a loss to "discover whether he was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic," was translated into English, from the Greek of Philostratus, by Charles Blount in 1680, and by the Rev. Edward Berwick in 1810.

short. By this post, in *five* packets, I send you the tragedy of *Sardanapalus*, which is written in a rough hand: perhaps Mrs. Leigh can help you to decypher it. You will please to acknowledge it by *return* of post. You will remark that the *Unities* are all *strictly* observed. The Scene passes in the same *Hall* always. The time, a *Summer's night*, about nine hours, or less, though it begins before Sunset and ends after Sunrise. In the third act, when Sardanapalus calls for a *mirror* to look at himself in his *armour*, recollect to quote the Latin passage from *Juvenal* upon *Otho* (a similar character, who did the same thing): Gifford will help you to it.[1] The trait is perhaps too familiar, but it is historical (of *Otho*, at least,) and natural in an effeminate character.

Preface, etc., etc., will be sent when I know of the arrival. For the historical account, I refer you to Diodorus Siculus, from which you must have the *chapters* of the Story translated, as an explanation and a *note* to the drama.[2]

You write so seldom and so shortly, that you can hardly expect from me more than I receive.

Yours truly, etc.

P.S.—Remember me to Gifford, and say that I doubt that this MSS. will puzzle him to decypher it. The Characters are quite different from any I have hitherto attempted to delineate.

1. The quotation was not apparently made in the early edition (1821). It is from Juvenal, *Sat.* ii. lines 99–103—

> "Ille tenet speculum, pathici gestamen Othonis,
> Actoris Aurunci spolium, quo se ille videbat
> Armatum, cum jam tolli vexilla juberet.
> Res memoranda novis annalibus, atque recenti
> Historia, speculum civilis sarcina belli."

2. Instead of the chapters from Diodorus Siculus, the explanatory note gives a quotation from Mitford's *History of Greece*, vol. ix. pp. 311–313.

You must have it *copied out* directly, as you best can, and *printed off* in *proofs* (more than one), as I have retained no copy in my hands.

With regard to the publication, I can only protest as heretofore against its being acted, it being expressly written *not* for the theatre.

901.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, May 31, 1821.

I enclose you another letter, which will only confirm what I have said to you.

About Allegra—I will take some decisive step in the course of the year; at present, she is so happy where she is, that perhaps she had better have her *alphabet* imparted in her convent.

What you say of the *Dante* is the first I have heard of it—all seeming to be merged in the *row* about the tragedy. Continue it!—Alas! what could Dante himself *now* prophesy about Italy? I am glad you like it, however, but doubt that you will be singular in your opinion. My *new* tragedy is completed.

The B[enzoni] is *right*,[1]—I ought to have mentioned her *humour* and *amiability*, but I thought at her *sixty*, beauty would be most agreeable or least likely. However, it shall be rectified in a new edition; and if any of the parties have either looks or qualities which they wish to be noticed, let me have a minute of them. I

1. This refers to the following passage in Note V. appended to *Marino Faliero:* "From the present decay and degeneracy of "Venice under the Barbarians, there are some honourable individual "exceptions. . . . There is Alvise Querini, who, after a long and "honourable diplomatic career, finds some consolation for the "wrongs of his country, in the pursuits of literature with his nephew, "Vittor Benzon, the son of the celebrated beauty, the heroine of "'La Biondina in Gondoletta,' etc."

have no private nor personal dislike to *Venice*, rather the contrary: but I merely speak of what is the subject of all remarks and all writers upon her present state. Let me hear from you before you start.

Believe me ever, etc.

P.S.—Did you receive two letters of Douglas Kinnaird's in an endorse from me? Remember me to Mengaldo, Seranzo, and all who care that I should remember them. The letter alluded to in the enclosed, "to the *Cardinal*," was in answer to some *queries* of the government, about a poor devil of a Neapolitan, arrested at Sinigaglia on suspicion, who came to beg of me here; being without breeches, and consequently without pockets for halfpence, I relieved and forwarded him to his country, and they arrested him at Pesaro on suspicion, and have since interrogated me (civilly and politely, however,) about him. I sent them the poor man's petition, and such information as I had about him, which I trust will get him out again, that is to say, if they give him a fair hearing.

I *am* content with the article. Pray, did you receive, some posts ago, Moore's lines which I enclosed to you, written at Paris?[1]

902.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, June 4, 1821.

You have not written lately, as is the usual custom with literary gentlemen, to console their friends with their observations in cases of magnitude. I do not know whether I sent you my "Elegy on the *recovery* of Lady "Noel:"—

1. Probably the "Lines written on hearing that the Austrians "had entered Naples," with the motto "*Carbone* Notati!"

Behold the blessings of a lucky lot—
My play is damn'd, and Lady Noel *not*.

The papers (and perhaps your letters) will have put you in possession of Muster Elliston's dramatic behaviour. It is to be presumed that the play was *fitted* for the stage by Mr. Dibdin, who is the tailor upon such occasions, and will have taken measure with his usual accuracy. I hear that it is still continued to be performed—a piece of obstinacy for which it is some consolation to think that the discourteous histrio will be out of pocket.

You will be surprised to hear that I have finished another tragedy in *five* acts, observing all the unities strictly. It is called *Sardanapalus*, and was sent by last post to England. It is *not for* the stage, any more than the other was intended for it—and I shall take better care *this* time that they don't get hold on't.

I have also sent, two months ago, a further letter on Bowles, etc.; but he seems to be so taken up with my "respect" (as he calls it) towards him in the former case, that I am not sure that it will be published, being somewhat too full of "pastime and prodigality." I learn from some private letters of Bowles's, that *you* were "the "gentleman in asterisks." Who would have dreamed it? you see what mischief that clergyman has done by printing notes without names. How the deuce was I to suppose that the first four asterisks meant "Campbell" and *not* "*Pope*," and that the blank signature meant Thomas Moore?[1] You see what comes of being familiar

1. "In their eagerness, like true controversialists, to avail themselves of every passing advantage, and convert even straws into "weapons on an emergency, my two friends, during their short war, "fare, contrived to place me in that sort of embarrassing position, "the most provoking feature of which is, that it excites more amusement than sympathy. On the one side, Mr. Bowles chose to cite, "as a support to his argument, a short fragment of a note, addressed "to him, as he stated, by 'a gentleman of the highest literary,' etc.,

with parsons. His answers have not yet reached *me*, but I understand from Hobhouse, that *he* (H.) is attacked in them. If that be the case, Bowles has broken the truce, (which he himself proclaimed, by the way,) and I must have at him again.

Did you receive my letters with the two or three concluding sheets of Memoranda?

There are no news here to interest much. A German spy (*boasting* himself such) was stabbed last week, but *not*

"etc., and saying, in reference to Mr. Bowles's former pamphlet, "'You have hit the right nail on the head, and * * * * * too.' "This short scrap was signed with four asterisks; and when, on the "appearance of Mr. Bowles's Letter, I met with it in his pages, not "the slightest suspicion ever crossed my mind that I had been myself "the writer of it;—my communications with my reverend friend and "neighbour having been (for years, I am proud to say) sufficiently "frequent to allow of such a hasty compliment to his disputative "powers passing from my memory. When Lord Byron took the "field against Mr. Bowles's Letter, this unlucky scrap, so authorita- "tively brought forward, was, of course, too tempting a mark for "his facetiousness to be resisted; more especially as the person "mentioned in it, as having suffered from the reverend critic's "vigour, appeared, from the number of asterisks employed in de- "signating him, to have been Pope himself, though, in reality, the "name was that of Mr. Bowles's former antagonist, Mr. Campbell. "The noble assailant, it is needless to say, made the most of this "vulnerable point; and few readers could have been more diverted "than I was with his happy ridicule of 'the gentleman in asterisks,' "little thinking that I was myself, all the while, this veiled victim, "—nor was it till about the time of the receipt of the above letter, "that, by some communication on the subject from a friend in "England, I was startled into the recollection of my own share in "the transaction.

"While by one friend I was thus unconsciously, if not innocently, "drawn into the scrape, the other was not slow in rendering me the "same friendly service;—for, on the appearance of Lord Byron's "answer to Mr. Bowles, I had the mortification of finding that, "with a far less pardonable want of reserve, he had all but named "me as his authority for an anecdote of his reverend opponent's "early days, which I had, in the course of an after-dinner conversa- "tion, told him at Venice, and which,—pleasant in itself, and, "whether true or false, harmless,—derived its sole sting from the "manner in which the noble disputant triumphantly applied it. "Such are the consequences of one's near and dear friends taking to "controversy."—Moore.

mortally. The moment I heard that he went about bullying and boasting, it was easy for me, or any one else, to foretell what would occur to him, which I did, and it came to pass in two days after. He has got off, however, for a slight incision.

A row the other night, about a lady of the place, between her various lovers, occasioned a midnight discharge of pistols, but nobody wounded. Great scandal, however—planted by her lover—*to be* thrashed by her husband, for inconstancy to her regular *Servente*, who is coming home post about it, and she herself retired in confusion into the country, although it is the acme of the opera season. All the women furious against her (she herself having been censorious) for being *found out*. She is a pretty woman—a Countess Rasponi—a fine old Visigoth name, or Ostrogoth.

The Greeks![1] what think you? They are my old

1. The Greek Revolution broke out in the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, under the leadership of Alexander Hypsilantes (1782–1828), son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, whose deposition (1805–6) served Russia as an excuse for war with Turkey (Finlay, *History of the Greek Revolution*, ed. 1877, vol. vi. p. 110). He was selected as leader of the movement by the Philiké Hetairia, a secret society, founded at Odessa in 1814, which helped to prepare the Greek Revolution. He had served in the Russian army, become a major-general, and lost his right arm at the battle of Culm (1813). But in spite of military experience, he proved himself an incapable leader, irresolute, vain, treacherous, untrustworthy. Crossing the Pruth (February 22) March 6, 1821, he established himself at Jassy, whence he issued a proclamation, March 7, calling the Greeks "to arms for "our country and our religion," and boasting of Russian support. (See the proclamation, dated February 23 (March 7) from Jassy, translated in the *Traveller* for April 13, 1821.) At Bucharest, which he reached April 9, he remained inactive, distrusted by local leaders, and publicly repudiated by the Emperor Alexander. As the Turkish forces advanced, he crept back towards the Austrian frontier. When news of his defeat at Dragashan (June 20) reached him, nine miles in the rear of his army, he escaped (June 26) into Austrian territory, where he was treated as a Russian deserter, and imprisoned at Mongatz till 1827. He died at Vienna, January 31, 1828.

In the Morea, where the rising broke out towards the end of

acquaintances—but what to think I know not. Let us hope howsomever.

Yours,

B.

903.—To Giovanni Battista Missiaglia.

June 12, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Tell Count V. Benzone (with my respects to him and to his Mother) that I have received his books —and that I shall *write to thank him* in a few days.

Murray sends me books of travels—I do not know why; for I have travelled enough myself to know that such books are *full of lies*.

If you come here you will find me very glad to see you, and very ready to dispute with you.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

March, 1821, the Greeks were more successful. On April 5, at Kalamata, a solemn service of the Greek Church was held as a thanksgiving for victories, and, four days later (April 9), an appeal was issued to Christendom to aid the Greek Christians against the Mussulman. Spreading northwards, the whole country south of Thermopylæ, by June, 1821, was in the hands of the Greeks, whose fleet, under Miaoulis and Kanaris, swept the seas. But patriotic efforts were too often defeated by the rivalries of leaders like Germanos, Primate of Patras, Demetrius Hypsilantes (1793–1832), younger brother of Alexander, who claimed to be viceroy, popular leaders like Kolokotrones, or politicians like Alexander Mavrocordatos (1791–1865), the statesman of the movement, who had been Mary Shelley's Greek teacher at Pisa. (For a description of Mavrocordatos, see Millingen's *Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece*, pp. 65, 66.) A government and constitution were needed. A National Assembly, summoned at Tripolitza, and removed to Piada, near Epidaurus, met in December, 1821, and framed a constitution, which was proclaimed January 13, 1822, the New Year's day of Eastern Christians. It consisted of a Legislative Assembly, and an executive body of five members, presided over by Mavrocordatos, with the title of President of Greece. (For Byron's share in the subsequent history of the movement, see *Letters*, vol. vi.)

904.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, June 14th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—I *have* resumed my "majestic "march" (as Gifford is pleased to call it) in *Sardanapalus*, which by the favour of Providence and the Post Office should be arrived by this time, if not interrupted. It was sent on the 2nd June, 12 days ago.

Let me know, because I had but that one copy.

Can your printers make out the MS.? I suppose long acquaintance with my scrawl may help them; if not, ask Mrs. Leigh, or Hobhouse, or D. K.: they know my writing.

The whole five acts were sent in one cover, ensured to England, paying forty five scudi *here* for the insurance.

I received some of your parcels: the *Doge* is longer than I expected: pray, why did you print the face of M[argarita] C[ogni] by way of frontispiece? It has almost caused a row between the Countess G. and myself. And pray, why did you add the note about the Kelso woman's *Sketches*? Did I not request you to omit it, the instant I was aware that the *writer* was a *female*?

The whole volume looks very respectable, and sufficiently dear in price, but you do not tell me whether it succeeds: your first letter (before the performance) said that it was succeeding far beyond all anticipation; but this was before the piracy of Elliston, which (for anything I know, as I have had no news—your letter with papers not coming) may have affected the circulation.

I have read Bowles's answer: I could easily reply, but it would lead to a long discussion, in the course of which I should perhaps lose my temper, which I would rather not do with so civil and forbearing an antagonist. I suppose he will mistake being *silent* for *silenced*.

I wish to know when you publish the remaining things in MS.? I do not mean the *prose*, but the verse.

I am truly sorry to hear of your domestic loss; but (as I know by experience), all attempts at condolence in such cases are merely varieties of solemn impertinence. There is nothing in this world but *Time*.

Yours ever and truly,

B.

P.S.—You have never answered me about *Holmes*, the Miniature painter: can he come or no? I want him to paint the miniatures of my daughter and two other persons.

In the 1st pamphlet it is printed "*a* Mr. J. S.": it should be "Mr. J. S.," and not "*a*," which is contemptuous; it is a printer's error and was not thus written.

905.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, June 22, 1821.

Your dwarf of a letter came yesterday. That is right;—keep to your *magnum opus*—magnoperate away. Now, if we were but together a little to combine our *Journal of Trevoux!*[1] But it is useless to sigh, and yet very natural,—for I think you and I draw better together, in the social line, than any two other living authors.

I forgot to ask you, if you had seen your own panegyric in the correspondence of Mrs. Waterhouse and

1. At Trévoux, on the Saône in the Department of Ain, the Jesuits founded the literary journal, *Mémoires de Trévoux*, which began to appear in 1701. By the same printing-press, established in 1695 by Louis Aug. de Bourbon, Prince de Dombes, was printed the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux*, the first edition of which, in three folio volumes, appeared in 1704.

Colonel Berkeley?[1] To be sure *their* moral is not quite exact; but *your passion* is fully effective; and all poetry of the *Asiatic* kind—I mean Asiatic, as the Romans called "Asiatic oratory," and not because the scenery is Oriental—must be tried by that test only. I am not quite sure that I shall allow the Miss Byrons (legitimate or illegitimate) to read *Lalla Rookh*—in the first place, on account of this said *passion;* and, in the second, that they may'nt discover that there was a better poet than papa.

You say nothing of politics—but, alas! what can be said?

> The world is a bundle of hay,
> Mankind are the asses who pull,
> Each tugs it a different way,—
> And the greatest of all is John Bull!

How do you call your new project?[2] I have sent Murray a new tragedy, ycleped *Sardanapalus*, writ according to Aristotle—all, save the chorus—I could not reconcile me to that. I have begun another, and am in the second act;—so you see I saunter on as usual.

Bowles's answers have reached me; but I can't go on disputing for ever,—particularly in a polite manner. I suppose he will take being *silent* for *silenced*. He has been so civil that I can't find it in my liver to be facetious with him,—else I had a savage joke or two at his service.

* * * * *

I can't send you the little journal, because it is in

1. The case of Waterhouse *v.* Berkeley was tried at Gloucester Assizes in April, 1821. It was an action for damages brought by John Waterhouse for the seduction of his wife by Colonel Berkeley. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, to whom they awarded £1000 damages.

2. The "project" was probably *Alciphron*, which Moore planned in July, 1820, rewrote in prose as *The Epicurean* (1827), and did not publish till 1839.

boards, and I can't trust it per post. Don't suppose it is any thing particular; but it will show the *intentions* of the natives at that time—and one or two other things, chiefly personal, like the former one.

So, Longman don't *bite*.—It was my wish to have made that work of use. Could you not raise a sum upon it (however small), reserving the power of redeeming it, on repayment?

Are you in Paris, or a villaging? If you are *in* the city, you will never resist the Anglo-invasion you speak of. I do not see an Englishman in half a year, and, when I do, I turn my horse's head the other way. The fact, which you will find in the last note to the Doge, has given me a good excuse for quite dropping the least connection with travellers.[1]

I do not recollect the speech you speak of, but suspect it is not the Doge's, but one of Israel Bertuccio to Calendaro. I hope you think that Elliston behaved shamefully—it is my only consolation. I made the Milanese fellows contradict their lie, which they did with the grace of people used to it.

Yours, etc.,

B.

906.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, June 29th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—From the last parcel of books, the two first volumes of Butler's *Catholics*[2] are missing. As

1. "The fact is," says Byron, in the *note* to *Marino Faliero* here referred to, "that I hold in utter abhorrence any contact with the "travelling English. . . . I was persecuted by these tourists even to "my riding ground at Lido, and reduced to the most disagreeable "circuits to avoid them. At Madame Benzoni's I repeatedly refused "to be introduced to them;—of a thousand such presentations pressed "upon me, I accepted two, and both were to Irish women," etc., etc.

2. Charles Butler (1750–1832), after practising as a conveyancer,

the book is "*from* the author," in thanking him for me, mention this circumstance. Waldegrave and Walpole are not arrived; Scott's novels all safe.

By the time you receive this letter, the Coronation[1] will be over, and you will be able to think of business. Long before this you ought to have received the MSS. of *Sardanapalus*. It was sent on the 2d Inst. By the way, you must permit me to choose my *own* seasons of publication. All that you have a right to on such occasions is the mere matter of barter: if you think you are likely to lose by such or such a time of printing, you will have full allowance made for it, on statement. It is now two years nearly that MSS. of mine have been in your hands

was called to the Bar in 1791, the first Roman Catholic admitted to the profession since 1688. As a real property lawyer, he held a high position, and had frequently advised on Byron's behalf. His *Historical Memoirs respecting the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics from the Reformation to the Present Time* (4 vols.) was published in 1819–21.

1. The Coronation of George IV. was originally fixed for August 1, 1820. But, owing to the proceedings against the Queen, the ceremony did not take place till July 19, 1821. On the night before, the King slept at the Speaker's house. Seats to view the procession sold from one guinea to twenty guineas; stages rose as high as the chimneys of adjoining houses; and sight-seers began to be in their places by one o'clock in the morning. Westminster Abbey was opened at 4 a.m. The procession passed out of Westminster Hall at 10.25, headed by the King's herb-woman and her six maids, strewing the way with herbs. It proceeded along a raised platform from the north door of Westminster Hall to the west door of the Abbey, the King walking "in the Royal Robes, wearing a Cap "of Estate adorned with jewels, under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold "borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports." The service ended at four o'clock, the King looking "like one expiring when he returned "from the Abbey to the Hall" (*Letters of Joseph Jekyll*, p. 115). After the service in the Abbey the banquet, with its attendant ceremonies, was held in Westminster Hall. A brig of war, lying off Norfolk Street, Strand, "armed with guns of the heaviest calibre," fired the salutes. An air-balloon in the Green Park, a boat race in Hyde Park, fireworks, and illuminations in the street, provided amusements for the sight-seers.

The enormous expenses of the Coronation, which was modelled on that of James II., caused an outcry in and out of Parliament. The new crown was said to have cost £54,000, and the robes £24,000.

in statu quo. Whatever I may have thought (and, not being on the spot, nor having any exact means of ascertaining the thermometer of success or failure, I have had no *determinate* opinion upon the subject), I have allowed you to go on in your own way, and acquiesced in all your arrangements hitherto.

I pray you to forward the proofs of *Sardanapalus* as soon as you can, and let me know if it be deemed press- and print-worthy. I am quite ignorant how far *the Doge* did or did not succeed: your first letters seemed to say yes—your last say nothing. My own immediate friends are naturally partial: one review (Blackwood's) speaks highly of it,[1] another pamphlet calls it "a failure." It is proper that you should apprize me of this, because I am in the *third* act of a *third* drama; and if I have nothing to expect but coldness from the public and hesitation from yourself, it were better to break off in time. I had proposed to myself to go on, as far as my Mind would carry me, and I have thought of plenty of subjects. But *if* I am trying an impracticable experiment, it is better to say so at once.

So Canning and Burdett have been quarrelling:[2] if I

1. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1821 (pp. 93–103), the reviewer praises the play vigorously: "Without question, no such "tragedy as this of *Marino Faliero* has appeared in English since "the day when Otway also was inspired to his masterpiece by the "interests of a Venetian story and a Venetian conspiracy." On the other hand, the *Literary Gazette* for April 28, 1821, speaks of the play as "a drawling story, stagnating through five boggy acts, "with hardly here and there an *ignis fatuus* or Jack-o-Lanthern to "relieve the level and dismal monotony."

2. On May 2, 1807, Burdett fought a duel with James Paull over the candidature for Westminster, and was wounded in the thigh. On September 21, 1809, Canning fought Lord Castlereagh, and was wounded in the thigh. But on the occasion to which Byron alludes, no duel took place. From the King's Bench prison, in the spring of 1821, Burdett addressed a letter to a company of Reformers, who met at the City of London Tavern, April 4, to eat and drink in the cause of Parliamentary Reform. The letter contained the following

mistake not, the last time of their single combats, each was shot in the thigh by his Antagonist; and their Correspondence might be headed thus, by any wicked wag:—

Brave Champions! go on with the farce!
Reversing the spot where you bled;
Last time both were shot in the *;
Now (damn you) get knocked on the *head!*

I have not heard from you for some weeks; but I can easily excuse the silence from it's occasion.

Believe me, yours ever and truly,

B.

P.S.—Do you or do you not mean to print the MSS. Cantos—Pulci, etc.?

P.S. 2d—To save you the bore of writing yourself, when you are "not i' the vein," make one of your Clerks send me a few lines to apprize me of arrivals, etc., of MSS., and matters of business. I shan't take it ill; and I know that a bookseller in large business must

passage: "Gentlemen, that Mr. Canning—I mention him as the "champion of the party—a part for the whole—should defend, to "the uttermost, a system, by the *hocus pocus* tricks of which he and "his family get so much public money, can cause neither me, nor "any man, surprise or anger;—

"'For 'tis their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse that cause by which they eat and drink.'"

As soon as Burdett was released from prison, and Canning returned from the Continent, the latter demanded (June 7, 1821) an explanation or satisfaction. Burdett, in reply (June 8, 1821) wrote, "The letter in question is now before me; and I am at a loss for a "form of words in which I could have more guardedly marked the "disqualification under which I conceive yourself and others to be "from giving authority to your opinions on Parliamentary Reform, "and at the same time have avoided making any allusion whatever "to *personal* character" (*The Courier*, June 12, 1821). With this disclaimer Canning was satisfied. Lord W. Bentinck acted for Canning, and Douglas Kinnaird for Burdett.

have his time too over-occupied to answer every body himself.

P.S. 3d—I have just read "John Bull's letter:"[1] it is

1. Byron alludes to a *Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Byron. By John Bull.* The pamphlet (London, 1821, 8vo. 64 pp.), which was not by Peacock (see p. 317, *note* 1), was published by William Wright, and the second page contains this announcement: "The Following "Letter is the First of a Series to be continued occasionally. The "Second Letter is addressed to Mr. Thomas Campbell. The Third "is to His Majesty the King. And the Fourth is also to Lord "Byron." No copy is catalogued in the British Museum, but one is to be found in the Bodleian Library. The pamphlet is reviewed in Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, vol. ix.

The pamphleteer agrees with Byron that "cant," or, as he prefers to call it, "humbug," is the *primum mobile* of the present age, and thinks that Byron, himself the prince of humbugs, is in nothing a greater humbug than in his affectation of saying that he is not "a "great poet." The whole of Byron's misanthropy, again, is, he says, humbug. "You thought it would be a fine interesting thing "for a handsome young Lord to depict himself as a dark-souled, "melancholy, morbid being, and you have done so, it must be "admitted, with exceeding cleverness. In spite of all your pranks "(*Beppo*, etc., *Don Juan* included), every boarding-school in the "Empire still contains many devout believers in the amazing misery "of the black-haired, high-browed, blue-eyed, bare-throated Lord "Byron. How melancholy you look in the prints!" "Stick to "*Don Juan*," he continues: "it is the only sincere thing you have "ever written; and it will live many years after all your humbug "Harolds have ceased to be, in your own words, 'a schoolgirl's tale "—the wonder of an hour.'" The pamphleteer compares *Don Juan* and *Whistlecraft:* "Mr. Frere writes elegantly, playfully, "very like a gentleman, and a scholar, and a respectable man, and "his poems never sold, nor ever will sell. Your *Don Juan*, again, "is written strongly, lasciviously, fiercely, laughingly—everybody "sees in a moment that nobody could have written it but a man of "the first order, both in genius and dissipation;—a real master of "all his tools—a profligate, pernicious, irresistible, charming Devil— "and, accordingly, the *Don* sells, and will sell to the end of time, "whether our good friend Mr. John Murray honours it with his "*imprimatur*, or doth not so honour it. . . . I had really no idea "what a very clever fellow you were till I read *Don Juan*. In my "humble opinion, there is very little in the literature of the present "day that will really stand the test of half a century, except the "*Scotch* novels of Sir Walter Scott and *Don Juan*." He advises Scott to stick to Scotland, and Byron to write in the key of *Don Juan* on England of the day. "There is nobody but yourself who "has any chance of conveying to posterity a true idea of the *spirit* "of England in the days of His Majesty George IV." He concludes

diabolically *well* written, and full of fun and ferocity. I must forgive the dog, whoever he is. I suspect three

with criticizing Byron's conduct at the time of his divorce, condemning it as an unsuccessful part of his humbug. "If," he says, "I were to permit myself to hazard an opinion on a matter, with "which, I confess, I have so very little to do, I should certainly "say that I think it quite possible you were in the right in the "quarrel with Lady Byron,—nay, that I think the odds are very "decidedly in favour of your having been so; and that was the "opinion, I remember it very well, of by far the *shrewdest* person "of my acquaintance (I need not say woman), at the time when the "story happened. But this is nothing. The world had nothing "whatever to do with a quarrel between you and Lady Byron, and "you were the last man that should have set about persuading the "world that the world had or could have anything to do with such "a quarrel. What does a respectable English nobleman or gentle-"man commonly do, when his wife and he become so disagreeable "to each other that they must separate? Why did you not ask of "yourself that plain question, the morning you found you and Lady "Byron could not get on together any longer? I wish you had "done so, and acted upon it, from my soul: for I think the whole "of what you did on that unhappy occasion was in the very worst "possible taste, and that it is a great shame you have never been "told so in print—I mean in a plain, sensible, anti-humbug manner "—from that day to this. What did the world care whether you "quarrelled with your wife or not?—at least, what business had you "to suppose that the world cared a single farthing about any such "affair? It is surely a very good thing to be a clever poet: but "it is a much more essential thing to be a gentleman; and why, "then, did you, who are both a gentleman and a nobleman, act "upon this, the most delicate occasion, in all probability, your life "was ever to present, as if you had been neither a nobleman nor a "gentleman, but some mere overweeningly conceited poet? To "quarrel with your wife overnight, and communicate all your "quarrel to the public the next morning, in a sentimental copy of "verses! To affect utter broken-heartedness, and yet be snatching "the happy occasion to make another good bargain with Mr. John "Murray! To solicit the compassion of your private friends for a "most lugubrious calamity, and to solicit the consolation of the "public, in the shape of five shillings sterling per *head*—or, perhaps, "I should rather say, per *bottom!* To pretend dismay and despair, "and get up *for the nonce* a dear pamphlet! O, my Lord, I have "heard of mean fellows making money of their wives (more particu-"larly in the army of a certain noble duke), but I never heard even "of a commissary seeking to make money of his wife in a meaner "manner than this of yours! And then consider, for a moment, "what beastliness it was of you to introduce her Ladyship in *Don* "*Juan*—indeed, if I be not much mistaken, you have said things "in that part of the poem for which, were I her brother, I should

people: one is *Hobhouse*, the other Mr. Peacock[1] (a very clever fellow), and lastly Israeli; there are parts very like Israeli, and he has a present grudge with Bowles and Southey, etc. There is something too of the author of the *Sketch-book*[2] in the Style. Find him out.

The packet or letter addressed under cov[r] to Mr. H. has never arrived, and never will. You should address directly to *me here*, and by the post.

"be very well entitled to pull your nose,—which (don't alarm "yourself) I have not at present the smallest inclination or intention "to do," etc., etc.

1. Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866), poet, novelist, friend and at one time pensioner of Shelley, had, in 1819, obtained an appointment in the East India House. He had already satirized Byron, without the good humour with which, in other instances, his powers were relieved. In *Nightmare Abbey* (1818) Byron appears as "Mr. Cypress;" and in the same novel Jane Clairmont probably appears, though the lover of "Stella" is not "Cypress," but "Scythrop." Peacock had also dedicated to Byron his *Sir Proteus* (see *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 89, *note* 2), if, indeed, he was really the author of that very inferior poem. Byron told Shelley his suspicions about the pamphlet. Writing to Peacock from Ravenna, in August, 1821, Shelley says (*Prose Works of Shelley*, ed. H. Buxton Forman, vol. iv. p. 222), "Lord B. thinks you wrote a pamphlet signed *John "Bull;* he says he knew it by the style resembling *Melincourt*, of "which he is a great admirer." *Melincourt* was published in 1817. To the quoted passage Peacock adds the following note: "Most "probably Shelley's partiality for me and my book put too favour-"able a construction on what Lord Byron may have said. Lord "Byron told Captain Medwin that a friend of Shelley's had written "a novel, of which he had forgotten the name, founded on his bear. "He described it sufficiently to identify it, and Captain Medwin "supplied the title in a note: but assuredly, when I condensed Lord "Monboddo's views of the humanity of the Oran Outang into the "character of *Sir Oran Haut-ton*, I thought neither of Lord Byron's "bear nor of Caligula's horse. But Lord Byron was much in the "habit of fancying that all the world was spinning on his pivot. "As to the pamphlet signed 'John Bull,' I certainly did not write it. "I never even saw it, and do not know what it was about." Byron may have liked *Melincourt* for the vigorous fashion in which Peacock assails Southey in that novel.

2. Washington Irving.

907.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, July 5, 1821.

How could you suppose that I ever would allow any thing that *could* be said on your account to weigh with *me*? I only regret that Bowles had not *said* that you were the writer of that note, until afterwards, when out he comes with it, in a private letter to Murray, which Murray sends to me. D—n the controversy!

"D—n Twizzle,
D—n the bell,
And d—n the fool who rung it—Well!
From all such plagues I'll quickly be delivered." [1]

I have had a friend of your Mr. Irving's—a very pretty lad—a Mr. Coolidge,[2] of Boston—only somewhat too full of poesy and "entusymusy." I was very civil to him during his few hours' stay, and talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight. But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolf-skin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world. I can never get people to understand that poetry is the expression of *excited passion*, and that there is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake, or an eternal fever. Besides, who would ever *shave* themselves in such a state?

I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in

1. Byron quotes from "The Elder Brother" in *Broad Grins*, by George Colman the Younger (1811)—

"Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd:—
'Damn Twizzle's house! and damn the Bell!
And damn the fool who rang it!—Well,
From all such plagues I'll quickly be delivered.'"

2. See *Detached Thoughts*, p. 421, (25).

England (I never saw her), who says she is given over of a decline, but could not go out of the world without thanking me for the delight which my poesy for several years, etc., etc., etc. It is signed simply N. N. A. and has not a word of "cant" or preachment in it upon *any* opinions. She merely says that she is dying, and that as I had contributed so highly to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might say so, begging me to *burn* her *letter*—which, by the way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such a letter in such circumstances as better than a diploma from Gottingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim in *Norway*[1] (but not from a dying woman), in verse, on the same score of gratulation. These are the things which make one at times believe one's self a poet. But if I must believe that * * * * *, and such fellows, are poets also, it is better to be out of the corps.

I am now in the fifth act of *Foscari*, being the third tragedy in twelve months, besides *proses;* so you perceive that I am not at all idle. And are you, too, busy? I doubt that your life at Paris draws too much upon your time, which is a pity. Can't you divide your day, so as to combine both? I have had plenty of all sorts of worldly business on my hands last year, and yet it is not so difficult to give a few hours to the *Muses*. This sentence is so like * * * * that——

Ever, etc.

If we were together, I should publish both my plays (periodically) in our *joint* journal. It should be our plan to publish all our best things in that way.

1. See *Detached Thoughts*, p. 425, (34).

908.—To John Murray.

R^a July 6th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—In agreement with a wish expressed by Mr. Hobhouse, it is my determination to omit the Stanza upon the *horse* of *Semiramis* in the fifth Canto of *Don Juan*.[1] I mention this in case you are, or intend to be, the publisher of the remaining Cantos.

By yesterday's post, I ought in point of time, to have had an acknowledgement of the arrival of the MSS. of *Sardanapalus*. If it *has* arrived, and you have delayed the few lines necessary for this, I can only say that you are keeping two people in hot water—the postmaster here, because the packet was insured, and myself, because I had but that one copy.

I am in the *fifth* act of a play on the subject of the Foscaris, father and son: Foscolo can tell you their story.

I am, yours, etc.,

B.

P.S.—At the particular request of the Contessa G. I have promised *not* to continue *Don Juan*.[2] You will

1. *Don Juan*, Canto V. stanzas lx., lxi.

2. The following is the note from the Countess Guiccioli :—

"CUOR MIO,—Che fai del tuo dolore? Fammelo sapere per "Lega, perchè mi da molta pena. Papa e Pierino sono partiti che "sarà un'ora, e non torneranno che Lunedì.

"Ricordati, mio Byron, della promessa che m'hai fatta. Non "potrei mai dirti la soddisfazione ch'io ne provo! Sono tanti i "sentimenti di piacere e di confidenza che il tuo sacrificio m'inspira! "Perchè mai le parole esprimano così poco quello che passa dentro "del l'anima! Se tu potessi vedere pienamente lo stato della mia "da jersera in quà sono certa che saresti in qualche modo ricompen- "sato del tuo sacrificio!

"Ti bacio, mio Byron, 1000 volte,

"La tua amantissima in eterno,

"TERESA GUICCIOLI G. G.

"P.S.—Mi reveresce solo *D. Giovanni* non resti all' Inferno."

therefore look upon these 3 cantos as the last of that poem. She had read the two first in the French translation, and never ceased beseeching me to write no more of it. The reason of this is not at first obvious to a superficial observer of FOREIGN manners; but it arises from the wish of all women to exalt the *sentiment* of the passions, and to keep up the illusion which is their empire. Now *Don Juan* strips off this illusion, and laughs at that and most other things. I never knew a woman who did *not* protect *Rousseau*, nor one who did not dislike de Grammont, Gil Blas, and all the *comedy* of the passions, when brought out naturally. But "King's blood must keep "word," as Serjeant Bothwell says.[1]

Write, you Scamp!

Your parcel of *extracts* never came and never will: you should have sent it by the post; but you are growing a sad fellow, and some fine day we shall have to dissolve partnership.

Send some Soda powders.

909.—To John Murray.

R^a. July 7th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed are two letters from two of your professional brethren. By one of them you will perceive that, if you are disposed to "*buy justice*," it is to be sold (no doubt as "*Stationary*") at his Shop.

Thank him in my name for his good will, however,

On the back of the note Byron has written as follows:—

"July 4th 1821.

"This is the note of acknowledgment for the promise *not* to "continue D. J. She says in the P.S. that she is only sorry that "D. J. does not *remain* in Hell, (or go there). The *dolore* in the "first sentence refers merely to a bilious attack which I had some "days ago, and of which I got better."

1. *Old Mortality*, chap. vi.

and good offices; and say that I *can't* afford to "purchase "justice," as it is by far the dearest article in these very dear times.

Yours ever,

B.

910.—To John Murray.

R^a July 9th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed packet came *quite open*, so I suppose it is no breach of confidence to send it back to *you*, who must have seen it before. Return it to the Address, explaining in what state I received it.

What is all this about *Mitylene*[1] (where I never was in my life), "Manuscript Criticism on the Manchester "business" (which I never wrote), "Day and Martin's "patent blacking," and a "young lady who offered, etc.," of whom I never heard. Are the people mad, or merely drunken?

I have at length received your packet, and have nearly completed the tragedy on the Foscaris.

Believe me, yours very truly,

B.

911.—To John Murray.

July 14th, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—According to your wish, I have expedited by this post two packets addressed to J. Barrow, Esqre, Admiralty, etc. The one contains the returned proofs, with such corrections as time permits, of *Sardanapalus*. The other contains the tragedy of *The Two Foscari* in

1: Probably a revival of the "Extract of a Letter, containing "an account of Lord Byron's residence in the Island of Mitylene," which was printed with *The Vampyre, a Tale* (1819).

five acts, the argument of which Foscolo or Hobhouse can explain to you; or you will find it at length in P. Daru's history of Venice: also, more briefly, in Sismondi's *I. R.* An outline of it is in the *Pleasures of Memory*[1] also. The name is a dactyl, "Fōscărĭ." Have the goodness to write by return of Post, which is essential.

I trust that *Sardanapalus* will not be mistaken for a *political* play, which was so far from my intention, that I thought of nothing but Asiatic history. The Venetian play, too, is rigidly historical. My object has been to dramatize, like the Greeks (a *modest* phrase!), striking passages of history, as they did of history and mythology. You will find all this very *un*like Shakespeare; and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the *worst* of models, though the most extraordinary of writers. It has been my object to be as simple and severe as Alfieri, and I have broken down the *poetry* as nearly as I could to common language. The hardship is, that in these times one can neither speak of kings nor Queens without suspicion of politics or personalities. I intended neither.

I am not very well, and I write in the midst of unpleasant scenes here: they have, without trial or process,

1. "Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
. . . . . .
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore."

See also Rogers' *Italy*. The story of the Foscari, as told in that poem, was published in 1821. Byron's *Two Foscari* appeared with *Cain* and *Sardanapalus* in December, 1821.

banished several of the first inhabitants of the cities—here and all around the Roman States—amongst them many of my personal friends, so that every thing is in confusion and grief: it is a kind of thing which cannot be described without an equal pain as in beholding it.

You are very niggardly in your letters.

Yours truly,

B.

P.S.—In the first soliloquy of Salemenes, read

"at once his *Chorus* and his Council;"

"Chorus" being in the higher dramatic sense, meaning his accompaniment, and not a mere *musical* train.

912.—To John Murray.

R^a. July 22^d. 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—By this post is expedited a parcel of notes, addressed to J. Barrow, Esqre, etc. Also, by ye former post, the returned proofs of *S[ardanapalus]* and the MSS. of the *Two Foscaris*. Acknowledge these.

The printer has done wonders; he has read what I cannot—my own handwriting.

I *oppose* the "delay till Winter:" I am particularly anxious to print while the *Winter theatres* are *closed*, to gain time, in case they try their former piece of politeness. Any *loss* shall be considered in our contract, whether occasioned by the season or other causes; but print away, and publish.

I think they must own that I have more *styles* than one. "Sardanapalus" is, however, almost a comic character: but, for that matter, so is Richard the third. Mind the *Unities*, which are my great object of research.

I am glad that Gifford likes it: as for "the Million," you see I have carefully consulted anything but the *taste* of the day for extravagant *coups de théâtre*. Any probable loss, as I said before, will be allowed for in our accompts. The reviews (except one or two—Blackwood's, for instance) are cold enough; but never mind those fellows: I shall send them to the right about, if I take it into my head. Perhaps that in the *Monthly*[1] is written by Hodgson, as a reward for having paid his debts, and travelled all night to beg his mother-in-law (by his *own* desire) to let him marry her daughter; though I had never seen her in my life, it succeeded. But such are mankind, and I have always found the English *baser* in some things than any other nation. You stare, but it's true as to *gratitude*,—perhaps, because they are prouder, and proud people hate obligations.

The tyranny of the government here is breaking out: they have exiled about a thousand people of the best families all over the Roman States. As many of my friends are amongst them, I think of moving too, but not till I have had your answers. Continue *your address* to me *here*, as usual, and quickly. What you will *not* be

1. The *Monthly Review* for May, 1821 (pp. 41–50), reviews *Marino Faliero*. The critic, after saying that the tragedy is "constructed on the French model, and therefore more properly to be "styled a poem than a play," continues thus: "We are sorry to "give our opinion that this piece manifests the faults without the "beauties of its model. It has the nakedness of plot, the uniformity "of character, the tedious declamation, and the lengthened monologue, which belong to its archetype; unredeemed by that judicious choice of fable, that heroic elevation of sentiment, and "those moving conflicts of passion, which characterize the French "school."

The *Monthly Magazine* for July, 1821, on the other hand, speaks of the play as a "work worthy of the genius of its author. It has "realized all the anticipations to which his previous efforts could "fairly give rise." The final scene is characterized as one of "stormy majesty," and the whole play as "a powerful and noble "work, built for fame and futurity."

sorry to hear is, that the *poor* of the place, hearing that I meant to go, got together a petition to the Cardinal to request that *he* would request me to *remain*. I only heard of it a day or two ago, and it is no dishonour to them nor to me; but it will have displeased the higher powers, who look upon me as a Chief of the Coalheavers. They arrested a servant of mine for a Street quarrel with an Officer (they drew upon one another knives and pistols); but as *the Officer* was out of uniform, and in the *wrong* besides, on my protesting stoutly, he was released. I was not present at the affray, which happened by night near my stables. My man (an Italian), a very stout and not over patient personage, would have taken a fatal revenge afterwards, if I had not prevented him. As it was, he drew his stiletto, and, but for passengers, would have carbonadoed the Captain, who (I understand) made but a poor figure in the quarrel, except by beginning it. He applied to me, and I offered him any satisfaction, either by turning away the man, or otherwise, because he had drawn a knife. He answered that a reproof would be sufficient. I reproved him; and yet, after this, the shabby dog complained to the *Government*,—after being quite satisfied, as he said. *This* roused me, and I gave them a remonstrance which had some effect. If he had not enough, he should have called me *out*; but that is not the Italian line of conduct: the Captain has been reprimanded, the servant released, and the business at present rests there.

Write and let me know of the arrivals.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—You will of course publish the two tragedies of *Sardanapalus* and the *Foscari* together. You can

afterwards collect them with *Manfred*, and *The Doge* into the works. Inclosed is an additional note.

913.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Ravenna, July 23, 1821.

This country being in a state of proscription, and all my friends exiled or arrested—the whole family of Gamba obliged to go to Florence for the present—the father and son for politics—(and the Guiccioli, because menaced with a *convent*, as her father is *not* here,) I have determined to remove to Switzerland, and they also. Indeed, my life here is not supposed to be particularly safe—but that has been the case for this twelvemonth past, and is therefore not the primary consideration.

I have written by this post to Mr. Hentsch, junior, the banker of Geneva, to provide (if possible) a house for me, and another for Gamba's family, (the father, son, and daughter,) on the *Jura* side of the lake of Geneva, furnished, and with stabling (for *me* at least) for eight horses. I shall bring Allegra with me. Could you assist me or Hentsch in his researches? The Gambas are at Florence, but have authorised me to treat for them. You know, or do not know, that they are great patriots—and both—but the son in particular—very fine fellows. *This* I know, for I have seen them lately in very awkward situations—*not* pecuniary, but personal—and they behaved like heroes, neither yielding nor retracting.

You have no idea what a state of oppression this country is in—they arrested above a thousand of high and low throughout Romagna—banished some and confined others, without *trial*, *process*, or even *accusation*! ! Every body says they would have done the same by me if they dared proceed openly. My motive, however, for

remaining, is because *every one* of my acquaintance,[1] to the amount of hundreds almost, have been exiled.

Will you do what you can in looking out for a couple of houses *furnished*, and conferring with Hentsch for us? We care nothing about society, and are only anxious for a temporary and tranquil asylum and individual freedom.

Believe me, etc.

P.S.—Can you give me an idea of the comparative

1. Countess Guiccioli, as quoted by Moore (*Life*, p. 519), thus explains Byron's stay at Ravenna after the banishment of his friends—

"Lord Byron restava frattanto a Ravenna in un paèse sconvolso "dai partiti, e dove aveva certamente dei nemici di opinioni fanatici "e perfidi, e la mia immaginazione me lo dipingeva circondato "sempre da mille pericoli. Si può dunque pensare cosa dovesse "essere qual viaggio per me e cosa io dovessi soffrire nella sua lonta- "nanza. Le sue lettere avrebbero potuto essermi di conforto; ma "quando io le riceveva era già trascorso lo spazio di due giorni dal "momento in cui furono scritte, e questo pensiero distruggeva tutto "il bene che esse potevano farmi, e la mia anima era lacerata dai "più crudeli timori.

"Frattanto era necessario per la di lui convenienza che egli "restasse ancora qualche tempo in Ravenna affinchè non avesse a "dirsi che egli pure ne era esigliato; ed oltreciò egli si era somma- "mente affezionato a qual soggiorno e voleva innanzi di partire "vedere esausiti tutti i tentativi e tutte le speranze del ritorno dei "miei parenti."

Moore gives the following version of the Italian: "Lord Byron, "in the mean time, remained at Ravenna, in a town convulsed by "party spirit, where he had certainly, on account of his opinions, "many fanatical and perfidious enemies; and my imagination "always painted him surrounded by a thousand dangers. It may "be conceived, therefore, what that journey must have been to me, "and what I suffered at such a distance from him. His letters "would have given me comfort; but two days always elapsed "between his writing and my receiving them; and this idea em- "bittered all the solace they would otherwise have afforded me, so "that my heart was torn by the most cruel fears. Yet it was "necessary for his own sake that he should remain some time longer "at Ravenna, in order that it might not be said that he also was "banished. Besides, he had conceived a very great affection for "the place itself; and was desirous, before he left it, of exhausting "every means and hope of procuring the recall of my relations "from banishment."

expenses of Switzerland and Italy? which I have forgotten. I speak merely of those of decent *living*, *horses*, etc., and not of luxuries or high living. Do *not*, however, decide any thing positively till I have your answer, as I can then know how to think upon these topics of transmigration, etc., etc., etc.

914.—To John Murray.

R^t^ July 30th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is the best account of the Doge Faliero, which was only sent to me from an old MSS. the other day. Get it translated, and append it as a note to the next edition. You will perhaps be pleased to see that my conceptions of his character were correct, though I regret not having met with this extract before. You will perceive that he himself said exactly what he is made to say, about the Bishop of Treviso.[1] You will see also that he spoke very little, and those only words "of rage and disdain,"[2] *after* his arrest, which is the case in the play, except when he breaks out at the close of Act fifth. But his speech to the Conspirators is better in the MSS. than in the play: I wish that I had met with it in time. Do not forget this note, with a translation.

1. *Marino Faliero*, act i. sc. 2—

> "*Doge* (*solus*) . . . but the priests—I doubt the priesthood
> Will not be with us; they have hated me
> Since that rash hour, when, maddened with the drone,
> I smote the tardy Bishop at Treviso,
> Quickening his holy march."

2. Byron possibly alludes to *Christabel*—

> "And thus it chanced, as I divine,
> With Roland and Sir Leoline.
> Each spake words of high disdain
> And insult to his heart's best brother."

In a former note to the Juans, speaking of Voltaire, I have quoted his famous "Zaire, tu pleures," which is an error; it should be "Zaire, *vous pleurez*:"[1] recollect this; and recollect also that your *want* of *recollection* has permitted you to publish the note on the Kelso traveller, which *I had positively desired you not*, for proof of which I refer you to my letters. I presume that you are able to lay your hand upon these letters, as you are accused publicly, in a pamphlet, of showing them about.

I wait your acknowledgement of the packets containing *The Foscaris*, notes, etc., etc.: now your Coronation is over, perhaps you will find time. I have also written to Mr. Kinnaird, to say that I expect the two tragedies to be published speedily, and to inform him that I am willing to make any abatement, on your statement of loss liable to be incurred by publishing at an improper season.

I am so busy here about these poor proscribed exiles,[2] who are scattered about, and with trying to get some of them recalled, that I have hardly time or patience to write a short preface, which will be proper for the two plays. However, I will make it out, on receiving the next proofs.

Yours ever and truly,

B.

P.S.—Please to append the letter about *the Hellespont* as a note to your next opportunity of the verses on Leander, etc., etc., etc., in *Childe Harold*. Don't forget it amidst your multitudinous avocations, which I think of celebrating in a dithyrambic ode to Albemarle Street.

1. *Zaire*, acte iv. sc. 2. See the conclusion of Byron's corrections of Bacon's *Apophthegms*, Appendix VI.
2. See letter to the Duchess of Devonshire, p. 237.

Are you aware that Shelley has written an elegy on Keats, and accuses the *Quarterly* of killing him?

"Who killed John Keats?"
"I," says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly;
"'Twas one of my feats."

"Who shot the arrow?"
"The poet-priest Milman
(So ready to kill man),
Or Southey or Barrow."

You know very well that I did not approve of Keats's poetry, or principles of poetry, or of his abuse of Pope; but, as he is dead, omit *all* that is said *about him* in any *MSS.* of mine, or publication. His *Hyperion*[1] is a fine monument, and will keep his name. I do not envy the man who wrote the article: your review people have no more right to kill than any other foot pads. However, he who would die of an article[2] in a review would probably have died of something else equally trivial. The same thing nearly happened to Kirke White,[3] who afterwards died of a consumption.

1. Yet when Medwin urged *Hyperion* as a proof of Keats's poetical genius (*Conversations*, p. 360), Byron replied, "'Hyperion!' why, "a man might as well pretend to be rich who had one diamond. "'Hyperion' indeed! 'Hyperion' to a satyr."

2. "John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article."
Don Juan, Canto XI. stanza lx.

3. See *Poems*, ed. 1898, vol. i. p. 363, *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 831–848.

915.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, August 2, 1821.

I had certainly answered your last letter, though but briefly, to the part to which you refer merely saying, "damn the controversy;" and quoting some verses of George Colman's, not as allusive to you, but to the disputants. Did you receive this letter? It imports me to know that our letters are not intercepted or mislaid.

Your Berlin drama[1] is an honour, unknown since the days of Elkanah Settle, whose *Empress of Morocco* was represented by the Court ladies, which was, as Johnson says, "the last blast of inflammation" to poor Dryden, who could not bear it, and fell foul of Settle without mercy or moderation, on account of that and a frontispiece, which he dared to put before his play.[2]

Was not your showing the Memoranda to * *[3]

1. "There had been, a short time before, performed at the court "of Berlin a spectacle founded on the poem of *Lalla Rookh*, in "which the present Emperor of Russia personated 'Feramorz,' and "the Empress, 'Lalla Rookh'" (Moore)—*i.e.* Nicholas I. (1796–1855) and his wife, the Princess Charlotte of Prussia.

2. "Rochester had interest enough to have Settle's *Empress of* "*Morocco* first acted at Whitehall by the lords and ladies of the "court; an honour which had never been paid to any of Dryden's "compositions, however more justly entitled to it, both from "intrinsic merit, and by the author's situation as poet laureat. "Rochester contributed a prologue upon this brilliant occasion, to "add still more grace to Settle's triumph."—Sir Walter Scott, *Prose Works*, ed. 1834, vol. i. pp. 158, 159.

3. Moore, as was reported to Byron, had lent the "Memoranda" to Lady Davy. Possibly her name may be represented by asterisks. But it is more probably Lady Holland. Moore, in his Diary for July 6, 1821 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 251), notes, "By the bye, I "yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's 'Memoirs' to read; "and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her "name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, 'Such things give "me no uneasiness; I know perfectly well my station in the world: "and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends "that I *really* am sure of speak kindly of me (and I would not "believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the "rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to

somewhat perilous? Is there not a facetious allusion or two which might as well be reserved for posterity?

I know Schlegel well—that is to say, I have met him occasionally at Copet. Is he not also touched lightly in the Memoranda? In a review of *Childe Harold*, Canto 4th, three years ago, in Blackwood's *Magazine*, they quote some stanzas of an elegy of Schlegel's on Rome, from which they say that I *might* have taken some ideas.[1] I give you my honour that I never saw it except in that criticism, which gives, I think, three or four stanzas, sent

"me." Byron told Medwin that Lady Burghersh, to whom the *Memoir* was lent, made a copy of it, which Moore obliged her to destroy.

1. Moore, who met Schlegel at Paris, May 21, 1821, notes in his Diary for that day (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 235), "Had much talk "with Schlegel in the evening, who appears to me full of literary "coxcombry; . . . is evidently not well inclined towards Lord "Byron; thinks he will outlive himself, and get out of date long "before he dies. Asked me if I thought a regular critique of all "Lord B.'s works, and the system on which they are written, would "succeed in England, and seems inclined to undertake it." Moore probably reported the substance of this conversation to Byron.

The following is the passage in Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* (vol. iii. p. 222, *note*): "We had lately sent to us a translation of an "Elegy by William Augustus Schlegel, from which our corre- "spondent supposes that Lord Byron has borrowed not a little of "the spirit, and even of the expressions, of the Fourth Canto. We "cannot, we must confess, observe any thing more than such coinci- "dences as might very well be expected from two great poets "contemplating the same scene. The opening of the German poem "appears to us to be very striking; but the whole is pitched in an "elegiac key. Lord Byron handles the same topics with the *deeper* "power of a tragedian—

> "'Trust not the smiling welcome Rome can give,
> With her green fields, and her unspotted sky;
> Parthenope hath taught thee how to live,
> Let Rome, imperial Rome, now teach to die.
> 'T is true, the land is fair as land may be;
> One radiant canopy of azure lies
> O'er the Seven Hills far downward to the sea,
> And upward where yon Sabine heights arise;
> Yet sorrowful and sad, I wend my way
> Through this long ruined labyrinth, alone
> Each echo whispers of the elder day,
> I see a monument in every stone."

them (they say) for the nonce by a correspondent—perhaps himself. The fact is easily proved; for I don't understand German, and there was, I believe, no translation—at least, it was the first time that I ever heard of, or saw, either translation or original.

I remember having some talk with Schlegel about Alfieri, whose merit he denies. He was also wroth about the *Edinburgh Review* of Goethe, which was sharp enough, to be sure. He went about saying, too, of the French—"I meditate a terrible vengeance "against the French—I will prove that Molière is no "poet."[1] * *

I don't see why you should talk of "declining." When I saw you, you looked thinner, and yet younger, than you did when we parted several years before. You may rely upon this as fact. If it were not, I should say *nothing*, for I would rather not say unpleasant *personal* things to any one—but, as it was the pleasant *truth*, I tell it you. If you had led my life, indeed, changing climates and connections—*thinning* yourself with fasting and purgatives—besides the wear and tear of the vulture passions, and a very bad temper besides, you might talk in this way—but *you!* I know no man who looks so well for his years, or who deserves to look better and

1. Schlegel had already attempted to execute his threat. In his *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature* (translated by John Black, 2 vols., 8vo, London, 1815; vol. ii. pp. 40, 41) occurs the following passage on Molière: "Born and educated in an inferior rank, he "enjoyed the advantage of becoming acquainted with the modes of "living of the industrious part of the community from his own "experience, and of acquiring the talent of imitating low modes of "expression. . . . He was an actor, and it would appear of peculiar "strength in overcharged and farcical comic parts; so little was he "prepossessed with prejudices of personal dignity that he . . . was "ever ready to deal out or to receive the blows which were then so "frequent on the stage. . . . Louis XIV. . . . was very well con-"tented with the buffoon whom he protected, and even exhibited "his own elevated person occasionally in dances in his ballets."

to be better, in all respects. You are a * * *, and, what is perhaps better for your friends, a good fellow. So don't talk of decay, but put in for eighty, as you well may.

I am, at present, occupied principally about these unhappy proscriptions and exiles, which have taken place here on account of politics.[1] It has been a miserable sight to see the general desolation in families. I am doing what I can for them, high and low, by such interest and means as I possess or can bring to bear. There have been thousands of these proscriptions within the last month in the Exarchate, or (to speak modernly) the Legations. Yesterday, too, a man got his back broken, in extricating a dog of mine from under a mill-wheel. The dog was killed, and the man is in the greatest danger.[2] I was not present—it happened before I was up, owing to a stupid boy taking the dog to bathe in a dangerous spot. I must, of course, provide for the poor fellow while he lives, and his family, if he dies. I would gladly have given a much greater sum than that

1. One of the chief reasons for the exile of the Gambas was the hope that Byron would accompany them. Madame Guiccioli says (Moore's *Life*, p. 518), "Una delle principali ragioni per cui si "erano esigliati i miei parenti era la speranza che Lord Byron pure "lascierebbe la Romagna quando i suoi amici fossero partiti. Già "da qualche tempo la permanenza di Lord Byron in Ravenna era "mal gradita dal Governo conoscendosile sue opinione e temendosila "sua influenza ed essaggiandosi anche i suoi mezzi per esercitarla. "Si credeva che egli somministrasse danaro per provvedere armi, e "che provvedesse ai bisogni della Società. La verità era che nello "spargere le sue beneficenze egli non s'informava delle opinioni "politiche e religiosi di quello che aveva bisogno del suo soccorso: "ogni misero ed ogni infelice aveva un eguale diviso alla sua "generosità. Ma in ogni modo gli Anti-Liberali lo credevano il "principale sostegno del Liberalismo della Romagna, e desideravano "la sua partenza; ma non osando provocarla in nessun modo "diretto speravano di ottenerla indirettamente."

2. The man, whose name was Balani, died eleven days after the accident. His widow was pensioned by Byron. (From information given by Signor Savini to Mr. Richard Edgcumbe.)

will come to that he had never been hurt. Pray, let me hear from you, and excuse haste and hot weather.

Yours, etc.

* * * * *

You may have probably seen all sorts of attacks upon me in some gazettes in England some months ago.[1] I only saw them, by Murray's bounty, the other day. They call me "Plagiary," and what not. I think I now, in my time, have been accused of *every* thing.

I have not given you details of little events here; but they have been trying to make me out to be the chief of a conspiracy, and nothing but their want of proofs for an *English* investigation has stopped them. Had it been a poor native, the suspicion were enough, as it has been for hundreds.

Why don't you write on Napoleon?[2] I have no spirits, nor *estro* to do so. His overthrow, from the beginning, was a blow on the head to me. Since that period, we have been the slaves of fools. Excuse this long letter. *Ecco* a translation literal of a French epigram.[3]

Egle, beauty and poet, has two little crimes,
She makes her own face, and does *not* make her rhymes.

I am going to ride, having been warned *not* to ride in a particular part of the forest on account of the ultra-politicians.

Is there no chance of your return to England, and of *our* Journal? I would have published the two plays in it—two or three scenes per number—and indeed *all* of mine in it. If you went to England, I would do so still.

1. Byron probably alludes to articles on his alleged plagiarisms by A. A. Watts (*Literary Gazette*, Feb. 24, Mar. 3, 10, 17, 31, 1821).
2. Napoleon died May 5, 1821.
3. Written by Lebrun on Fanny de Beauharnais (Avrillon, *Mémoires*, vol. i. p. 145).

916.—To John Murray.

R^s^ August 4th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I return the proofs of the 2^d^ pamphlet.[1] I leave it to your choice and Mr. Gifford's, to publish it or not, with such omissions as he likes. You must, however, omit the whole of the observations against the *Suburban School:* they are meant against Keats, and I cannot war with the dead—particularly those already killed by Criticism. Recollect to omit all that portion in *any case.*

Lately I have sent you several packets, which require answer: you take a gentlemanly interval to answer them.

Yours, etc.,

BYRON.

P.S.—They write from Paris that Schlegel is making a fierce book against ME: what can I have done to the literary Col-captain of late Madame? *I*, who am neither of his country nor his horde? Does this Hundsfott's intention appal *you?* if it does, say so. It don't *me;* for, if he is insolent, I will go to Paris and thank him. There is a distinction between *native* Criticism, because it belongs to the Nation to judge and pronounce on natives; but what have *I* to do with Germany or Germans, neither my subjects nor my language having anything in common with that Country? He took a dislike to me, because I refused to flatter him in Switzerland, though Madame de Broglie begged me to do so, "because he is so fond of it. "*Voilà les hommes!*"

1. The *Second Letter* on Bowles was not published till 1835. For a portion of the criticism on Keats, which is now for the first time published, see Appendix III. pp. 588, 589, *note* 3.

917.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, August 7th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a thing which I scratched off lately, a mere buffoonery, to quiz *The Blues*,[1] in two literary eclogues. If published, it must be *anonymously*: but it is too short for a separate publication; and *you* have no miscellany, that I know of, for the reception of such things. You may send me a proof, if you think it worth the trouble; but don't let *my* name out for the present, or I shall have all the old women in London about my ears, since it sneers at the solace of their antient Spinsterstry.

Acknowledge this, and the various packets lately sent.

Yours,

B.

918.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, August 7th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—By last post I forwarded a packet to you: as usual, you are avised by this post.

I should be loth to hurt Mr. Bowles's feelings by publishing the second pamphlet; and, as he has shown considerable regard for mine, we had better suppress it altogether: at any rate I would not publish it without letting him see it first, and omitting all such matter as might be *personally* offensive to him. Also all the part about the Suburb School must be omitted, as it referred to poor Keats[2] now slain by the *Quarterly Review*.

1. *The Blues, a Literary Eclogue* was published in No. iii. of the *Liberal* (pp. 1–24), with the motto—

"Nimium ne crede colori."—Virgil.

"O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,
Though your *hair* were as *red* as your stockings are *blue*."

2. Shelley arrived (August 6, 1821) on a visit to Byron, and sat

If I do not err, I mentioned to you that I had heard from Paris, that Schlegel announces a meditated abuse of

up talking with him till five in the morning of the 7th. The reiteration of the charge to spare Keats may have been the result of talk with the writer of *Adonais*, who says himself that he had roused Byron to attack the *Quarterly*. In the *Prose Works of Shelley* (ed. H. Buxton Forman, vol. iv. pp. 211–233) are many interesting details of Byron's life at Ravenna. Shelley found Byron restored to health and good looks, "immersed in politics and literature, greatly "improved in every respect, . . . in genius, in temper, in moral "views, in health, in happiness," and living in "splendid apart-"ments in the palace of his mistress's husband, who is one of the "richest men in Italy." Fletcher, like his master, was improved in health; Tita acted as Shelley's valet. Byron's establishment, writes Shelley to Peacock (pp. 222, 223), "consists, besides servants, of ten "horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a "crow, and a falcon; and all these, except the horses, walk about "the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbi-"trated quarrels, as if they were the masters of it." In a postscript he adds, "I find that my enumeration of the animals in this Circæan "Palace was defective, and that in a material point. I have just "met, on the grand staircase, five peacocks, two guinea-hens, and "an Egyptian crane. I wonder who all these animals were before "they were changed into these shapes."

To Byron's mode of life Shelley adapted his own simpler habits as best he could. "Lord Byron gets up at two. I get up—quite "contrary to my usual custom (but one must sleep or die, like "Southey's sea-snake in *Kehama*) at twelve. After breakfast, we "sit talking till six. From six till eight we gallop through the pine "forests which divide Ravenna from the sea. We then come home "and dine, and sit up gossipping till six in the morning." Sometimes the evening amusements were varied by pistol-shooting at a pumpkin. In their after-dinner talks they discussed politics—the hope of liberty for Italy and Greece; Byron's future place of residence—whether Switzerland or Tuscany; the charges made against Shelley by Elise Foggi; and literature—whether poetry and criticism, matters on which they differed more than ever; or their respective works—Byron silent as to *Adonais*, loud in praise of *Prometheus* and in censure of the *Cenci;* Shelley cool towards *Marino Faliero* and the *Letter* on Pope, but enthusiastic over *Don Juan*. For Canto V. Shelley's admiration was strong enough to satisfy even Byron. He speaks of it as "transcendently fine;" "every word has the "stamp of immortality. I despair of rivalling Lord Byron, as well "I may, and there is no other with whom it is worth contending. "This canto is in the style, but totally, and sustained with incredible "ease and power, like the end of the second canto. There is not a "word which the most rigid assertor of the dignity of human nature "could desire to be cancelled. It fulfils, in a certain degree, what "I have long preached of producing—something wholly new and

me in a criticism. The disloyalty of such a proceeding towards a foreigner, who has uniformly spoken so well of Mᵉ de Stael in his writings, and who, moreover, has nothing to do with continental literature or Schlegel's country and countrymen, is such, that I feel a strong inclination to bring the matter to a *personal* arbitrament, provided it can be done without being ridiculous or unfair. His intention, however, must be first fully ascertained, before I can proceed; and I have written for some information on the subject to Mr. Moore. The Man was also my personal acquaintance; and though I refused to flatter him grossly (as Mᵉ de B. requested me to do), yet I uniformly treated him with respect—with much more, indeed, than any one else: for his peculiarities are such, that they, one and all, laughed at him; and especially the Abbe Chevalier di Breme, who did nothing but make me laugh at him so much behind his back, that nothing but the politeness, on which I pique myself in society,

"relative to the age, and yet surpassingly beautiful" (*ibid.*, p. 219). On Shelley's arguments Byron gave up Switzerland. Shelley thought it a place "little fitted for him: the gossip and the cabals of "those anglicized coteries would torment him, as they did before, "and might exasperate him to a relapse of libertinism, which he "says he plunged into not from taste, but despair" (*ibid.*, p. 218).

Finally, Byron decided to remain in Italy, if Madame Guiccioli and the Gambas would consent. Shelley was made to write her a letter "in lame Italian," urging the "strongest reasons" he could think of "against the Swiss emigration;" and at the same time (August 11, *ibid.*, pp. 224, 225) he wrote to his wife, asking her to "inquire if any of the large palaces are to be let" at Pisa. Convinced by Shelley, Madame Guiccioli gave up her project (August 15), adding at the end of her letter the words, "*Signore—la vostra "bontà mi fa ardita di chiedervi un favore—me lo accorderete voi? "Non partite da Ravenna senza Milord*" (*ibid.*, p. 228). By Shelley the Palazzo Lanfranchi, on the Lung' Arno at Pisa, was taken for Byron. Another result of the visit was the invitation to Leigh Hunt, conveyed in Shelley's letter of August 26, 1821 (*ibid.*, pp, 235–237), to come to Pisa, and "go shares," with Byron and himself, "in a periodical work to be conducted here, in which each of "the contracting parties should publish all their original composi- "tions, and share the profits."

could have prevented me from doing so to his face. He is just such a character as William the testy[1] in Irving's *New York*. But I must have him out for all that, since his proceeding (supposing it to be true), is ungentlemanly in all its bearings—at least in my opinion; but perhaps my partiality misleads me.

It appears to me that there is a distinction between *native* and *foreign* criticism in the case of living authors, or at least should be; I don't speak of *Journalists* (who are the same all over the world), but where a man, with his name at length, sits down to an elaborate attempt to defame a foreigner of his acquaintance, without provocation and without legitimate object: for what can I import to the Germans? What effect can I have upon their literature? Do you think me in the wrong? if so, say so.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I mentioned in my former letters, that it was my intention to have the two plays published *immediately*.

Acknowledge the various packets.

I am extremely angry with *you*, I beg leave to add, for several reasons too long for present explanation. Mr. D. K. is in possession of some of them.

I have just been turning over the homicide review of

1. Washington Irving's *History of New York*, bk. iv., contains the Chronicles of William the Testy. Wilhelmus Kieft, by nature, and by the meaning of his name, a "*wrangler* or *scolder*," "had not "been a year in the government of the province, before he was "universally denominated William the Testy. His appearance "answered to his name. He was a brisk, wiry, waspish little old "gentleman: . . . his face was broad, but his features were sharp; "his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red by two fiery little grey "eyes; his nose turned up, and the corners of his mouth turned "down, pretty much like the muzzle of an irritable pug-dog. . . . "He seldom got into an argument without getting into a passion "with his adversary for not being convinced gratis" (*A History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker, ed. 1864, pp. 240, 241).

J. Keats. It is harsh certainly and contemptuous, but not more so than what I recollect of the *Edinburgh R.* of "*the Hours of Idleness*" in 1808. The Reviewer allows him "a degree of talent which deserves to be put in the "right way," "rays of fancy," "gleams of Genius," and "powers of language." It is harder on L. Hunt than upon Keats, and professes fairly to review only *one* book of his poem. Altogether, though very provoking, it was hardly so bitter as to kill, unless there was a morbid feeling previously in his system.

919.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, August 10, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Your conduct to Mr. Moore is certainly very handsome;[1] and I would not say so if I could help it, for you are not at present by any means in my good graces.

With regard to additions, etc., there is a Journal which I kept in 1814 which you may ask him for; also a Journal which you must get from Mrs. Leigh, of my journey in the Alps, which contains all the germs of *Manfred*. I have also kept a small Diary here for a few months last winter, which I would send you, and any continuation. You would easy find access to all my papers and letters, and do *not neglect this* (in case of accidents) on account of the mass of confusion in which they are; for out of that chaos of papers you will find some curious ones of mine and others, if not lost or destroyed. If circumstances, however (which is almost impossible), made me ever consent to a publication in my lifetime, you would in that

1. Moore notes in his Diary for July 27, 1821 (*Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 260), "Received also a letter from Murray, consenting to give me "two thousand guineas for Lord Byron's *Memoirs*, on condition that, "in case of survivorship, I should consent to be the editor."

case, I suppose, make Moore some advance, in proportion to the likelihood or non-likelihood of success. You are both sure to survive me, however.

You must also have from Mr. Moore the correspondence between me and Lady B., to whom I offered the sight of all which regards herself in these papers. This is important. He has *her* letter, and a copy of my answer. I would rather Moore edited me than another.

I sent you Valpy's letter to decide for yourself, and Stockdale's to amuse you. *I* am always loyal with you, as I was in Galignani's affair, and *you* with me—now and then.

I return you Moore's letter, which is very creditable to him, and you, and me.

Yours ever,

B.

920.—To John Murray.

R^d^ August 13th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I think it as well to remind you that, in "the *Hints*," all the part, which regards Jeffrey and the *E.R.*, must be *omitted*. Your late mistake about the Kelso-woman induces me to remind you of this, which I appended to your power of Attorney six years ago, viz., to *omit* all that could touch upon Jeffrey in that publication, which was written a year before our reconciliation in 1812.

Have you got the Bust?

I expect with anxiety the proofs of *The Two Foscaris*.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—Acknowledge the various packets.

921.—To John Murray.

R^a August 16th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I regret that Holmes can't or won't come: it is rather shabby, as I was always very civil and punctual with him; but he is but one rascal more—one meets with none else amongst the English.

You may do what you will with my answer to Stockdale,[1] of whom I know nothing, but answered his letter civilly: you may open it, and burn it or not, as you please. It contains nothing of consequence to any-body. How should I, or, at least, *was* I then to know that he was a rogue? I am not aware of the histories of London and its inhabitants.

Your more recent parcels are not yet arrived, but are probably on their way.

I sprained my knee the other day in swimming, and it hurts me still considerably.

I wait the proofs of the MSS. with proper impatience.

So you have published, or mean to publish, the new *Juans*? an't you afraid of the Constitutional Assassination of Bridge street?[2] when first I saw the name of *Murray*,

1. John Joseph Stockdale (1770–1847), whose actions against Hansard (1836–40) led to the settlement of an important point of "privilege," and who published (1826) the disgraceful *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*.

2. The Constitutional Association was formed to prosecute, by means of a common fund, persons charged with offences against Church and State. One of the attorneys to the association was Charles Murray. Several attempts were made by members of the Opposition to suppress the society as mischievous, if not illegal. Brougham in the House of Commons, May 23, 1821 (*Hansard*, N.S., vol. v. pp. 891, 892), drew the attention of the House to the proceedings of the society, and on May 30 (*ibid.*, p. 1046) to the circular "to the Magistrates of England" issued by the Bridge Street Committee. On June 5 (*ibid.*, p. 1114) Dr. Lushington presented a petition from Thomas Dolby, a bookseller in the Strand, who had been prosecuted by the society, and attacked the conduct of Charles Murray, one of its attorneys. Hobhouse, June 14 (*ibid.*, p. 1181),

I thought it had been yours; but was solaced by seeing that your Synonime is an Attorneo, and that you are not one of that atrocious crew.[1]

I am in a great discomfort about the probable war, and with my damned trustees not getting me out of the funds. If the funds break, it is my intention to go upon the highway: all the other English professions are at present so ungentlemanly by the conduct of those who follow them, that open robbery is the only fair resource left to a man of any principles; it is even honest, in comparison, by being undisguised.

I wrote to you by last post, to say that you had done the handsome thing by Moore and the Memoranda. You are very good as times go, and would probably be still better but for the "March of events" (as Napoleon called it), which won't permit any body to be better than they should be.

Love to Gifford. Believe me,

Yours ever and truly,

B.

presented a similar petition from a man named King. Finally Whitbread, July 3 (*ibid.*, p. 1486), proposed that an address be presented, praying His Majesty to direct the Attorney-General to enter a *nolle prosequi* against all indictments laid by the association; but the motion was lost. On June 5, 1821, an application for warrants to apprehend the most active members of the society, was refused by the Lord Mayor.

In Dolby's petition to the House of Commons, as quoted in the *Morning Chronicle* for June 6, 1821, it is stated that Dolby "had "several interviews with Mr. Murray, during the last of which "terms were proposed by Mr. Murray, who, in consideration of "your Petitioner's submitting to plead guilty, ... and enter "into an engagement *not to sell any books which the Association* "*might deem offensive for two years*, offered to waive bringing up "your Petitioner for judgment." Possibly Byron may make special reference to this provision.

1. "Many persons besides you," writes Murray (*Memoir*, vol. i. p. 424), on September 6, 1821, "have at first supposed that I was "the person of the same name connected with the Constitutional "Association, but without consideration; for on what occasion have

P.S.—I restore Smith's[1] letter, *whom* thank for his good opinion. Is the Bust by Thorwaldsen arrived?

922.—To John Murray.

R^a. August 23^d 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed are the two acts corrected. With regard to the charges about the Shipwreck,[2]—I think that I told both you and Mr. Hobhouse, years ago, that [there] was not a *single circumstance* of it *not* taken from *fact;* not, indeed, from any *single* shipwreck, but all from *actual* facts of different wrecks. Almost all *Don Juan* is *real* life, either my own, or from people I knew. By the way, much of the description of the *furniture*, in Canto 3^d, is taken from *Tully's Tripoli*[3] (pray

"I identified myself with a party? My connexions are, I believe, "even more numerous amongst the Whigs than the Tories. Indeed, "the Whigs have nearly driven away the Tories from my house; "and Jeffrey said, 'If you wish to meet the most respectable of the "Whigs, you must be introduced to Mr. Murray's room.'"

1. James Smith, brother of Horace, and joint author of *Rejected Addresses*.

2. In the *Monthly Magazine*, vol. lii. (August, 1821, pp. 19–22, and September, 1821, pp. 105–109), Byron's indebtedness to Sir J. G. Dalyell's *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea* (Edinburgh, 1812, 8vo) is pointed out.

3. Richard Tully, Consul at Tripoli 1783–93, wrote a *Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence at the Court of Tripoli*. Published in 4to in 1816, the book reached a fourth edition in 1819. Byron, in *Don Juan* (Canto III. stanzas lxvii.–lxix.), made use of the following passage from Tully's *Narrative* (2nd edit., p. 135):—

"The hangings of the room were of tapestry, made in pannels of "different coloured velvets, thickly inlaid with flowers of silk damask; "a yellow border, of about a foot in depth, finished the tapestry at "top and bottom, the upper border being embroidered with Moorish "sentences from the Koran in lilac letters. The carpet was of "crimson satin, with a deep border of pale blue quilted: this is laid "over Indian mats and other carpets. In the best part of the room "the sofa is placed, which occupies three sides of an alcove, the "floor of which is raised. The sofa and the cushions that lay around "were of crimson velvet: the centre cushions being embroidered "with a sun in gold of highly embossed work, the rest were of gold "and silver tissue. The curtains for the alcove were made to match

note this), and the rest from my own observation. Remember, I never meant to conceal this at all, and have only not stated it, because *Don Juan* had no preface nor name to it. If you think it worth while to make this statement, do so, in your own way. *I* laugh at such charges, convinced that no writer ever borrowed less, or made his materials more his own. Much is coincidence: for instance, Lady Morgan (in a really *excellent* book, I assure you, on Italy [1]) calls Venice an *Ocean Rome;* I have the very same expression in *Foscari*,[2] and yet *you* know that the play was written months ago, and sent to England. The *Italy* I received only on the 16th inst.

Your friend, like the public, is not aware, that my dramatic simplicity is *studiously* Greek, and must continue so: *no* reform ever succeeded at first. I admire the old English dramatists; but this is quite another field, and has nothing to do with theirs. I want to make a *regular* English drama, no matter whether for the Stage or not, which is not my object,—but a *mental theatre.*

Yours ever,

B.

"those before the bed. A number of looking-glasses, and a profu-
"sion of fine china and chrystal completed the ornaments and furni-
"ture of the room, in which there were neither tables nor chairs.
"A small table, about six inches high, is brought in when refresh-
"ments are served: it is of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl,
"tortoiseshell, ivory, gold and silver, of choice woods, or of plain
"mahogany, according to the circumstances of the proprietor."

1. In *Italy* (vol. iii. pp. 263, 264 of Galignani's 1821 edition), Lady Morgan writes, "As the bark, however, glides on, as the shore "recedes, and the city of the waves, the Rome of the ocean, rises on "the horizon, the spirits rally," etc., etc. (For Lady Morgan, see *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 110, *note* 3.)

2. *The Two Foscari* was, as Byron's MS. note records, "begun "June the 12th, completed July the 9th, Ravenna, 1821." The phrase occurs in act iii. sc. 1—

> "Their antique energy of mind, all that
> Remain'd of Rome for their inheritance,
> Created by degrees an ocean-Rome."

Is the bust arrived?

P.S.—*Can't* accept your courteous offer.[1]

For Orford and for Waldegrave
You give much more than me you *gave;*
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray!

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a Lion fairly sped,
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray!

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose—
Certes, I should have more than those,
My Murray!

But now this sheet is nearly crammed,
So, if *you will, I* shan't be shammed,
And if you *won't,—you* may be damned,
My Murray!

These matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas K. He is my trustee, and a man of honour. To him you can state all your mercantile reasons, which you might not like to state to me personally, such as "heavy "season"—"flat public"—"don't go off"—"Lordship "writes too much"—"won't take advice"—"declining "popularity"—"deductions for the trade"—"make very "little"—"generally lose by him"—"pirated edition" —"foreign edition"—"severe criticisms," etc., with other hints and howls for an oration, which I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to answer.

1. *I.e.* £2000 for three cantos of *Don Juan*, *Sardanapalus*, and *The Two Foscari*.

You can also state them more freely to a third person, as between you and me they could only produce some smart postscripts, which would not adorn our mutual archives.

I am sorry for the Queen,[1] and that's more than you are.

923.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, August 24, 1821.

Yours of the 5th only yesterday, while I had letters of the 8th from London. Doth the post dabble into our letters? Whatever agreement you make with Murray, if satisfactory to *you*, must be so to me. There need be no scruple, because, though I used sometimes to buffoon to myself, loving a quibble as well as the barbarian himself (Shakspeare, to wit)—"that, like a Spartan, I would "sell my *life* as *dearly* as possible"—it never was my intention to turn it to personal pecuniary account, but to bequeath it to a friend—yourself—in the event of survivorship. I anticipated that period, because we happened to meet, and I urged you to make what was possible *now* by it, for reasons which are obvious. It has been no possible *privation* to me, and therefore does not require the acknowledgments you mention. So, for God's sake, don't consider it like * * *

By the way, when you write to Lady Morgan, will you thank her for her handsome speeches in her book about *my* books? I do not know her address. Her work is fearless and excellent on the subject of Italy—pray tell her so—and I know the country. I wish she had fallen in with *me*, I could have told her a thing or two that would have confirmed her positions.

1. Queen Caroline died August 7, 1821.

I am glad you are satisfied with Murray, who seems to value dead lords more than live ones. I have just sent him the following answer to a proposition of his,

For Orford and for Waldegrave, etc.[1]

The argument of the above is, that he wanted to "stint me of my sizings,"[2] as Lear says,—that is to say, *not* to propose an extravagant price for an extravagant poem, as is becoming. Pray take his guineas, by all means—*I* taught him that. He made me a filthy offer of *pounds* once; but I told him that, like physicians, poets must be dealt with in guineas, as being the only advantage poets could have in the association with *them*, as votaries of Apollo. I write to you in hurry and bustle, which I will expound in my next.

Yours ever, etc.

P.S.—You mention something of an attorney on his way to me on legal business. I have had no warning of such an apparition. What can the fellow want? I have some lawsuits and business, but have not heard of any thing to put me to the expense of a *travelling* lawyer. They do enough, in that way, at home.

Ah, poor Queen! But perhaps it is for the best, if Herodotus's anecdote[3] is to be believed * * *

Remember me to any friendly Angles of our mutual

1. Here follow the lines given in the previous letter.

2. "'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in."

King Lear, act ii. sc. 4.

3. The goddess Hera taught her priestess Cydippe, mother of Cleobis and Biton, that death is a higher boon than life (ὅτι ἄμεινον εἴη ἀνθρώπῳ τεθνάναι μᾶλλον ἢ ζώειν: Herodotus, i. 31).

acquaintance. What are you doing? Here I have had my hands full with tyrants and their victims. There never *was* such oppression, even in Ireland, scarcely!

924.—To John Murray.

R^a August 31st 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I have received the *Juans*,[1] which are printed so *carelessly*, especially the 5th Canto, as to be disgraceful to me, and not creditable to you. It really must be *gone over again* with the *Manuscript*, the errors are so gross—words added—changed—so as to make cacophony and nonsense. You have been careless of this poem because some of your Synod don't approve of it; but I tell you, it will be long before you see any thing half so good as poetry or writing. Upon what principle have you omitted the *note* on Bacon and Voltaire? and one of the concluding stanzas sent as an addition? because it ended, I suppose, with—

> And do not link two virtuous souls for life
> Into that *moral Centaur*, man and wife?

Now, I must say, once for all, that I will not permit any human being to take such liberties with my writings because I am absent. I desire the omissions to be replaced (except the stanza on Semiramis)—particularly the stanza upon the Turkish marriages; and I request that the whole be carefully *gone over* with the MSS.

I never saw such stuff as is printed:—Gulleyaz instead of Gulbeyaz, etc. Are you aware that Gul*b*eyaz is a real

1. Cantos III., IV., and V. of *Don Juan* were published together in August, 1821, without the name of author or publisher. The sale was enormous. "The booksellers' messengers filled the street "in front of the house in Albemarle Street, and the parcels of books "were given out of the window in answer to their obstreporous "demands" (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 413).

name, and the other nonsense? I copied the *Cantos* out carefully, so that there is *no* excuse, as the Printer reads or at least *prints*, the MSS. of the plays without error.

If you have no feeling for your own reputation, pray have some little for mine. I have read over the poem carefully, and I tell you, *it is poetry*. Your little envious knot of parson-poets may say what they please: time will show that I am not in this instance mistaken.

Desire my friend Hobhouse to correct the press, especially of the last Canto, from the Manuscript as it is: it is enough to drive one out of one's senses, to see the infernal torture of words from the original. For instance the line—

And *pair* their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves—

is printed—

And *praise* their rhymes, etc.

Also "*precarious*" for "*precocious;*" and this line, stanza 133.—

And this strong extreme effect to tire no longer.[1]

Now do turn to the Manuscript and see if I ever wrote such a *line:* it is *not verse.*

No wonder the poem should fail (which, however, it *won't*, you will see) with such things allowed to creep about it. Replace what is omitted, and correct what is so shamefully misprinted, and let the poem have fair play; and I fear nothing.

I see in the last two Numbers of the *Quarterly* a strong itching to assail me (see the review of the "*Etonian*"[2]): let it, and see if they shan't have enough

1. "And" should be deleted. The line runs thus—

"This strong extreme effect (to tire no longer
Your patience)," etc., etc.

2. "Godiva," says the *Quarterly Review* (vol. xxv. p. 106), "is

of it. I don't allude to Gifford, who has always been my friend, and whom I do not consider as responsible for the articles written by others.

But if I do not give Mr. Milman, and others of the crew, something that shall occupy their dreams! I have *not* begun with *the* Quarterers; but let them look to it. As for *Milman* (*you* well know I have not been unfair to his poetry ever), but I have lately had some information of his critical proceedings in the *Quarterly*, which may bring that on him which he will be sorry for. I happen to know *that* of him, which would annihilate him, when he pretends to preach *morality*—*not* that *he* is immoral,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

You will publish the plays when ready. I am in such a humour about this printing of *Don Juan* so inaccurately, that I must close this.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I presume that you have *not* lost the *stanza* to which I allude? it was sent afterwards: look over my letters and find it.

The *Notes* you can't have lost—you acknowledged them: they included eight or nine corrections of Bacon's mistakes in the apophthegms.

And now I ask once more if such liberties, taken in a man's absence, are fair or praise-worthy? As for *you*, you

"a successful imitation of the new Whistlecraft style; we think, "however, that with much of the instinctive delicacy and native "gentility of the poet of 'Gyges,' the author has not succeeded in "handling his subject with the same dexterity and decorum; and if "our literature is to be disgraced (as is threatened) by the publication "of an English Pucelle, we do not wish to see, in a work like *The* "*Etonian*, any thing which may, in the most distant degree, remind "us of such compositions."

have no opinions of your own, and never had, but are blown about by the last thing said to you, no matter by whom.

925.—To John Murray.[1]

[Undated.]

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed letter is written in bad humour, but not without provocation. However, let it (that is, the bad humour) go for little; but I must request your serious attention to the abuses of the printer, which ought never to have been permitted. You forget that all the fools in London (the chief purchasers of your publications) will condemn in me the stupidity of your printer. For instance, in the Notes to Canto fifth, "the *Adriatic* "shore of the Bosphorus," instead of the *Asiatic*!! All this may seem little to you—so fine a gentleman with your ministerial connections; but it is serious to me, who am thousands of miles off, and have no opportunity of not proving myself the fool your printer makes me, except your pleasure and leisure, forsooth.

The Gods prosper you, and forgive you, for I won't.

B.

926.—To J. Mawman.[2]

R^s A^o 31st 1821.

Ld Byron presents his Compliments to Mr. Mawman and would be particularly glad to see that Gentleman if

1. Written in the envelope of the preceding letter.

2. Byron gave Mawman a copy of the edition of Cantos III., IV., V. of *Don Juan*, and wrote the following inscription on the title-page:—

"to J. Mawman, Esqre
"from the Author.

"Septr 1st 1821.

"Mr. Mawman is requested to show this copy to the publisher "and to point out the gross printer's blunders, *some* of which only

he can make it convenient to call at half past *two* tomorrow afternoon.

L.d B. takes the liberty of sending his Carriage and horses in case Mr. M. would like to make the round of the remarkable buildings of Ravenna.

927.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, September 3, 1821.

By Mr. Mawman (a paymaster in the corps, in which you and I are privates) I yesterday expedited to your address, under cover one, two paper books,[1] containing

"the author has had time to correct. They did not exist in the "MSS. but are owing to the carelessness of the printer, etc."

On the fly-leaf at the end of the volume Mawman has written, in pencil, the following note :—

"Ld. B. shewed me a weather-beaten scrawl of paper which he "told me had been taken off the pillar in the market-place of "Ravenna, on which was offered a price for his head. Lord B. "committed to my care a small packet (of a small 4to. form and "appearing to contain about 200 pages) intended for Mr. Moore, "the poet, at Paris. This parcel I took to Brussels, and sent it "thence thro' the Spanish ambassador resident in that capital to "Paris. In October, Mr. Moore called at my house in London "and enquired with great solicitude for this Parcel. I told him how "I had caused it to be conveyed to Paris. He afterwards found it "to have been safely delivered. This packet I believe to have "been the memoirs of Lord Byron's Life which were afterwards "destroyed." The copy of *Don Juan* is now in the possession of Mr. Edward Pollock.

1. "One of the 'paper-books' mentioned in this letter," says Moore (*Life*, p. 527), "as intrusted to Mr. Mawman for me, con- "tained a portion, to the amount of nearly a hundred pages, of a "prose story, relating the adventures of a young Andalusian noble- "man, which had been begun by him, at Venice, in 1817. The "following passage is all I shall extract from this amusing "Fragment :—

"'A few hours afterwards we were very good friends, and a few "days after she set out for Arragon, with my son, on a visit to her "father and mother. I did not accompany her immediately, having "been in Arragon before, but was to join the family in their Moorish "château within a few weeks.

"'During her journey I received a very affectionate letter from "Donna Josepha, apprising me of the welfare of herself and my son.

the *Giaour*-nal, and a thing or two. It won't *all* do—even for the posthumous public—but extracts from it may. It is a brief and faithful chronicle of a month or so—parts of it not very discreet, but sufficiently sincere. Mr. Mawman saith that he will, in person or per friend, have it delivered to you in your Elysian fields.

If you have got the new *Juans*, recollect that there are some very gross printer's blunders, particularly in the fifth canto,—such as "praise" for "pair"—"precarious" for "precocious"—"Adriatic" for "Asiatic"—"case" for "chase"—besides gifts of additional words and

"On her arrival at the château, I received another still more affec-
"tionate, pressing me, in very fond, and rather foolish, terms, to
"join her immediately. As I was preparing to set out from Seville,
"I received a third—this was from her father, Don Jose di Cardozo,
"who requested me, in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage.
"I answered him with equal politeness, that I would do no such
"thing. A fourth letter arrived—it was from Donna Josepha, in
"which she informed me that her father's letter was written by her
"particular desire. I requested the reason by return of post—she
"replied, by express, that as reason had nothing to do with the
"matter, it was unnecessary to give any—but that she was an injured
"and excellent woman. I then enquired why she had written to me
"the two preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come to
"Arragon. She answered, that was because she believed me out of
"my senses—that, being unfit to take care of myself, I had only
"to set out on this journey alone, and making my way without
"difficulty to Don Jose di Cardozo's, I should there have found the
"tenderest of wives and—a strait waistcoat.

"'I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection but a reiteration
"of my request for some lights upon the subject. I was answered,
"that they would only be related to the Inquisition. In the mean
"time, our domestic discrepancy had become a public topic of
"discussion; and the world, which always decides justly, not only
"in Arragon but in Andalusia, determined that I was not only to
"blame, but that all Spain could produce nobody so blameable.
"My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and
"several which could not, be committed, and little less than an
"*auto-da-fé* was anticipated as the result. But let no man say that
"we are abandoned by our friends in adversity—it was just the
"reverse. Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and
"console me with their disapprobation.—They told me all that was,
"would, or could be said on the subject. They shook their heads—
"they exhorted me—deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and—
"went to dinner.'"

syllables, which make but a cacophonous rhythmus. Put the pen through the said, as I would mine through Murray's ears, if I were alongside him. As it is, I have sent him a rattling letter, as abusive as possible. Though he is publisher to the "Board of *Longitude*," he is in no danger of discovering it.

I am packing for Pisa—but direct your letters *here*, till further notice.

Yours ever, etc.

928.—To John Murray.

Septr. 4th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed are some notes, etc. You will also have the goodness to hold yourself in readiness to publish the long delayed letter to *Blackwood's*, etc.; but previously let me have a proof of it, as I mean it for a separate publication. The enclosed note [1] you will annex to the *Foscaris;* also the dedication.

Yours,

B.

929.—To John Murray.

R^s^ September 4th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—By Saturday's post, I sent you a fierce and furibond letter upon the subject of the printer's blunders in *Don Juan*. I must solicit your attention to the topic, though my wrath hath subsided into sullenness.

1. This note probably contained Byron's answer to Southey's Preface to *A Vision of Judgment*. *The Two Foscari* (published December, 1821), which Byron had intended to dedicate to Scott, appeared, in consequence of the attack on Southey, without a dedication. (For fresh proof of Byron's dislike to Southey, for Southey's Preface to *A Vision of Judgment*, Byron's reply, Southey's answer, and other references to the dispute, see *Letters*, vol. vi. Appendix I.)

Yesterday I received Mr. Mawman, a friend of yours, and because he is a friend of *yours;* and that's more than I would do in an *English* case, except for those whom I honour. I was as civil as I could be among packages, even to the very chairs and tables; for I am going to *Pisa* in a few weeks, and have sent and am sending off my chattels. It regretted me that, my books and every thing being packed, I could not send you a few things I meant for you; but they were all sealed and baggaged, so as to have made it a Month's work to get at them again. I gave him an envelope, with the Italian Scrap in it,[1] alluded to in my Gilchrist defence. Hobhouse will make it out for you, and it will make you laugh, and him too, the *spelling* particularly. The "*Mericani*," of whom they call me the "Capo" (or Chief), mean "Americans," which is the name given in *Romagna* to a part of the Carbonari;[2] that is to say, to the *popular* part, the *troops* of the Carbonari. They were originally a society of hunters in the forest, who took that name of Americans, but at present comprize some thousands, etc.; but I shan't let you further into the secret, which may be participated with the postmasters. Why they thought me their Chief, I know not: their Chiefs are like "Legion, "being Many." However, it is a post of more honour than profit, for, now that they are persecuted, it is fit that I should aid them; and so I have done, as far as my means will permit. They will rise again some day, for these fools of the Government are blundering: they actually seem to know *nothing;* for they have arrested and banished many of their *own* party, and let others escape who are not their friends.

1. An anonymous letter which Byron had received, threatening him with assassination.
2. See p. 158, *note* 1.

What thinkst thou of Greece?

Address to me *here* as usual, till you hear further from me.

By Mawman I have sent a journal to Moore; but it won't do for the public,—at least a great deal of it won't; —*parts* may.

I read over the *Juans*, which are excellent. Your Synod was quite wrong; and so you will find by and bye. I regret that I do not go on with it, for I had all the plan for several cantos, and different countries and climes. You say nothing of the *note* I enclosed to you, which will explain why I agreed to discontinue it (at Madame G.'s request); but you are so grand, and sublime, and occupied, that one would think, instead of publishing for "the Board of *Longitude*," that you were trying to discover it.

Let me hear that Gifford is *better*. He can't be spared either by you or me.

Enclosed is a note, which I will thank you *not* to forget to acknowledge and to publish.

Yours,

B.

930.—To John Murray.

[Post-mark dated Sept. 9, 1821.]

DEAR SIR,—Will you have the goodness to forward the enclosed to Mr. Gilchrist, whose address I do not exactly know? *If* that Gentleman would like to see my *second* letter to *you*, on the attack upon himself, you can forward him a copy of the proof.

Yours ever,

B.

931.—To John Murray.

Septr. 9th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Please to forward the enclosed also to Mr. Gilchrist.

I cut my finger, in diving yesterday, against a sharp shell, and can hardly write.

Last week, I sent a long note (in English) to the play: let me have a *proof of it;* but, as I am in haste, you can publish the play with the *whole of it, except the part referring* to SOUTHEY, to which I wish to add something; and we will then append the whole to a re-print. All the part, down to where it begins on that rascal, will do for publication without my reviewing it—that is to say, if your printer will take pains, and not be careless, as about the new *Juans*.

Let me hear that Mr. Gifford is better, and your family well.

Yours,

B.

932.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, Septr. 10th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—By this post I send you three packets containing *Cain, a Mystery* (i.e. a tragedy on a sacred subject) in three acts.[1] I think that it contains some poetry, being in the style of "*Manfred*." Send me a proof of the whole by return of *post*. If *there is time*, publish it with the other *two:* if not, print it separately, and as soon as you can.

Of the dedications (sent lately), I wish to transfer that

1. *Cain, a Mystery*, was published by Murray with *Sardanapalus* and *The Two Foscari* in December, 1821.

to Sir Walter Scott to *this* drama of *Cain*, reserving that of the "*Foscaris*" for another, for a particular reason, of which more by and bye. Write.

Yours,

B.

933.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, September 12th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—By Tuesday's post, I forwarded, in three packets, the drama of "*Cain*," in three acts, of which I request the acknowledgement when arrived. To the last speech of *Eve*, in the last act (*i.e.* where she curses Cain), add these three lines to the concluding one—

May the Grass wither from thy foot! the Woods
Deny thee shelter! Earth a home! the Dust
A Grave! the Sun his light! and Heaven her God!

There's as pretty a piece of Imprecation for you, when joined to the lines already sent, as you may wish to meet with in the course of your business. But don't forget the addition of the above three lines, which are clinchers to Eve's speech.

Let me know what Gifford thinks (if the play arrives in safety); for I have a good opinion of the piece, as poetry: it is in my gay metaphysical style, and in the *Manfred* line.

You must at least commend my facility and variety, when you consider what I have done within the last fifteen months, with my head, too, full of other and of mundane matters. But no doubt you will avoid saying any good of it, for fear I should raise the price upon you: that's right—stick to business! Let me know what your other ragamuffins are writing, for I suppose you don't like

starting too many of your Vagabonds at once. You may give them the start, for any thing I care.

If this arrives in time to be added to the other two dramas, publish them *together*: if not, publish it separately, in the *same* form, to tally for the purchasers. Let me have a proof of the whole speedily. It is longer than *Manfred*.

Why don't you publish my *Pulci*?[1] the best thing I ever wrote, with the Italian to it. I wish I was alongside of you: nothing is ever done in a man's absence; every body runs counter, because they *can*. If ever I *do* return to England, (which I shan't though,) I will write a poem to which *English Bards*, etc., shall be New Milk, in comparison. Your present literary world of mountebanks stands in need of such an Avatar; but I am not yet quite bilious enough: a season or two more, and a provocation or two, will wind me up to the point, and then, have at the whole set!

I have no patience with the sort of trash you send me out by way of books; except Scott's novels, and three or four other things, I never saw such work or works. Campbell is lecturing, Moore idling, Southey twaddling, Wordsworth driveling, Coleridge muddling, Joanna Baillie piddling, Bowles quibbling, squabbling, and sniveling. Milman will *do*, if he don't cant too much, nor imitate Southey: the fellow has poesy in him; but he is envious, and unhappy, as all the envious are. Still he is among the best of the day. Barry Cornwall will do better by and bye, I dare say, if he don't get spoilt by green tea, and the praises of Pentonville and Paradise Row. The pity of these men is, that they never lived either in *high*

1. Byron's translation of the first Canto of Luigi Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, with the Italian, was published in the *Liberal*, No. iv. pp. 193-249.

life, nor in *solitude:* there is no medium for the knowledge of the *busy* or the *still* world. If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as *spectators*—they form no part of the Mechanism thereof. Now Moore and I, the one by circumstances, and the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, *quarum partes fuimus*. Both of us have learnt by this much which nothing else could have taught us.

Yours,

B.

P.S.—I saw one of your brethren, another of the Allied Sovereigns of Grub-Street, the other day, viz.: Mawman the Great, by whom I sent due homage to your imperial self. Tomorrow's post may perhaps bring a letter from you; but you are the most ungrateful and ungracious of correspondents. But there is some excuse for you, with your perpetual levee of politicians, parson-scribblers, and loungers: some day I will give you a *poetical* Catalogue of them.

The post is come: no letter, but never mind.

How is Mrs. Murray, and Gifford? Better? Say *well*.

My Compliments to Mr. Heber[1] upon his Election.

1. Richard Heber (1773–1833) was elected M.P. for the University of Oxford, August 24, 1821. The vacancy was caused by the elevation of Sir William Scott to the peerage. At the end of the poll the candidates stood thus—

Mr. Heber.....	612
Sir John Nicholl	519
Majority for Mr. Heber.....	93

934.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, September 17, 1821.

The enclosed lines,[1] as you will directly perceive, are written by the Rev. W. L. B * *. Of course it is for *him* to deny them if they are not.

Believe me, yours ever and most affectionately,

B.

P.S.—Can you forgive this? It is only a reply to your lines against my Italians. Of course I will *stand* by my lines against all men; but it is heartbreaking to see such things in a people as the reception of that unredeemed * * * * * * * in an oppressed country. *Your* apotheosis is now reduced to a level with his welcome, and their gratitude to Grattan is cancelled by their atrocious adulation of this, etc., etc., etc.

935.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, September 19, 1821.

I am in all the sweat, dust, and blasphemy of an universal packing of all my things, furniture, etc., for

1. "To the Irish Avatar"—

"Ere the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave," etc.

The following sentence from a letter of Curran is prefixed as a motto: "And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to "receive the paltry rider" (*Life of Curran*, vol. ii. p. 336). At the end of the verses are these words: "(Signed) W. L. B * *, M.A., "and written with a view to a Bishoprick." Moore notes in his Diary for November 3, 1821 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. pp. 297, 298), "Received Lord B.'s tremendous verses against the King and the "Irish, for their late exhibition in Dublin; richly deserved by my "servile countrymen, but not, on this occasion, by the King, who, "as far as he was concerned, acted well and wisely." Byron was indignant that George IV. should have made his triumphal entry into Dublin when his wife was lying dead in London. The king reached the Vice-Regal Lodge at Dublin, August 12; the queen's funeral procession left London for Harwich, August 14.

Pisa, whither I go for the winter. The cause has been the exile of all my fellow Carbonics, and, amongst them, of the whole family of Madame G.; who, you know, was divorced from her husband last week, "on account of "P.P. clerk of this parish,"[1] and who is obliged to join her father and relatives, now in exile there, to avoid being shut up in a monastery, because the Pope's decree of separation required her to reside in *casa paterna*, or else, for decorum's sake, in a convent. As I could not say with Hamlet, "Get thee to a nunnery," I am preparing to follow them.

It is awful work, this love, and prevents all a man's projects of good or glory. I wanted to go to Greece lately (as every thing seems up here) with her brother, who is a very fine, brave fellow (I have seen him put to the proof), and wild about liberty. But the tears of a woman who has left her husband for a man, and the weakness of one's own heart, are paramount to these projects, and I can hardly indulge them.

We were divided in choice between Switzerland and Tuscany, and I gave my vote for Pisa, as nearer the Mediterranean, which I love for the sake of the shores which it washes, and for my young recollections of 1809. Switzerland is a curst selfish, swinish country of brutes, placed in the most romantic region of the world. I never could bear the inhabitants, and still less their English visitors; for which reason, after writing for some information about houses, upon hearing that there was a

1. An allusion to Pope's *Memoirs of P.P., Clerk of this Parish.* These Memoirs, which begin thus: "In the Name of the Lord. "*Amen.* I, P.P. by the grace of God Clerk of this Parish, writeth "this History," were supposed to be written in ridicule of Bishop Burnet's *History of my own Times.* Pope, in the Prolegomena to *The Dunciad*, denied this; but see Courthope's edition of Pope's *Works*, vol. x. p. 435, *note* 1.

colony of English all over the cantons of Geneva, etc., I immediately gave up the thought, and persuaded the Gambas to do the same.

By the last post I sent you "The Irish Avatar,"—what think you? The last line—"a name never spoke "but with curses or jeers"—must run either "a name "only uttered with curses or jeers," or, "a wretch never "named but with curses or jeers." Be*cause* as *how*, "spoke" is not grammar, except in the House of Commons; and I doubt whether we can say "a name *spoken*," for *mentioned*. I have some doubts, too, about "repay," —"and for murder repay with a shout and a smile." Should it not be, "and for murder repay him with shouts "and a smile," or "*reward* him with shouts and a "smile?"

So, pray put your poetical pen through the MS. and take the least bad of the emendations. Also, if there be any further breaking of Priscian's head, will you apply a plaster? I wrote in the greatest hurry and fury, and sent it to you the day after; so, doubtless, there will be some awful constructions, and a rather lawless conscription of rhythmus.

With respect to what Anna Seward calls "the liberty "of transcript,"—when complaining of Miss Matilda Muggleton, the accomplished daughter of a choral vicar of Worcester Cathedral, who had abused the said "liberty "of transcript," by inserting in the *Malvern Mercury* Miss Seward's "Elegy on the South Pole," as her *own* production, with her *own* signature, two years after having taken a copy, by permission of the authoress—with regard, I say, to the "liberty of transcript," I by no means oppose an occasional copy to the benevolent few, provided it does not degenerate into such licentiousness of Verb and Noun as may tend to "disparage

"my parts of speech"[1] by the carelessness of the transcribblers.

I do not think that there is much danger of the "King's Press being abused" upon the occasion, if the publishers of journals have any regard for their remaining liberty of person. It is as pretty a piece of invective as ever put publisher in the way to "Botany." Therefore, if *they* meddle with it, it is at *their* peril. As for myself, I will answer any jontleman—though I by no means recognise a "right of search" into an unpublished production and unavowed poem. The same applies to things published *sans* consent. I hope you like, at least the concluding lines of the *Pome?*

What are you doing, and where are you? in England? Nail Murray—nail him to his own counter, till he shells out the thirteens. Since I wrote to you, I have sent him another tragedy—*Cain*[2] by name—making three in

1. "There, sir, an attack upon my language! What do you "think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! Was ever "such a brute?" (Mrs. Malaprop, in *The Rivals*, act iii. sc. 3) "Was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?" (*ibid.*, act iv. sc. 2).

2. Byron, in a note to his Preface to *Cain*, says, "The reader "will perceive that the author has partly adopted in this poem the "notion of Cuvier, that the world had been destroyed several times "before the creation of man."

The reference is to Cuvier's *Discours sur les révolutions de la surface du globe*, translated in 1813 by Robert Kerr, under the title of "Essay on the Theory of the Earth." Cuvier's words are (*Discours, etc.*, ed. 1825, p. 282)—

"Je pense donc, avec MM. Deluc et Dolomieu, que, s'il y a quel-"que chose de constaté en géologie, c'est que la surface de notre "globe a été victime d'une grande et subite révolution, dont la "date ne peut remonter beaucoup au delà de cinq ou six mille ans; "que cette révolution a enfoncé et fait disparaître les pays qu' "habitaient auparavant les hommes . . . qu'elle a, au contraire, "mis à sec le fond de la dernière mer, et en a formé les pays aujour-"d'hui habités . . . Mais ces pays aujourd'hui habités, et que la "dernière révolution a mis à sec, avaient déjà été habités aupara-"vant, si non par des hommes, du moins par des animaux terrestres: "par conséquent une révolution précédente, au moins, les avait "mis sous les eaux; et, si l'on peut en juger par les différens ordres

MS. now in his hands, or in the printer's. It is in the *Manfred* metaphysical style, and full of some Titanic declamation;—Lucifer being one of the *dram. pers.*, who takes Cain a voyage among the stars, and afterwards to "Hades," where he shows him the phantoms of a former world, and its inhabitants. I have gone upon the notion of Cuvier, that the world has been destroyed three or four times, and was inhabited by mammoths, behemoths, and what not; but *not* by man till the Mosaic period, as, indeed, is proved by the strata of bones found;—those of all unknown animals, and known, being dug out, but none of mankind. I have, therefore, supposed Cain to be shown, in the *rational* Preadamites, beings endowed with a higher intelligence than man, but totally unlike him in form, and with much greater strength of mind and person. You may suppose the small talk which takes place between him and Lucifer upon these matters is not quite canonical.

The consequence is, that Cain comes back and kills Abel in a fit of dissatisfaction, partly with the politics of Paradise, which had driven them all out of it, and partly because (as it is written in Genesis) Abel's sacrifice was the more acceptable to the Deity. I trust that the Rhapsody has arrived—it is in three acts, and entitled "*A Mystery*," according to the former Christian custom, and in honour of what it probably will remain to the reader.

Yours, etc.

"d'animaux dont on y trouve les dépouilles, ils avaient peut-être "subi jusqu'à deux ou trois irruptions de la mer."

In August, 1829, Goethe at Weimar told Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 435, *et seqq.*) that "'Byron should have lived to "execute his vocation.' 'And that was?' I asked. 'To dramatize "the Old Testament. What a subject under his hands would the "Tower of Babel have been!' He continued, 'You must not "take it ill; but Byron was indebted for the profound views he took "of the Bible to the *ennui* he suffered from it at school' (Goethe "calls *ennui* (*Langeweile*) the Mother of the Muses)."

936.—To Thomas Moore.

September 20, 1821.

After the stanza on Grattan, concluding with "His "soul o'er the freedom implored and denied," will it please you to cause insert the following "Addenda," which I dreamed of during to-day's Siesta:—

Ever glorious Grattan! etc., etc., etc.

I will tell you what to do. Get me twenty copies of the whole carefully and privately printed off, as *your* lines were on the Naples affair. Send me *six*, and distribute the rest according to your own pleasure.

I am in a fine vein, "so full of pastime and prodi- "gality!"—So here's to your health in a glass of grog. Pray write, that I may know by return of post—address to me at Pisa. The Gods give you joy!

Where are you? in Paris? Let us hear. You will take care that there be no printer's name, nor author's, as in the Naples stanza, at least for the present.

937.—To John Murray.

R^a Septr. 20th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—You need not send "*The Blues*,"[1] which is a mere buffoonery, never meant for publication.

The papers to which I allude, in case of Survivorship, are collections of letters, etc., since I was sixteen years old, contained in the trunks in the care of Mr. Hobhouse. This collection is at least doubled by those I have now here; all received since my last Ostracism. To these I should wish the Editor to have access, *not* for the purpose of *abusing confidences*, nor of *hurting* the feelings of

1. *The Blues: a Literary Eclogue* was published in the *Liberal*, No. iii. pp. 1-21.

correspondents living, or the memories of the dead; but there are things which would do neither, that I have left unnoticed or unexplained, and which (like all such things) Time only can permit to be noticed or explained, though some are to my credit. The task will, of course, require delicacy; but that will not be wanting, if Moore and Hobhouse survive me, and, I may add, yourself; and that you may all three do so, is, I assure you, my very sincere wish. I am not sure that long life is desirable for one of my temper and constitutional depression of Spirits, which of course I suppress in society; but which breaks out when alone, and in my writings, in spite of myself. It has been deepened, perhaps, by some long past events (I do not allude to my marriage, etc.—on the contrary, *that* raised them by the persecution giving a fillip to my Spirits); but I call it constitutional, as I have reason to think it. You know, or you do *not* know, that my maternal Grandfather[1] (a very clever man, and amiable, I am told) was strongly suspected of Suicide (he was found drowned in the Avon at Bath), and that another very near relative of the same branch took poison, and was merely saved by antidotes. For the first of these events there was no apparent cause, as he was rich, respected, and of considerable intellectual resources, hardly forty years of age, and not at all addicted to any unhinging vice. It was, however, but a strong suspicion, owing to the manner of his death and to his melancholy temper. The *second had* a cause, but it does not become me to touch upon it; it happened when I was far too young to be aware of it, and I never heard of it till after the death of that relative, many years

1. Byron's great-grandfather, Alexander Davidson Gordon, was drowned in the Ythan in 1760, and his grandfather, George Gordon, in the canal at Bath in 1779. In both cases there was suspicion of suicide.

afterwards. I think, then, that I may call this dejection *constitutional.* I had always been told that in *temper* I more resembled my maternal Grandfather than any of my *father's* family—that is, in the gloomier part of his temper, for he was what you call a good natured man, and I am not.

The Journal here I sent by Mawman to Moore the other day; but as it is a mere diary, only *parts* of it would ever do for publication. The other Journal, of the tour in 1816, I should think Augusta might let you have a copy of; but her nerves have been in such a state since 1815, that there is no knowing. Lady Byron's people, and L^y^ Caroline Lamb's people, and a parcel of that set, got about her and frightened her with all sorts of hints and menaces, so that she has never since been able to write to *me* a *clear common letter*, and is so full of mysteries and miseries, that I can only sympathize, without always understanding her. All my loves, too, make a point of calling upon her, which puts her into a flutter (no difficult matter); and, the year before last I think, Lady F. W. W. marched in upon her, and Lady O., a few years ago, spoke to her at a party; and these and such like calamities have made her afraid of her shadow. It is a very odd fancy that they all take to her: it was only six months ago, that I had some difficulty in preventing the Countess G. from invading her with an Italian letter. I should like to have seen Augusta's face, with an Etruscan Epistle, and all its Meridional style of *issimas*, and other superlatives, before her.

I am much mortified that Gifford don't take to my new dramas: to be sure, they are as opposite to the English drama as one thing can be to another; but I have a notion that, if understood, they will in time find favour (though *not* on the stage) with the reader. The Simplicity

of plot is intentional, and the avoidance of *rant* also, as also the compression of the Speeches in the more severe situations. What I seek to show in *The Foscaris* is the *suppressed* passion, rather than the rant of the present day. For that matter—

> "Nay, if thou'lt mouth,
> I'll rant as well as thou"—

would not be difficult, as I think I have shown in my younger productions—*not dramatic* ones, to be sure. But, as I said before, I am mortified that Gifford don't like them; but I see no remedy, our notions on the subject being so different. How is he? well, I hope: let me know. I regret his demur the more that he has been always my grand patron, and I know no praise which would compensate me in my own mind for his censure. I do not mind *reviews*, as I can work them at their own weapons.

Yours ever and truly,

B.

P.S.—By the way, on our next settlement (which will take place with Mr. Kinnaird), you will please to deduct the various sums for *books*, packages *received* and *sent*, the *bust*, tooth-powder, etc., etc., expended by you on my account.

Hobhouse, in his preface to "*Rimini*," will probably be better able to explain my dramatic system, than I could do, as he is well acquainted with the whole thing. It is more upon the Alfieri School than the English.

I hope that we shall not have Mr. Rogers here: there is a mean minuteness in his mind and tittle-tattle that I dislike, ever since I *found him out* (which was but slowly); besides he is not a good man: why don't he go to bed? What does he do travelling?

The Journal of 1814 I dare say Moore will give, or a copy.

Has *Cain* (the dramatic third attempt), arrived yet? Let me know.

Address to me at *Pisa*, whither I am going. The reason is, that all my Italian friends here have been exiled, and are met there for the present; and I go to join them, as agreed upon, for the Winter.

938.—To John Murray.

Ravenna, September 24th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—I have been thinking over our late correspondence, and wish to propose to you the following articles for our future:—

1st^ly That you shall write to me of yourself, of the health, wealth, and welfare of all friends; but of *me* (*quoad me*) little or nothing.

2d^ly That you shall send me Soda powders, tooth-powder, tooth-brushes, or any such anti-odontalgic or chemical articles, as heretofore, *ad libitum*, upon being re-imbursed for the same.

3d^ly That you shall *not* send me any modern, or (as they are called) *new*, publications in *English whatsoever*, save and excepting any writing, prose or verse, of (or reasonably presumed to be of) Walter Scott, Crabbe, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Gifford, Joanna Baillie, *Irving* (the American), Hogg, Wilson (*Isle of Palms* Man), or *any* especial *single* work of fancy which is thought to be of considerable merit; *Voyages* and *travels*, provided that they are *neither in Greece, Spain, Asia Minor, Albania, nor Italy*, will be welcome: having travelled the countries mentioned, I know that what is said of them can convey nothing further which I desire to know about them. No other English works whatsoever.

4thly That you send me *no periodical works* whatsoever—*no Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, *Monthly*, nor any Review, Magazine, Newspaper, English or foreign, of any description.

5thly That you send me *no* opinions whatsoever, either *good*, *bad*, or *indifferent*, of yourself, or your friends, or others, concerning any work, or works, of mine, past, present, or to come.

6thly That all negotiations in matters of business between you and me pass through the medium of the Honble Douglas Kinnaird, my friend and trustee, or Mr. Hobhouse, as *Alter Ego*, and tantamount to myself during my absence, or presence.

Some of these propositions may at first seem strange, but they are founded. The quantity of trash I have received as books is incalculable, and neither amused nor instructed. Reviews and Magazines are at the best but ephemeral and superficial reading: *who thinks* of the *grand article* of *last year* in any *given review*? in the next place, if they regard *myself*, they tend to increase *Egotism*; if favourable, I do not deny that the praise *elates*, and if unfavourable, that the abuse *irritates*—the latter may conduct me to inflict a species of Satire, which would neither do good to you nor to your friends: *they* may smile *now*, and so may *you*; but if I took you all in hand, it would not be difficult to cut you up like gourds. I did as much by as powerful people at nineteen years old, and I know little as yet, in three and thirty, which should prevent me from making all your ribs Gridirons for your hearts, if such were my propensity. But it is *not*. Therefore let me hear none of your provocations. If any thing occurs so very *gross* as to require my notice, I shall hear of it from my personal friends. For the rest, I merely request to be left in ignorance.

The same applies to opinions, *good*, *bad*, or *indifferent*,

of persons in conversation or correspondence: these do not *interrupt*, but they *soil* the *current* of my *Mind*. I am sensitive enough, but *not* till I am *touched*; and *here* I am beyond the touch of the short arms of literary England, except the few feelers of the Polypus that crawl over the Channel in the way of Extract.

All these precautions *in* England would be useless: the libeller or the flatterer would there reach me in spite of all; but in Italy we know little of literary England, and think less, except what reaches us through some garbled and brief extract in some miserable Gazette. For *two years* (excepting two or three articles cut out and sent to *you*, by the post) I never read a newspaper which was not forced upon me by some accident, and know, upon the whole, as little of England as you all do of Italy, and God knows *that* is little enough, with all your travels, etc., etc., etc. The English travellers *know Italy* as *you* know Guernsey: how much is *that*?

If any thing occurs so violently gross or personal as to require notice, Mr. D[s] Kinnaird will let me *know*; but of *praise* I desire to hear *nothing*.

You will say, "to what tends all this?" I will answer THAT;—to keep my mind *free and unbiassed* by all paltry and personal irritabilities of praise or censure;—to let my Genius take its natural direction, while my feelings are like the dead, who know nothing and feel nothing of all or aught that is said or done in their regard.

If you can observe these conditions, you will spare yourself and others some pain: let me not be worked upon to rise up; for if I do, it will not be for a little: if you can *not* observe these conditions, we shall cease to be correspondents, but *not friends*; for I shall always be

Yours ever and truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I have taken these resolutions not from any irritation against *you* or *yours*, but simply upon reflection that all reading, either praise or censure, of myself has done me harm. When I was in Switzerland and Greece, I was out of the way of hearing either, and *how I wrote there!* In Italy I am out of the way of it too; but latterly, partly through my fault, and partly through your kindness in wishing to send me the *newest* and most periodical publications, I have had a crowd of reviews, etc., thrust upon me, which have bored me with their jargon, of one kind or another, and taken off my attention from greater objects. You have also sent me a parcel of trash of poetry, for no reason that I can conceive, unless to provoke me to write a new *English Bards*. Now *this* I wish to avoid; for if ever I *do*, it will be a strong production; and I desire peace, as long as the fools will keep their nonsense out of my way.

939.—To John Murray.

Septr. 27th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—Give the enclosed to Moore when he comes over, as he is about to do. It contains something for you to look at, but *not* for publication. Address to *Pisa*.

I thought *Ricciardetto* was *Rose's*, but pray thank Lord Glenbervie[1] therefor. He is an old and kind friend of

1. Lord Glenbervie's translation, *The First Canto of Ricciardetto, translated from the Italian of Forteguerri, etc.*, was privately printed in 1821. It was published with the translator's name in 1822. By his wife, the Hon. Catherine Anne North, daughter of Lord North, the Prime Minister, he had one son, the Hon. Frederick Sylvester North Douglas (born 1791, died 1819). Frederick Douglas is called by Byron "the modern Greek," because of his *Essay on Certain Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks* (1813).

mine, if it be the *old* man you mean. Is the young one dead or alive? I mean the "modern Greek"—Frederick S. Douglas?

Moore and you can settle between you about the "Memoranda:" *I* can only do what I can to accommodate arrangements, as fixed between you, which I shall do readily and cheerfully.

Yours in haste,

B.

P.S.—Is *Cain* arrived? He was sent on the 11th in *three packets*. Did you get a new Italian account of M. Faliero's Conspiracy for a note, sent two months ago by the post? and printed for the first time?

940.—To Thomas Moore.

September 27, 1821.

It was not Murray's fault. I did not send the MS. *overture*, but I send it now,[1] and it may be restored;—or, at any rate, you may keep the original, and give any copies you please. I send it, as written, and as I *read* it to you—I have no other copy.

By last week's *two* posts, in two packets, I sent to your address, at *Paris*, a longish poem upon the late Irishism of your countrymen in their reception of the King. Pray, have you received it? It is in "the high "Roman fashion," and full of ferocious phantasy. As *you* could not well take up the matter with Paddy (being of the same nest), I have;—but I hope still that I have done justice to his great men and his good heart. As

1. "The lines 'Oh Wellington,' which I had missed in their "original place at the opening of the Third Canto, and took for "granted that they had been suppressed by his publisher" (Moore).

for Castlereagh you will find it laid on with a trowel. I delight in your "fact historical"[1]—*is* it a fact?

Yours, etc.

P.S.—You have not answered me about Schlegel—why not? Address to me at Pisa, whither I am going, to join the exiles—a pretty numerous body at present. Let me hear how you are, and what you mean to do. Is there no chance of your recrossing the Alps? If the G. Rex marries again, let him not want an Epithalamium—suppose a joint concern of you and me, like Sternhold and Hopkins!

941.—To John Murray.

Septr 28th 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—I add another cover to request you to ask Moore to obtain (if possible) my letters to the late Lady Melbourne from Lady Cowper. They are very numerous, and ought to have been restored long ago, as I was ready to give back Lady M.'s in exchange: these latter are in Mr. Hobhouse's custody with my other papers, and shall be punctually restored if required. I did not choose before to apply to Lady Cowper, as her mother's death naturally kept me from intruding upon her feelings at the time of its occurrence. Some years have now elapsed, and it is essential that I should have my own epistles. They are essential as confirming that part of the "Memoranda" which refer to the two periods (1812 and 1814) when my marriage with her niece was

1. Perhaps the "fact historical" is a story told by Moore, in his Diary for August 23, 1821 (*Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 270). Sir E. Nagle announced the death of Napoleon to George IV. by "saying, 'I have "the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead.' "'No! is she, by God?' said the King. Put this into verse "afterwards."

in contemplation, and will tend to show what my real views and feelings were upon that subject, which have been so variously represented. You need not let *this motive* be stated to L^y C^t, as it in no degree concerns *her* particularly; but *if* they refuse to give them up (or keep back *any*—recollect that they are in *great quantity*), it would become the duty of the Editor and my Executors to refer to parts of Lady Melbourne's letters—so that the thing is as broad as it is long. They involve also many other topics, which may or may not be referred to, according to the discretion of Moore, etc., when the time comes.

You need not be alarmed: the "*fourteen years*"[1] will hardly elapse without some mortality amongst us; it is a long lease of life to speculate upon. So your Cent per Cent Shylock Calculation will not be in so much peril, as the "Argosie" will sink before that time, and "the pound "of flesh" be withered previously to your being so long out of a return.

I also wish to give you a hint or two (as you have really behaved very handsomely to M. in the business, and are a fine fellow in your line) for your advantage. *If* by your own management you can extract any of my epistles from L^y Caroline Lamb (mind she don't give you *forgeries* in my *hand:* she has done as much you *know* before now) they might be of use in your collection (sinking of course the *names* and *all such circumstances* as might hurt *living* feelings, or *those* of *survivors*); they treat of more topics than love occasionally.

As to those to other correspondents (female, etc.), there are plenty scattered about in the world; but how to direct you to recover them, I know not: most of them have kept them—I hear at least that L^y O., and F. W.

1. See p. 271, *note* 2.

have kept theirs; but these letters are of course inaccessible (and perhaps not desirable), as well as those of some others.

I will tell you who may *happen* to have some letters of mine in their possession: Lord Powerscourt, some to his late brother; Mr. Long of—(I forget his place)—but the father of Edward Long of the Guards, who was drowned in going to Lisbon early in 1809; Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, Notts (she *may* be *Mistress* by this time, for she had more years than I): *they* were *not* love-letters, so that you might have them without scruple. There are, or might be, some to the late Rev.d J. C. Tattersall, in the hands of his brother (half-brother) Mr. Wheatley, who resides near Canterbury, I think. There are some to Charles Gordon, now of Dulwich; and some few to Mrs. Chaworth; but these latter are probably destroyed or inaccessible.

All my letters to Lady B., before and since her marriage, are in her possession, as well as her own which I sent to her: she had not the courtesy to restore me *mine;* but never mind; though they were too much to my credit for her to give them back, we can do without them.

I mention these people and particulars merely as *chances:* most of them have probably destroyed the letters, which in fact were of little import, most of them written when very young, and several at School and College.

Peel (the *second* brother of the Secretary) was a correspondent of mine, and also Porter, the son of the Bishop of Clogher; Lord Clare a very voluminous one; William Harness (a friend of Jew Milman's) another; Charles Drummond (son of the Banker); William Bankes (the Voyager); your friend R. C. Dallas, Esq.re. Hodgson, Henry Drury, Hobhouse, you were already aware of.

I have gone through this long list [1] of

"The cold, the faithless, and the dead," [2]

because I know that, like "the curious in fish sauce," you are a researcher of such things.

Besides these, there are other occasional ones to literary men and so forth, complimentary, etc., etc., etc., not worth much more than the rest. There are some hundreds, too, of Italian notes of mine, scribbled with a noble contempt of the grammar and dictionary, and in very English Etruscan; for I *speak* Italian very fluently but write it carelessly and incorrectly to a degree.

942.—To Thomas Moore.

September 29, 1821.

I send you two rough things, prose and verse, not much in themselves, but which will show, one of them,

1. "To all the persons upon this list who were accessible, applica-"tion has, of course, been made,—with what success it is in the "reader's power to judge from the communications that have been "laid before him. Among the companions of the poet's boyhood "there are (as I have already had occasion to mention and regret) "but few traces of his youthful correspondence to be found; and of "all those who knew him at that period, his fair Southwell corre-"spondent alone seems to have been sufficiently endowed with the "gift of second-sight to anticipate the Byron of a future day, and "foresee the compound interest that Time and Fame would accumu-"late on every precious scrap of the young bard which she hoarded. "On the whole, however, it is not unsatisfactory to be able to state "that, with the exception of a very small minority (only one of "whom is possessed of any papers of much importance), every dis-"tinguished associate and intimate of the noble poet, from the very "outset to the close of his extraordinary career, has come forward "cordially to communicate whatever memorials they possessed of "him,—trusting, as I am willing to flatter myself, that he confided "these treasures to one, who, if not able to do full justice to the "memory of their common friend, would, at least, not willingly "suffer it to be dishonoured in his hands" (Moore).

2. "They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead."
The Lady of the Lake, Canto I. stanza xxxiii.

the state of the country, and the other, of your friend's mind, when they were written. Neither of them were sent to the person concerned, but you will see, by the style of them, that they were sincere, as I am in signing myself

Yours ever and truly,

B.

Of the two enclosures, one was a letter intended to be sent to Lady Byron, from which Moore (*Life*, p. 534) made the following extracts :—

943.—To Lady Byron.

Ravenna, Marza 1mo, 1821.

I have received your message, through my sister's letter, about English security, etc., etc. It is considerate, (and true, even,) that *such* is to be found—but not that I shall find it. Mr. * *, for his own views and purposes, will thwart all such attempts till he has accomplished his own, viz. to make me lend my fortune to some client of his choosing.

At this distance—after this absence, and with my utter ignorance of affairs and business—with my temper and impatience, I have neither the means nor the mind to resist * * * * Thinking of the funds as I do, and wishing to secure a reversion to my sister and her children, I should jump at most expedients.

What I told you is come to pass—the Neapolitan war is declared. Your funds will fall, and I shall be in consequence ruined. That's nothing—but my blood relations will be so. You and your child are provided for. Live and prosper—I wish so much to both. Live and prosper —you have the means. I think but of my real kin and kindred, who may be the victims of this accursed bubble.

You neither know nor dream of the consequences of this war. It is a war of *men* with monarchs, and will spread like a spark on the dry, rank grass of the vegetable desert. What it is with you and your English, you do not know, for ye sleep. What it is with us here, I know, for it is before, and around, and within us.

Judge of my detestation of England and of all that it inherits, when I avoid returning to your country at a time when not only my pecuniary interests, but, it may be, even my personal security, require it. I can say no more, for all letters are opened. A short time will decide upon what is to be done here, and then you will learn it without being more troubled with me or my correspondence. Whatever happens, an individual is little, so the cause is forwarded.

I have no more to say to you on the score of affairs, or on any other subject.

The second enclosure consisted of some verses, written by Byron, December 10, 1820, on seeing the following paragraph in a newspaper :—"Lady Byron is this year the Lady Patroness of the Annual "Charity Ball given in the Town Hall at Hinckley, in Leicestershire, "and Sir George Crewe, Bart., the principal Steward." The paragraph will be found in the *Morning Chronicle* for Tuesday, November 21, 1820. From these verses, Moore prints the following :—

What matter the pangs of a husband and father,
If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
And the saint patronises her "Charity Ball."

What matters—a heart, which though faulty was feeling,
Be driven to excesses which once could appal—
That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
As the saint keeps her charity back for "the Ball,"
etc., etc.

944.—To Thomas Moore.

September—no—October 1, 1821.

I have written to you lately, both in prose and verse, at great length, to Paris and London. I presume that Mrs. Moore, or whoever is your Paris deputy, will forward my packets to you in London.

I am setting off for Pisa, if a slight incipient intermittent fever do not prevent me. I fear it is not strong enough to give Murray much chance of realising his thirteens again. I hardly should regret it, I think, provided you raised your price upon him—as what Lady Holderness[1] (my sister's grandmother, a Dutchwoman) used to call Augusta, her *Residee Legatoo*—so as to provide for us all: *my* bones with a splendid and *larmoyante* edition, and you with double what is extractable during my lifetime.

I have a strong presentiment that (bating some out of the way accident) you will survive me. The difference of eight years, or whatever it is, between our ages, is nothing. I do not feel (nor am, indeed, anxious to feel) the principle of life in me tend to longevity. My father and mother died, the one at thirty-five or six, and the other at forty-five; and Dr. Rush, or somebody else, says that nobody lives long, without having *one parent*, at least, an old stager.

I *should*, to be sure, like to see out my eternal mother-in-law, not so much for her heritage, but from my natural antipathy. But the indulgence of this natural desire is too much to expect from the Providence who presides over old women. I bore you with all this about lives, because it has been put in my way by a calculation of

1. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 18, *note* 1. Mary, daughter of Francis Doublet, Member of the States of Holland, married in 1743 Robert D'Arcy, fourth and last Earl of Holderness.

insurances which Murray has sent me. I *really think* you should have more, if I evaporate within a reasonable time.

I wonder if my *Cain* has got safe to England. I have written since about sixty stanzas of a poem, in octave stanzas, (in the Pulci style, which the fools in England think was invented by Whistlecraft—it is as old as the hills in Italy,) called *The Vision of Judgment*,[1] by Quevedo Redivivus, with this motto—

> "A Daniel come to *judgment*, yea, a Daniel:
> I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

In this it is my intent to put the said George's Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting the Poet Laureate for his preface and his other demerits.

I am just got to the pass where Saint Peter, hearing that the royal defunct had opposed Catholic Emancipation, rises up, and, interrupting Satan's oration, declares *he* will change places with Cerberus sooner than let him into heaven, while *he* has the keys thereof.

I must go and ride, though rather feverish and chilly. It is the ague season; but the agues do me rather good than harm. The feel after the *fit* is as if one had got rid of one's body for good and all.

The gods go with you!—Address to Pisa.

Ever yours.

1. *The Vision of Judgment* was published as Article I. in the first number of *The Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South* (London, 1822). Goethe (Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 437) delighted in the poem, and characterized the verses on George IV. as the "sublime of hatred." Francisco Gomez de Quevedo Villegas (1580–1645), the Spanish satirist, "the scourge of silly poets," published his five *Sueños* (Visions) in 1627. The first, *El Sueño de las Cavalleras* (the Vision of the Skulls), is a picture of the Last Judgment and a satire on human vice. Quevedo's *Visions* were translated by, among others, Sir R. L'Estrange in 1667; but the version printed in the Edinburgh edition (3 vols., 1798) of Quevedo's *Select Works* is that of an anonymous translator.

P.S.—Since I came back, I feel better, though I stayed out too late for this malaria season, under the thin crescent of a very young moon, and got off my horse to walk in an avenue with a Signora for an hour. I thought of you and

> "When at eve thou rovest
> By the star thou lovest." [1]

But it was not in a romantic mood, as I should have been once; and yet it was a *new* woman, (that is, new to me,) and, of course, expected to be made love to. But I merely made a few common-place speeches. I feel, as your poor friend Curran said, before his death, "a moun-"tain of lead upon my heart," [2] which I believe to be constitutional, and that nothing will remove it but the same remedy.

945.—To John Murray.

Octr. 4th 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,—I send you in 8 sheets, and 106 stanzas (octave), a poem entitled a *Vision of Judgement*, etc., by Quevedo Redivivus, of which you will address the proof to me at *Pisa*, and an answer by return of post. Pray, let the Printer be as careful as he can to decypher it, which may be not so easy.

It may happen that you will be afraid to publish it: in that case, find me a publisher, assuring him that, if he

1. These lines begin the second stanza of "Go where glory waits "thee" (Moore's *Irish Melodies*, No. I.).

2. Curran died October 14, 1817. "His spirits were now in a state "of the most distressing depression. He complained of having 'a "mountain of lead upon his heart.' This despondency he increased "by dwelling perpetually upon the condition of Ireland, which his "imagination was for ever representing to him as doomed to endless "divisions and degradation" (*Life of the Right Hon. J. P. Curran*, ed. 1819, vol. ii. p. 381).

gets into a scrape, I will give up *my name* or person. I do not approve of your mode of not putting publisher's names on title pages (which was unheard of, till *you* gave yourself that *air*): an author's case is different, and from time immemorial have (*sic*) published anonymously.

I wait to hear the arrival of various packets.

Yours,

B.

Address to *Pisa*.

946.—To Thomas Moore.

October 6, 1821.

By this post I have sent my nightmare to balance the incubus of Southey's impudent anticipation of the Apotheosis of George the Third.[1] I should like you to take a look over it, as I think there are two or three things in it which might please "our puir hill folk."

By the last two or three posts I have written to you at length. My *ague* bows to me every two or three days, but we are not as yet upon intimate speaking terms. I have an intermittent generally every two years, when the climate is favourable (as it is here), but it does me no harm. What I find worse, and cannot get rid of, is the growing depression of my spirits, without sufficient cause. I ride—I am not intemperate in eating or drinking—and my general health is as usual, except a slight ague, which rather does good than not. It must be constitutional; for I know nothing more than usual to depress me to that degree.

How do *you* manage? I think you told me, at Venice, that your spirits did not keep up without a little claret.

1. Southey's *Vision of Judgment* appeared in 1821.

I *can* drink, and bear a good deal of wine (as you may recollect in England); but it don't exhilarate—it makes me savage and suspicious, and even quarrelsome. Laudanum has a similar effect; but I can take much of *it* without any effect at all. The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of *salts*—I mean in the afternoon, after their effect. But one can't take *them* like champagne.

Excuse this old woman's letter; but my *lemancholy* don't depend upon health, for it is just the same, well or ill, or here or there.

Yours, etc.

947.—To John Murray.

R^a. Octr. 9th. 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—You will please to present or convey the enclosed poem[1] to Mr. Moore: I sent him another copy to Paris, but he has probably left that city.

It is doubtful whether the poem was written by Felicia Hemans for the prize of the Dartmoor Academy, or by the Rev^d. W. L. Bowles with a view to a bishopric: your own great discernment will decide between them.

By last post I sent the *Vision of Judgement* by Quevedo Redivivus. I just piddle a little with these trifles to keep my hand in for the new *English Bards*, etc., which I perceive some of your people are in want of, and which I only wait for a short visit to your country, to put me more in possession of the nonsense of some of your *newer* ragamuffins, to commence. I have *not* sought it; but if I *do* begin, it shall go hard, as Shylock says, "but "I better the Instruction."

Yours ever,

B.

1. "The Irish Avatar."

Address to Pisa,[1] and acknowledge all packets by *name*—else it makes confusion.

1. Byron, however, lingered at Ravenna a fortnight longer. All was ready for him at Pisa, and, as the following letter from Shelley shows, the Countess Guiccioli was beginning to despair of his ever leaving Ravenna :—

"Pisa, Octr. 21, 1821.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I should have written to you long "since but that I have been led to expect you almost daily in Pisa, "and that I imagined you would cross my letter on your road.

"Many thanks for *Don Juan*. It is a poem totally of its own "species, and my wonder and delight at the grace of the composition "no less than the free and grand vigour of the conception of it per- "petually increase. The few passages which any one might desire "to be cancelled in the 1st. and 2nd. Cants. are here reduced almost "to nothing. This poem carries with it at once the stamp of "originality and a defiance of imitation. Nothing has ever been "written like it in English, nor, if I may venture to prophesy, will "there be, without carrying upon it the mark of a secondary and "borrowed light. You unveil and present in its true deformity what "is worst in human nature, and this is what the witlings of the age "murmur at, conscious of their want of power to endure the scrutiny "of such a light. We are damned to the knowledge of good and "evil, and it is well for us to know what we should avoid no less "than what we should seek.

"The character of Lambro, his return, the merriment of his "daughter's guests, made, as it were, in celebration of his funeral, the "meeting with the lovers, and the death of Haidée, are circumstances "combined and developed in a manner that I seek elsewhere in vain. "The fifth Canto, which some of your pet Zoili in Albemarle S^t. "said was *dull*, gathers instead of loses, splendour and energy : the "language in which the whole is clothed—a sort of cameleon under "the changing sky of the spirit that kindles it—is such as these "lisping days could not have expected, and are, believe me, in spite "of the approbation which you wrest from them, little pleased to "hear.

"One can hardly judge from recitation, and it was not until I read "it in print that I have been able to do it justice. This sort of "writing only on a great plan, and perhaps in a more compact form, "is what I wished you to do when I made my vows for an epic.

"But I am content. You are building up a drama, such as "England has not yet seen, and the task is sufficiently noble and "worthy of you.

"When may we expect you? The Countess G. is very patient, "though sometimes she seems apprehensive that you will *never* leave "Ravenna.

"I have suffered from my habitual disorder and from a tertian "fever since I returned, and my ill health has prevented me from "shewing her the attentions I could have desired in Pisa.

P.S.—If there is anything new of *Israeli's*, send it me. I like Israeli: 1st^{ly} he "having done the handsome "thing by me," as Winifred Jenkins says, when you showed him (you shabby fellow!) my marginal notes in Athens upon his Essay—instead of being angry like a spoilt child of ink and paper; and 2nd^{ly}, because he is the Bayle of literary speculation, and puts together more amusing information than anybody; and 3dly, he likes *Pope*.

Don't forget to send me my first act of *Werner* (if Hobhouse can find it amongst my papers)—send it by the post (to Pisa); and also cut out Sophia Lee's "Ger- "man's tale,"[1] from the *Canterbury Tales*, and send it in a letter also.

"I have heard from Hunt, who tells me that he is coming out in "November, by sea I believe.

"Your house is ready and all the furniture arranged. Lega, they "say, is to have set off yesterday.

"The Countess tells me that you think of leaving Allegra for the "present at the convent. Do as you think best; but I can pledge "myself to find a situation for her here such as you would approve, "in case you change your mind.

"I hear no political news but such as announces the slow victory "of the spirit of the past over that of the present. The other day, "a number of Heteristi, escaped from the defeat in Wallachia, past "through Pisa, to embark at Leghorn and join Ipsilanti in Livadia. "It is highly to the credit of the actual government of Tuscany, that "it allowed these poor fugitives 3 livres a day each, and free quarters "during their passage through these states.

"Mrs. S. desires her best regards.

"My dear Lord Byron, yours most faithfully,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

1. "Kruitzner, or the German's Tale," by Harriet Lee, was published in vol. iv. of the second edition of the *Canterbury Tales* (1801) of Harriet and Sophia Lee. The parallel passages between the Tale and *Werner* are given in Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* (vol. xii. pp. 713–719).

The first act of *Werner*, which Byron wrote in 1815, and which could not be found in 1821, will be published in vol. v. of Byron's Works (*Poems*) from the MS. in Mr. Murray's possession. The play, as published in 1823, was printed from a MS. in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting.

The Hon. F. Leveson Gower (*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1899)

I began that tragedy in 1815, but Lady Byron's farce put it out of my head for the time of her representation.

By the way, you have a good deal of my prose tracts in MSS. Let me have proofs of them *all* again—I mean the *controversial* ones, including the last two or three years of time. Another question. The Epistle of St. Paul, which I translated from the Armenian—for what reason have you kept it back, though you published that stuff which gave rise to *The Vampire*? Is it because you are afraid to print any thing in opposition to the Cant of the *Quarterly* about "Manicheism"? Let me have a proof of that Epistle directly. I am a better christian than those parsons of yours, though not paid for being so.

Send—Faber's Treatise on the "Cabiri."

Sainte-Croix's "Mystères du Paganisme" (scarce, perhaps, but to be found, as Mitford refers to his work frequently).

A common Bible, of a good legible print (bound in Russia). I *have* one; but as it was the last gift of my Sister (whom I shall probably never see again), I can only use it carefully, and less frequently, because I like to keep it in good order. Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old,—that is to say, the *Old* Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a *boy*, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen in 1796.

Any novels of Scott, or poetry of the same. Ditto of

maintains that the play, which Murray published in 1823 as Byron's, was really written by his grandmother, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and given by her to Lady Caroline Lamb, and by Lady Caroline to Byron. (See also *Literature*, August 12, 19, 26, 1899.) The subject will be fully discussed in vol. v. of Byron's *Poems*.

Crabbe, Moore, and the Elect; but none of your damned commonplace trash,—unless something starts up of actual merit, which may very well be, for 'tis time it should.

"Plutarch's Morals, etc.," in the *old* English translation. "Gillies' Greece," and interval between Alexander and Augustus (I *have* Mitford), in Octavo, if possible—I can't read quartos.

"Life of Apollonius of Tyana," published (or translated) 8 or nine (9) years ago.

"Leslie's Short and Easy Method with the Deists." I want a Bayle, but am afraid of the carriage and the weight, as also of folios in general.

"Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."[1]

948.—To John Murray.

Octr. 20th 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—*If* the errors *are* in the *MSS.*, write me down an Ass: they are *not*, and I am content to undergo any penalty if they be. Besides, the *omitted* Stanza (last but one or two), sent *afterwards*, was that in the MSS. too?

Have you received a printed sheet or two from an old MSS., as a note to *The Doge*? sent two months ago? I am anxious about that.

As to "*honour*," I will trust no man's honour in affairs of barter. I will tell you why. A state of bargain is Hobbes's "state of Nature—a state of war."[2] It is so with all men. If I come to a friend, and say, "friend,

1. In a letter, dated November 14, Murray writes, "I have now "sent you all the books you wrote for, and amongst them your own "copy of Burton, which I got at your sale. The bible I have sent "you is one with a selection of the best commentaries."

2. "Negari non potest, quin status hominum naturalis, antequam "in societatem coiretur, bellum fuerit" (Hobbes, *De Cive, Libertas*, cap. i. § 12).

"lend me five hundred pounds!"—he either does it, or says that he can't or won't; but if I come to Ditto, and say, "Ditto, I have an excellent house, or horse, or carriage, "or MSS., or books, or pictures, or, etc., etc., etc., etc., "etc., honestly worth a thousand pounds, you shall have "them for five hundred," what does Ditto say? Why, he looks at them, he *hums*, he *ha*'s,—he *humbugs*, if he can, to get a bargain as cheaply as he can, because *it is* a bargain: this is in the blood and bone of mankind; and the same man who would lend another a thousand pounds without interest, would not buy a horse of him for half its value if he could help it. It is so: there's no denying it; and therefore I will have as much as I can, and you will give as little. And there's an end. All men are intrinsical rascals, and I am only sorry that, not being a dog, I can't bite them.

So, Thomas M[oore] is in town *incog.*: love to *him*. I except him from my regretted morsures, for I have always found him the pink of honour and honesty: besides I liked his country till its late performance.

By the way, did Mawman or Mawman's friend deliver to him the *two* MSS. Books consigned for him? *This* is *your* concern, so anatomize Mawman about it. They belong to your posthumous adventure, that is to say, to mine.

I am filling another[1] for you with little anecdotes, to my own knowledge, or well authenticated, of Sheridan, Curran, etc., and such other public men as I recollect to have been acquainted with, for I knew most of them more or less. I will do what I can to prevent your losing by my obsequies.

Acknowledge packets.

Yours,

B.

1. The contents of this book are printed in Chap. XXIII.

P.S.—Address to Pisa.

P.S.—Acknowledge *Vision of Judgement* by Quevedo Redivivus, sent on the 9th; also "The Irish Avatar" (for Mr. Moore), put in the letter-bag afterwards, a day or two.

949.—To Samuel Rogers.[1]

Ravenna, Oct. 21st 1821.

DEAR ROGERS,—I shall be (the Gods willing) in Bologna on Saturday next. This is a curious answer to your letter; but I have taken a house in Pisa for the

1. Rogers, who left England in August, 1821, reached Venice in October. Thence he wrote to Byron, proposing to visit him at Ravenna (Clayden's *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 319). They met at Bologna. On the road to Bologna from Ravenna Byron met Lord Clare. See *Detached Thoughts*, p. 455 (91) and p. 462 (113). "At Bologna," writes Rogers from Florence to his sister, November 11, 1821 (*ibid.*, pp. 320, 323), "I waited a day "for Lord Byron, and crossed the Apennines with him. Our party "consisted of a dog, a cat, a hawk, an old gondolier from Venice, "and other sundries. His *Foscari* is already printed, and will, I "fear, get the start of us. . . . Lord Byron is gone to live at Pisa. "He spent only one day here. I wish you had seen him set off, "every window of the inn was open to see him. . . . I received a "visit from our old friend the poet, with his book. Lord Byron "amused himself with writing a sonnet for him, in which he makes "him describe himself as a bore; whether he will shew it about I "don't know." The meeting is described by Rogers in his *Italy* (Bologna)—

> "Much had pass'd
> Since last we parted; and those five short years—
> Much had they told! His clustering locks were turn'd
> Gray; nor did aught recall the Youth that swam
> From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
> Still it was sweet; still from his eye the thought
> Flashed lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,
> Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
> We sat, conversing—no unwelcome hour,
> The hour we met; and, when Aurora rose,
> Rising, we climb'd the rugged Apennine."

For Byron's journey across the Apennines and visit to Florence with Rogers, see *Detached Thoughts*, p. 464 (114, 115).

Villa Lanfranchi, Pisa.
from a drawing by O. E. M. Ward

winter, to which all my chattels—furniture, horses, carriages, and live stock—are already removed, and I am preparing to follow.

The cause of this removal is, shortly, the exile or proscription of all my friends' relations and connections here into Tuscany, on account of our late politics; and where they go, I accompany them. I merely remained till now to settle some arrangements about my daughter, and to give time for my furniture, etc., to precede me. I have not here a seat or a bed hardly, except some *jury* chairs, and tables, and a mattrass for the week to come.

If you will go on with me to Pisa, I can lodge you for as long as you like; (they write that the house, the Palazzo Lanfranchi,[1] is spacious: it is on the Arno;) and I have four carriages, and as many saddle-horses (such as they are in these parts), with all other conveniences at your command, as also their owner. If you can't do this, we may, at least, cross the Apennines together; or if you are going by another road, we shall meet at Bologna, I hope. I address this to the post-office (as you desire), and you will probably find me at the Albergo di *San Marco*. If you arrive first, wait till I come up, which will be (barring accidents) on Saturday or Sunday at farthest.

I presume you are alone in your voyages. Moore is in London *incog.* according to my latest advices from those climates.

It is better than a lustre (five years and six months

1. The Lanfranchi family, Ghibelline leaders at Pisa, are mentioned by Count Ugolino (in Circle ix. of Hell), together with the Gualandi and Sismondi, as compassing his destruction. See *Inferno*, Canto XXXIII. lines 31–33—

> "Con cagne magre, studiose e conte,
> Gualandi con Sismondi e con Lanfranchi,
> S'avea messi dinanzi dalla fronte."

and some days, more or less) since we met; and like the man from Tadcaster in the farce *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*[1]), whose acquaintances, including the cat and the terrier, "who caught a halfpenny in his mouth," were all "gone dead," but too many of our acquaintances have taken the same path. Lady Melbourne, Grattan, Sheridan, Curran, etc., etc.—without reckoning the οἱ πολλοι—almost every body of much name of the old school. But "so am not I, said the foolish fat scullion;"[2] therefore let us make the most of our remainder.

Let me find two lines from you at "the Hostel or Inn."

Yours ever, etc.,

B.

950.—To John Murray.

Rᵃ. Octʳ. 26ᵗʰ 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—I waited here another *week* to receive the proofs of *Cain*, which have *not* arrived, though your last letter announced them for next post. I must start for Pisa on Saturday, so by this means there is a *fortnight* lost; for the proof must follow through cross posts. Upon

1. *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, by G. Colman the Younger, act ii. Risk, disguised as Solomon Lob, in conversation with Totterton, who asks after their mutual friends, kills them all.

"*Totterton.* And honest Mat Figgins, the grocer—is he hale and "hearty?

"*Risk.* He be dead too.

"*Totterton.* He dead too! Poor Mat! his lump sugar was "excellent. He had a dog, I remember, that chucked a halfpenny "off his nose into his mouth whenever you said 'nine.' Is the dog "alive?

"*Risk.* Noa; he eat a halfpenny.

"*Totterton.* And did that kill him?

"*Risk.* Ees; 'Twere such a varry bad one."

2. "We had a fat, foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her "for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a "dropsy.—'He is dead,' said *Obadiah*,—'he is certainly dead!'—"'So am not I,' said the foolish scullion" (*Tristram Shandy*, Bk. V. c. 7).

my word, you will provoke me to play you some trick, one of these days, that you won't like.

By this post I send you a *third corrected* copy of *Don Juan*. I will thank you to be more careful in future.

Yours, etc.

Please to acknowledge the *Vision of Judgement* by Quevedo Redivivus, and other packets.

951.—To John Murray.

R^a. Octr. 26th 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—You say the errors are in the MSS.: now, excuse me, but this is *not* true; and I defy you to prove it to be true.

The truth is you are a fine gentleman, and negligent as becomes a mighty man in his business.

I send you a *third copy corrected*, with some alteration; and, by this and the other *corrected* copies, I request you to print any future impression.

BYRON.

P.S.—Collate this with the other two copies, both sent by the post. And, pray, when I send you a *parcel* or *packet*, *do* acknowledge it. I care nothing about my letters or your answers: I only want to know, when I have taken trouble about a thing, that it has arrived.

You shall be the hero of my next poem: will you publish it?

952.—To Thomas Moore.

Ravenna, Oct. 28, 1821.

"'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,"[1] and in three hours more I have to set out on my way to Pisa—

1. *Christabel*, Part I. line 1.

sitting up all night to be sure of rising. I have just made them take off my bed-clothes—blankets inclusive—in case of temptation from the apparel of sheets to my eyelids.

Samuel Rogers is—or is to be—at Bologna, as he writes from Venice.

I thought our Magnifico would "pound you," if possible.[1] He is trying to "pound" me, too; but I'll specie the rogue—or at least, I'll have the odd shillings out of him in keen iambics.

Your approbation of *Sardanapalus*[2] is agreeable, for more reasons than one. Hobhouse is pleased to think as you do of it, and so do some others—but the "Arimas-"pian" whom, like "a Gryphon in the wilderness,"[3] I will "follow for his gold" (as I exhorted you to do before), did or doth disparage it—"stinting me in my "sizings." His notable opinions on the *Foscari* and *Cain* he hath not as yet forwarded; or, at least, I have not yet received them, nor the proofs thereof, though promised by last post.

I see the way that he and his *Quarterly* people are tending—they want a *row* with me, and they shall have

1. *I.e.* Murray would try to pay in pounds, not guineas, for the *Memoirs*.

2. Moore, in his Diary for September 30, 1821 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 282), writes, "Read the proofs of Lord B.'s 'Sardanapalus,' "with which I was delighted. Much originality in the character of "Sardanapalus, but not a dramatic personage; his sly, insinuating "sarcasms too delicate for the broad sign-painting of the stage."

3. The Arimaspians, a one-eyed people of Scythia, coveted gold for the adornment of their hair. Hence there is perpetual strife between them and the Gryphons, creatures in form half-eagle, half-lion, who guard the mines (Herodotus, iv. 13). Byron refers to Milton's *Paradise Lost* (Bk. II. lines 943, etc.)—

> "As when a gryphon thro' the wilderness,
> With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
> Pursues the Arimaspian, who, by stealth,
> Had from his wakeful custody purloined
> The guarded gold."

it. I only regret that I am not in England for the *nonce;* as, here, it is hardly fair ground for me, isolated and out of the way of prompt rejoinder and information as I am. But, though backed by all the corruption, and infamy, and patronage of their master rogues and slave renegadoes, if they do once rouse me up,

"They had better gall the devil, Salisbury."[1]

I have that for two or three of them, which they had better not move me to put in motion;—and yet, after all, what a fool I am to disquiet myself about such fellows! It was all very well ten or twelve years ago, when I was a "curled darling," and *minded* such things. At present, I *rate* them at their true value; but, from natural temper and bile, am not able to keep quiet.

Let me hear from you on your return from Ireland, which ought to be ashamed to see you, after her Brunswick blarney.[2] I am of Longman's opinion, that you should allow your friends to liquidate the Bermuda claim.[3]

1. "Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury."
King John, act iv. sc. 3.

2. The *Annual Register*, 1821 (p. 220), quotes the following passage from the *Dublin Evening Post*:—

"No King that ever reigned has rendered such a service as this to "Ireland. If our factions, losing all their asperities, shall ultimately "be melted into one feeling of Devotion to the Sovereign, and of "rational attachment to the Country, posterity will attribute the "blessings to the Fourth King of the Brunswick Line, to the first "King that ever visited Ireland, in the pride, pomp, and circum-"stance of glorious Peace."

Upon this passage Byron fastens in "The Irish Avatar" (September 16, 1821)—

"But he comes! the messiah of royalty comes!
Like a goodly Leviathan rolled from the waves!
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!" etc., etc.

See also the address of the Corporation of Dublin to George IV., in the *Annual Register*, 1821 (p. 322*).

3. Moore, during his visit to London in September, 1821 (*Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 281), was told by Longman that Lord Lansdowne had

Why should you throw away the two thousand *pounds* (of the *non*-guinea Murray) upon that cursed piece of treacherous inveiglement? I think you carry the matter a little too far and scrupulously. When we see patriots begging publicly, and know that Grattan received a fortune from his country, I really do not see why a man, in no whit inferior to any or all of them, should shrink from accepting that assistance from his private friends which every tradesman receives from his connections upon much less occasions. For, after all, it was not *your debt*—it was a piece of swindling *against* you. As to * * * *, and the "what noble creatures![1] etc., etc.," it is all very fine and very well, but, till you can persuade me that there is *no credit*, and no *self-applause* to be obtained by being of use to a celebrated man, I must retain the same opinion of the human spe*cies*, which I do of our friend Mr. Spe*cie*.

Yours ever, etc.,

BYRON.

953.—To John Murray.

8bre 30th 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—You say the errors were in the MSS. of *D. J.*—but the *omitted* stanza, which I sent you in an after letter, and the omitted notes? please to replace them.

Yours,

B.

placed £1000 in his hands to liquidate the Bermuda claim against himself. Lord John Russell (*ibid.*, p. 292) also pressed on Moore £200 for the same object.

1. "I had mentioned to him, with all the praise and gratitude "such friendship deserved, some generous offers of aid which, from "more than one quarter, I had received at this period, and which, "though declined, have been not the less warmly treasured in my "recollection" (Moore).

I am just setting off for Pisa.[1]
Favour the enclosed to Mr. Moore.
Address to Pisa.

1. Moore (*Life*, p. 538) quotes Countess Guiccioli's account of Byron's reluctance to leave Ravenna. "Egli era partito con molto "riverescimento da Ravenna, e col pressentimento che la sua "partenza da Ravenna ci sarebbe cagione di molti mali. In ogni "lettera che egli mi scriveva allora egli mi esprimeva il suo dis-"piacere di lasciare Ravenna. 'Se papà è richiamato (mi scriveva "egli) io torno in quel istante a Ravenna, e se è richiamato *prima* "della mia partenza, *io non parto*.' In questa speranza egli differì "varii mesi a partire. Ma, finalmente, non potendo più sperare il "nostro ritorno prossimo, egli mi scriveva—'Io parto molto mal "volontieri prevedendo dei mali assai grandi per voi altri e massimo "per voi; altro non dico,—lo vedrete.' E in un altra lettera, 'Io "lascio Ravenna così mal volontieri, e così persuaso che la mia "partenza non può che condurre da un male ad un altro più grande "che non ho cuore di scrivere altro in questo punto.' Egli mi "scriveva allora sempre in Italiano e trascrivo le sue precise parole "—ma come quei suoi pressentimenti si verificarono poi in appresso!"

Of this passage Moore (*ibid.*, pp. 538, 539) gives the following translation:—

"He left Ravenna with great regret, and with a presentiment "that his departure would be the forerunner of a thousand evils to "us. In every letter he then wrote to me, he expressed his dis-"pleasure at this step. 'If your father should be recalled,' he said, "'*I immediately return* to Ravenna; and if he is recalled *previous* "to my departure, *I remain*.' In this hope he delayed his journey "for several months; but at last, no longer having any expectation "of our immediate return, he wrote to me, saying, 'I set out most "unwillingly, foreseeing the most evil results for all of you, and "principally for yourself. I say no more, but you will see.' "And in another letter he says, 'I leave Ravenna so unwillingly, "and with such a persuasion on my mind that my departure will "lead from one misery to another, each greater than the former, that "I have not the heart to utter another word on the subject.' He "always wrote to me at that time in Italian, and I transcribe his "exact words. How entirely were these presentiments verified by "the event!"

Another passage from Countess Guiccioli's letter, of which the original has been lost, is given by Moore (*ibid.*, p. 539)—

"This sort of simple life he led until the fatal day of his departure "for Greece, and the few variations he made from it may be said to "have arisen solely from the greater or smaller number of occasions "which were offered him of doing good, and from the generous "actions he was continually performing. Many families (in Ravenna "principally) owed to him the few prosperous days they ever en-"joyed. His arrival in that town was spoken of as a piece of

"public good fortune, and his departure as a public calamity; and "this is the life which many attempted to asperse as that of a liber- "tine! But the world must at last learn how, with so good and "generous a heart, Lord Byron, susceptible, it is true, of the most "energetic passions, yet, at the same time, of the sublimest and "most pure, and rendering homage in his *acts* to every virtue—how "he, I say, could afford such scope to malice and to calumny. "Circumstances, and also, probably, an eccentricity of disposition "(which, nevertheless, had its origin in a virtuous feeling, an exces- "sive abhorrence for hypocrisy and affectation), contributed, perhaps, "to cloud the splendour of his exalted nature in the opinion of "many. But you will well know how to analyse these contra- "dictions in a manner worthy of your noble friend and of yourself, "and you will prove that the goodness of his heart was not inferior "to the grandeur of his genius."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MY DICTIONARY," MAY, 1821—DETACHED THOUGHTS,[1] OCTOBER 15, 1821—MAY 18, 1822.

Ravenna, May 1st 1821.

AMONGST various journals, memoranda, diaries, etc., which I have kept in the course of my living, I began one about three months ago, and carried it on till I had filled one paper-book (thinnish), and two sheets or so of another. I then left off, partly because I thought we should have some business here, and I had furbished up my arms, and got my apparatus ready for taking a turn with the Patriots, having my drawers full of their proclamations, oaths, and resolutions, and my lower rooms of their hidden weapons of most calibres; and partly because I had filled my paper book. But the Neapolitans have betrayed themselves and all the World, and those who would have given their blood for Italy can now only give her their tears.

Some day or other, if dust holds together, I have been enough in the Secret (at least in this part of the country) to cast perhaps some little light upon the atrocious treachery which has replunged Italy into Barbarism. At present I have neither the time nor the

1. In this and previous editions copious extracts have been made from Byron's *Detached Thoughts*. But the original manuscript is here, for the first time, given in its entirety. The volume bears the inscription "Paper Book of G.G.B, L.d B—. Ravenna, 1821."

temper. However, the *real* Italians are *not* to blame —merely the scoundrels at the *Heel of the Boot*, which the *Hun* now wears, and will trample them to ashes with for their Servility.

I have risked myself with the others *here*, and how far I may or may not be compromised is a problem at this moment: some of them like "Craigengelt" would "tell all and more than all to save themselves;" but, come what may, the cause was a glorious one, though it reads at present as if the Greeks had run away from Xerxes.

Happy the few who have only to reproach themselves with believing that these rascals were less *rascaille* than they proved. *Here* in Romagna the efforts were necessarily limited to preparations and good intentions, until the Germans were fairly engaged in *equal* warfare, as we are upon their very frontiers without a single fort, or hill, nearer than San Marino. Whether "Hell will be paved "with" those "good intentions," I know not; but there will probably be good store of Neapolitans to walk upon the pavement, whatever may be it's composition. Slabs of lava from their mountain, with the bodies of their own damned Souls for cement, would be the fittest causeway for Satan's *Corso*.

But what shall I write? another Journal? I think not. Anything that comes uppermost—and call it "my "Dictionary."

MY DICTIONARY.

Augustus.—I have often been puzzled with his character. Was he a great Man? Assuredly. But not one of *my* great men. I have always looked upon Sylla as the greatest Character in History, for laying down his power at the moment when it was

"too great to keep or to resign,"

and thus despising them all. As to the retention of his power by Augustus, the thing was already settled. If he had given it up, the Commonwealth was gone, the republic was long past all resuscitation. Had Brutus and Cassius gained the battle of Philippi, it would not have restored the republic—its days ended with the Gracchi, the rest was a mere struggle of parties. You might as well cure a Consumption, restore a broken egg, as revive a state so long a prey to every uppermost Soldier as Rome had long been.

As for a despotism, if Augustus could have been sure that all his Successors would have been like himself (I mean *not* as *Octavius*, but Augustus), or Napoleon would have insured the world that *none* of his Successors would have been like himself, the antient or modern World might have gone on like the Empire of China—in a state of lethargic prosperity.

Suppose, for instance, that, instead of Tiberius and Caligula, Augustus had been immediately succeeded by Nerva, Trajan, the Antonines, or even by Titus and his father, what a difference in our estimate of himself? So far from gaining by the *contrast*, I think that one half of our dislike arises from his having been heired by Tiberius, and one half of Julius Cæsar's fame from his having had his empire consolidated by Augustus.

Suppose that there had been *no Octavius*, and Tiberius had "jumped the life" between, and at once succeeded Julius? And yet it is difficult to say whether hereditary right, or popular choice, produce the worse Sovereigns. The Roman Consuls make a goodly show, but then they only reigned for a year, and were under a sort of personal obligation to distinguish themselves. It is still more difficult to say which form of Government is the *worst* —all are so bad. As for democracy, it is the worst

of the whole; for what is (*in fact*) democracy? an Aristocracy of Blackguards.

ABERDEEN—OLD AND NEW, OR THE AULDTOUN AND NEWTOUN.

For several years of my earliest childhood I was in that City, but have never revisited it since I was ten years old. I was sent at five years old, or earlier, to a School kept by a Mr. *Bowers*, who was called "*Bodsy* "Bowers" by reason of his dapperness. It was a School for both sexes. I learned little there, except to repeat by rote the first lesson of Monosyllables—"God made "man, let us love him"—by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundaries of my first year's accomplishments were detected, my ears boxed (which they did not deserve, seeing that it was by *ear* only that I had acquired my letters), and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor. He was a very decent, clever, little Clergyman, named Ross, afterwards Minister of one of the Kirks (*East* I think). Under *him* I made an astonishing progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured pains-taking.

The moment I could read, my grand passion was *history;* and why, I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus in the Roman History, put into my hands the first.

Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round Lake, that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense

expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor.

Afterwards I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a Tutor: he was the son of my Shoemaker, but a good Scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid Presbyterian also. With him I began Latin in Ruddiman's Grammar, and continued till I went to the "Grammar School" (*Scotice* "Schule" — *Aberdonice* "Squeel"), where I threaded all the Classes to the *fourth*, when I was re-called to England (where I had been hatched) by the demise of my Uncle.

I acquired this handwriting, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr. Duncan of the same city. I don't think that he would plume himself upon my progress. However, I wrote much better then than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation of one kind or another have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank.

The Grammar School might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages under age. It was divided into five classes, taught by four masters, the Chief teaching the fifth and fourth himself, as in England the fifth, sixth forms, and Monitors are heard by the Head Masters.

Detached Thoughts.

Octr. 15th 1821.

I have been thinking over the other day on the various comparisons, good or evil, which I have seen published of myself in different journals English and foreign. This was suggested to me by accidentally turning over a foreign one lately; for I have made it a rule latterly never to *search* for anything of the kind, but not to avoid the perusal if presented by Chance.

To begin then—I have seen myself compared personally or poetically, in English, French, *German* (*as* interpreted to me), Italian, and Portuguese, within these nine years, to Rousseau—Göethe—Young—Aretino—Timon of Athens—"An Alabaster Vase lighted up within"—Satan—Shakespeare—Buonaparte—Tiberius—Aeschylus—Sophocles—Euripides—Harlequin—The Clown—Sternhold and Hopkins—to the Phantasmagoria—to Henry the 8th—to Chenies—to Mirabeau—to young R. Dallas (the Schoolboy)—to Michael Angelo—to Raphael—to a *petit maître*—to Diogenes—to Childe Harold—to Lara—to the Count in Beppo—to Milton—to Pope—to Dryden—to Burns—to Savage—to Chatterton—to "oft have I heard "of thee my Lord Biron" in Shakespeare—to Churchill the poet—to Kean the Actor—to Alfieri, etc., etc., etc. The likeness to Alfieri was asserted very seriously by an Italian, who had known him in his younger days: it of course related merely to our apparent personal dispositions. He did not assert it to *me* (for we were not then good friends), but in society.

The Object of so many contradictory comparisons must probably be like something different from them all; but what *that* is, is more than *I* know, or any body else.

My Mother, before I was twenty, would have it that I was like Rousseau, and Madame de Staël used to say so too in 1813, and the *Edinr. Review* has something of the sort in its critique on the 4th Canto of *Ch. Har.* I can't see any point of resemblance: he wrote prose, I verse: he was of the people, I of the Aristocracy: he was a philosopher, I am none: he published his first work at forty, I mine at eighteen: his first essay brought him universal applause, mine the contrary: he married his housekeeper, I could not keep house with my wife: he thought all the world in a plot against *him*, my little

world seems to think *me* in a plot against it, if I may judge by their abuse in print and coterie: he liked Botany, I like flowers, and herbs, and trees, but know nothing of their pedigrees: he wrote Music, I limit my knowledge of it to what I catch by *Ear*—I never could learn any thing by *study*, not even a language, it was all by rote and ear and memory: he had a bad memory, I *had* at least an excellent one (ask Hodgson the poet, a good judge, for he has an astonishing one): he wrote with hesitation and care, I with rapidity and rarely with pains: *he* could never ride nor swim "nor was cunning of "fence," *I* am an excellent swimmer, a decent though not at all a dashing rider (having staved in a rib at eighteen in the course of scampering), and was sufficient of fence —particularly of the Highland broadsword; not a bad boxer when I could keep my temper, which was difficult, but which I strove to do ever since I knocked down Mr. Purling and put his knee-pan out (with the gloves on) in Angelo's and Jackson's rooms[1] in 1806 during the sparring; and I was besides a very fair cricketer—one of the Harrow Eleven when we play[ed] against Eton in 1805.[2] Besides, Rousseau's way of life, his country, his manners, his whole character, were so very different, that I am at a loss to conceive how such a comparison could have arisen, as it has done three several times, and all in rather a remarkable manner. I forgot to say, that *he* was also short-sighted, and that hitherto my eyes have been the contrary to such a degree, that, in the largest theatre of Bologna, I distinguished and read some busts and inscriptions painted near the stage, from a box so distant, and so *darkly* lighted, that none of the company (composed of young and very bright-eyed people—some of them in the

1. *Letters*, vol. i. p. 99, *note* 1; and p. 189, *note* 2.
2. *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 70.

same box) could make out a letter, and thought it was a trick, though I had never been in that theatre before.

Altogether, I think myself justified in thinking the comparison not well founded. I don't say this out of pique, for Rousseau was a great man, and the thing if true were flattering enough; but I have no idea of being pleased with a chimera.

1.

When I met old Courtenay,[1] the Orator, at Rogers the poet's in 1811–1812, I was much taken with the portly remains of his fine figure, and the still acute quickness of his conversation. It was *he* who silenced Flood in the English House by a crushing reply to a hasty debût of the rival of Grattan in Ireland. I asked Courtenay (for I like to trace motives), if he had not some personal provocation; for the acrimony of his answer seemed to me (as I had read it) to involve it. Courtenay said "he had "—that when in Ireland (being an Irishman) at the *bar* of "the Irish house of Commons that Flood had made a "personal and unfair attack upon *himself*, who, not being "a member of that house, could not defend himself; and "that some years afterwards, the opportunity of retort offer-"ing in the English Parliament, he could not resist it." He certainly repaid F. with interest, for Flood never made any figure, and only a speech or two afterwards in the E. H. of Commons. I must except, however, his speech on

1. John Courtenay (1741–1816), M.P. for Tamworth, and afterwards for Appleby, belonged to the Devonshire family, and was not "an Irishman" (Collins, *Peerage*, ed. Brydges, ii. 575, *note*, and vi. 267, *note*). He was private secretary to Viscount Townshend when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (1767–72). His attack upon Flood was made December 3, 1783, in the debate on Fox's East India Bill, when Flood made his first speech in the English House of Commons.

Reform in 1790, which "Fox called the best he ever "heard upon that Subject."

2.

When Fox was asked what he thought the best speech he had ever heard, he replied "Sheridan's on the Impeach- "ment of Hastings in the house of Commons" (*not* that in Westminster Hall). When asked what he thought of his *own* speech on the breaking out of the War? he replied "that was a damned good speech too."—From Ld Holland.

3.

When Sheridan made his famous speech already alluded to, Fox advised him to speak it over again in Westminster Hall on the trial, as nothing better *could* be made of the subject; but Sheridan made his new speech as different as possible, and, according to the best Judges, very inferior to the former, notwithstanding the laboured panegyric of Burke upon his *Colleague*.—L^d^ H.

4.

Burke spoilt his own speaking afterwards by an imitation of Sheridan's in Westminster Hall: this Speech he called always "the grand desideratum, which was neither "poetry nor eloquence, but something *better* than both."

5.

I have never heard any one who fulfilled my Ideal of an Orator. Grattan would have been near it but for his Harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard. Fox but once, and then he struck me as a debater, which to me seems as different from an Orator as an Improvisatore or a versifier from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory.

Canning is sometimes very like one. Windham I did not admire, though all the world did: it seemed such sophistry. Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong and English. Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity. Lord Lansdowne good, but still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly, if he would prune his speeches down to an hour's delivery. Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and *I* think the greatest favourite in Pandemonium; at least I always heard the Country Gentlemen and the ministerial devilry praise his *speeches* upstairs, and run down from Bellamy's when he was upon his legs. I heard Bob. Milnes make his *second* speech: it made no impression. I like Ward —studied, but keen, and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my School and form-fellow (we sate within two of each other) strange to say I have never heard, though I often wished to do so; but, from what I remember of him at Harrow, he *is*, or *should* be, among the best of them. Now, I do *not* admire Mr. Wilberforce's speaking; it is nothing but a flow of *words*—"words, words alone."

I doubt greatly if the English *have* any eloquence, properly so called, and am inclined to think that the Irish *had* a great deal, and that the French *will* have, and have had in Mirabeau. Lord Chatham and Burke are the nearest approaches to Orators in England. I don't know what Erskine may have been at the *bar*, but in the house I wish him at the Bar once more. Lauderdale is shrill, and Scotch, and acute. Of Brougham I shall say nothing, as I have a personal feeling of dislike to the man.

But amongst all these—good, bad, and indifferent—I never heard the speech which was not too long for the auditors, and not very intelligible except here and there. The whole thing is a grand deception, and as tedious

and tiresome as may be to those who must be often present. I heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly; but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit: he is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length. In society I have met him frequently: he was superb! He had a sort of liking for me, and never attacked me—at least to my face, and he did every body else—high names, and wits, and orators, some of them poets also. I have seen [him] cut up Whitbread, quiz Mᵉ de Stael, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others (whose names as friends I set not down), of good fame and abilities. Poor fellow! he got drunk very thoroughly and very soon. It occasionally fell to my lot to convoy him home—no sinecure, for he was so tipsy that I was obliged to put on his cock'd hat for him: to be sure it tumbled off again, and I was not myself so sober as to be able to pick it up again.

6.

There was something odd about Sheridan. One day at a dinner he was slightly praising that pert pretender and impostor, Lyttelton (The Parliament puppy, still alive, I believe). I took the liberty of differing from him: he turned round upon me, and said, "Is that your "real opinion?" I confirmed it. Then said he, "Fortified by this concurrence, I beg leave to say that it "in fact is also *my* opinion, and that he is a person "whom I do absolutely and utterly despise, abhor, and "detest." He then launched out into a description of his despicable qualities, at some length, and with his usual wit, and evidently in earnest (for he hated Lyttelton). His former compliment had been drawn out by some preceding one, just as it's reverse was by my hinting that it was unmerited.

7.

One day I saw him take up his own "Monody on "Garrick." He lighted upon the dedication to the Dowager Lady Spencer: on seeing it he flew into a rage, and exclaimed "that it must be a forgery—that he had "never dedicated anything of his to such a d—d canting "b—h," etc., etc., etc.; and so went on for half an hour abusing his own dedication, or at least the object of it. If all writers were equally sincere, it would be ludicrous.

8.

He told me that, on the night of the grand success of his *S[chool] for S[candal]*, he was knocked down and put into the watch house for making a row in the Street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen.

9.

Latterly, when found drunk one night in the kennel, and asked his *Name* by the Watchmen, he answered "*Wilberforce.*"

The last time I met him was, I think, at Sir Gilbert Elliot's, where he was as quick as ever. No, it was not the last time: the last time was at Douglas K.[ds]. I have met him in all places and parties—at Whitehall with the Melbournes, at the Marquis of Tavistock's, at Robins[1] the Auctioneer's, at Sir Humphrey Davy's, at Sam Rogers's, in short, in most kinds of company, and always found him very convivial and delightful.

10.

Sheridan's liking for me (whether he was not mystifying me I do not know; but Lady C.[e] L. and others told me he said the same both before and after he knew me) was

1. *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 203, *note* 3.

founded upon *English Bards and S. Reviewers*. He told me that he did not care about poetry (or about mine—at least, any but *that* poem of mine), but he was sure, from *that* and other symptoms, I should make an Orator, if I would but take to speaking, and grow a parliament man. He never ceased harping upon this to me, to the last; and I remember my old tutor Dr. Drury had the same notion when I was a *boy:* but it never was my turn of inclination to try. I spoke once or twice as all young peers do, as a kind of introduction into public life; but dissipation, shyness, haughty and reserved opinions, together with the short time I lived in England—after my majority (only about five years in all)—prevented me from resuming the experiment. As far as it went, it was not discouraging—particularly my *first* speech (I spoke three or four times in all); but just after it my poem of *C^e H^d* was published, and nobody ever thought about my *prose* afterwards: nor indeed did I; it became to me a secondary and neglected object, though I sometimes wonder to myself *if* I should have succeeded?

11.

The Impression of Parliament upon me was that it's members are not formidable as *Speakers*, but very much so as an *audience;* because in so numerous a body there may be little Eloquence (after all there were but *two* thorough Orators in all Antiquity, and I suspect still *fewer* in modern times), but must be a leaven of thought and good sense sufficient to make them *know* what is right, though they can't express it nobly.

12.

Horne Tooke and Roscoe both are said to have declared, that they left Parliament with a higher opinion

of its aggregate integrity and abilities than that with which they had entered it. The general amount of both in most parliaments is probably about the same, as also the number of *Speakers* and their *talent*. I except *Orators*, of course, because *they* are things of Ages and not of Septennial or triennial reunions.

Neither house ever struck me with more awe or respect than the same number of Turks in a Divan, or of Methodists in a barn would have done. Whatever diffidence or nervousness I felt (and I felt both in a great degree) arose from the number rather than the quality of the assemblage, and the thought rather of the *public without* than the persons within—knowing (as all know) that Cicero himself, and probably the Messiah, could never have alter'd the vote of a single Lord of the Bedchamber or Bishop.

I thought *our* house dull, but the other animating enough upon great days.

12 [so repeated by Byron].

Sheridan dying was requested to undergo "an "Operation:" he replied that he had already submitted to *two*, which were enough for one man's life time. Being asked what they were, he answered, "having his "hair cut, and sitting for his picture."

13.

Whenever an American requests to see me (which is *not* unfrequently), I comply: 1^{stly}, because I respect a people who acquired their freedom by firmness without excess; and 2^{ndly}, because these trans-atlantic visits, "few "and far between," make me feel as if talking with Posterity from the other side of the Styx. In a century or two, the

new English and Spanish Atlantides will be masters of the old Countries in all probability, as Greece and Europe overcame their Mother Asia in the older, or earlier ages as they are called.

14.

Sheridan was one day offered a bet by M. G. Lewis.[1] "I will bet you, Mr. Sheridan, a very large sum: I will "bet you what you *owe me* as Manager, for my 'Castle "Spectre.'" "I never make *large bets*," said Sheridan: "but I will lay you a *very small* one; I will bet you "*what it is* WORTH!"

15.

Lewis, though a kind man, hated Sheridan; and we had some words upon that score when in Switzerland in 1816. Lewis afterwards sent me the following epigram upon Sheridan from Saint Maurice:—

"For worst abuse of finest parts
Was Misophil begotten;
There might indeed be *blacker* hearts,
But none could be more *rotten*."

16.

Lewis at Oatlands was observed one morning to have his eyes red, and his air sentimental: being asked why? replied, "that when people said any thing *kind* to him, "it affected him deeply; and just now the Duchess has "said something *so* kind to me that . . ." here "tears "began to flow" again. "Never mind, Lewis," said Col. Armstrong to him, "never mind, don't cry. *She could* "*not mean it.*"

1. *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 314, *note* 4.

17.

Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore, a damned bore, one may say. My only revenge or consolation used to be, setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated Bores, especially Me de Stael, or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis: he was a Jewel of a Man had he been better set. I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome;* for he was tedious, as well as contradictory, to every thing and every body.

Being short-sighted, when we used to ride out together near the Brenta in the twilight in Summer, he made me go *before* to pilot him. I am absent at times, especially towards evening; and the consequence of this pilotage was some narrow escapes to the Monk on horseback. Once I led him *into* a ditch, over which I had passed as usual forgetting to warn my convoy. Once I led him nearly into the river, instead of *on* the *moveable* bridge which *in*commodes passengers; and twice did we both run against the diligence, which, being heavy and slow, did communicate less damage than it received in its leaders, who were *terrassé*'d by the charge. Thrice did I lose him in the gray of the Gloaming, and was obliged to bring to to his distant signals of distance and distress. All the time he went on talking without intermission, for he was a man of many words.

Poor fellow, he died, a martyr to his new riches, of a second visit to Jamaica—

> "I'll give the lands of Deloraine
> Dark Musgrave were alive again!"

that is

I would give many a Sugar Cane
Monk Lewis were alive again!

18.

Lewis said to me, "Why do you talk *Venetian*" (such as I could talk, not very fine to be sure) "to the "Venetians? and not the usual Italian?" I answered, partly from habit, and partly to be understood, if possible. "It may be so," said Lewis, "but it sounds to me like "talking with a *brogue* to an *Irishman*."

19.

Baillie (commonly called Long Baillie, a very clever man, but odd), complained in riding to our friend Scrope B. Davies, "that he had a *stitch* in his side." "I don't "wonder at it" (said Scrope) "for you ride *like* a *tailor*." Whoever had seen B. on horseback, with his very tall figure on a small nag, would not deny the justice of the repartée.

20.

In 1808, Scrope and myself being at Supper at Steevens's (I think Hobhouse was there too) after the Opera, young Goulburne (of the Blues and of the Blue-viad) came in full of the praises of his horse, Grimaldi, who had just won a race at Newmarket. "Did he win "easy?" said Scrope. "Sir," replied Goulburne, "he "did not even condescend to *puff* at coming in." "No" (said Scrope) "and so *you puff for* him."

21.

Captain Wallace, a notorious character of that day, and *then* intimate with most of the more dissipated young men of the day, asked me one night at the Gaming table, where I thought *his Soul* would be found after death? I answered him, "In *Silver Hell*" (a cant name for a second rate Gambling house).

22.

When 'the Honble J. W. Ward quitted the Whigs, he facetiously demanded, at Sir James Macintosh's table, in the presence of Mad^e de Staël, Malthus, and a large and goodly company of all parties and countries, "what it "would take to *re-whig him*, as he thought of turning "again." "Before you can be *re-whigged*" (said I), "I "am afraid you must be *re-Warded*." This pun has been attributed to others: they are welcome to it; but it was mine notwithstanding, as a numerous company and Ward himself doth know. I believe Luttrel versified it afterwards to put into the *M. Chronicle*—at least the late Lady Melbourne told me so. Ward took it good-humouredly at the time.

23.

When Sheridan was on his death-bed, Rogers aided him with purse and person: this was particularly kind in Rogers, who always spoke ill of Sheridan (to me at least); but indeed he does that of every-body to any body. Rogers is the reverse of the line

"The *best good man* with the *worst natured* Muse,"

being

"The *worst* good man with the *best* natured Muse."

His Muse being all Sentiment and Sago and Sugar, while he himself is a venomous talker. I say "*worst good* "man" because he is (perhaps) a *good* man—at least he does good now and then, as well he may, to purchase himself a shilling's worth of Salvation for his Slanders. They are so *little* too—small talk, and old Womanny; and he is malignant too, and envious, and—he be damned!

24.

Curran! Curran's the Man who struck me most. Such Imagination! There never was any thing like it, that ever I saw or heard of. His *published* life, his published speeches, give you *no* idea of the Man—none at all. He was a *Machine* of Imagination, as some one said that Piron was an "Epigrammatic Machine."

I did not see a great deal of Curran—only in 1813; but I met him at home (for he used to call on me), and in society, at Mac'Intosh's, Holland House, etc., etc., etc., and he was wonderful, even to me, who had seen many remarkable men of the time.

25.

A young American, named Coolidge, called on me not many months ago: he was intelligent, very handsome, and not more than twenty years old according to appearances. A little romantic, but that sits well upon youth, and mighty fond of poesy as may be suspected from his approaching me in my cavern. He brought me a message from an old Servant of my family (Joe Murray), and told me that *he* (Mr. Coolidge) had obtained a copy of my bust from Thorwal[d]sen at Rome, to send to America. I confess I was more flattered by this young enthusiasm of a solitary trans-atlantic traveller, than if they had decreed me a Statue in the Paris Pantheon (I have seen Emperors and demagogues cast down from their pedestals even in my own time, and Grattan's name razed from the Street called after him in Dublin) I say that I was more flattered by it, because it was *single*, *un-political*, and was without motive or ostentation—the pure and warm feeling of a boy for the poet he admired. It must have been expensive though. *I* would not pay the price of a

Thorwaldsen bust for any human head and shoulders, except Napoleon's, or my children's, or some "*absurd* "*Womankind's*" as Monkbarns calls them, or my Sister's. If asked, *why* then I sate for my own—answer, that it was at the request particular of J. C. Hobhouse, Esqre, and for no one else. A *picture* is a different matter—every body sits for their picture; but a bust looks like putting up pretensions to permanency, and smacks something of a hankering for *public* fame rather than private remembrance.

26.

One of the cleverest men I ever knew in Conversation was Scrope Beardmore Davies. Hobhouse is also very good in that line, though it is of less consequence to a man who has other ways of showing his talents than in company. Scrope was always ready, and often witty: Hobhouse as witty, but not always so ready, being more diffident.

27.

A drunken man ran against Hobhouse in the Street. A companion of the Drunkard, not much less so, cried out to Hobhouse, "*An't* you ashamed to run against a "drunken man? couldn't you see that he was *drunk*?" "Damn him" (answered Hobhouse) "isn't *he* ashamed "to run against *me*? couldn't he see that *I* was *sober*?"

28.

When Brummell[1] was obliged (by that affair of poor Meyler, who thence acquired the name of "Dick the "Dandy-killer"—it was about money and debt and all that) to retire to France, he knew no French; and having

1. *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 126, *note* 1.

obtained a Grammar for the purposes of Study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French, to which he responded, "that B. had "been stopped like Buonaparte in Russia by the *Elements*." I have put this pun into "Beppo," which is "a fair "exchange and no robbery;" for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself), by repeating occasionally as his own some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the Morning.

29.

I liked the Dandies; they were always very civil to *me*, though in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified M^e^. de Staël, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like, damnably. They persuaded M^e^. de Staël that Alvanley had a hundred thousand a year, etc., etc., till she praised him to his *face* for his *beauty!* and made a set at him for Albertine (*Libertine*, as Brummell baptized her, though the poor Girl was and is as correct as maid or wife can be, and very amiable withal), and a hundred fooleries besides.

The truth is, that, though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of Dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it, to conciliate the great ones; at four and twenty. I had gamed, and drank, and taken my degrees in most dissipations; and having no pedantry, and not being overbearing, we ran quietly together. I knew them all more or less, and they made me a Member of Watier's (a superb Club at that time), being, I take it, the only literary man (except *two others*, both men of the world, M. and S.) in it.

Our Masquerade was a grand one; so was the Dandy Ball, too, at the Argyle, but *that* (the latter) was given by the four Chiefs, B., M., A., and P., if I err not.

30.

I was a Member of the Alfred too, being elected while in Greece. It was pleasant—a little too sober and literary, and bored with Sotheby and Sir Francis D'Ivernois! but one met Peel, and Ward, and Valentia, and many other pleasant or known people; and was upon the whole a decent resource on a rainy day, in a dearth of parties, or parliament, or an empty season.

31.

I belonged, or belong, to the following Clubs or Societies:—to the Alfred, to the Cocoa tree, to Watier's, to the Union, to Racket's (at Brighton), to the Pugilistic, to the Owls or "Fly by Night," to the *Cambridge* Whig Club, to the Harrow Club, Cambridge, and to one or two private Clubs, to the Hampden political Club, and to the Italian Carbonari, etc., etc., etc., "though last *not least*." I got into all these, and never stood for any other—at least to my own knowledge. I declined being proposed to several others; though pressed to stand Candidate.

32.

If the papers lie not (which they generally do), Demetrius Zograffo of Athens is at the head of the Athenian part of the present Greek Insurrection. He was my Servant in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, at different intervals in those years (for I left him in Greece when I went to Constantinople), and accompanied me to England in 1811. He returned to Greece, Spring 1812. He was a clever, but not *apparently* an enterprizing, man; but Circumstances make men. His two sons (*then* infants) were named Miltiades and Alcibiades. May the Omen be happy!

33.

I have a notion that Gamblers are as happy as most people, being always *excited*. Women, wine, fame, the table, even Ambition, *sate* now and then; but every turn of the card, and cast of the dice, keeps the Gamester alive: besides one can Game ten times longer than one can do any thing else.

I was very fond of it when young, that is to say, of "Hazard;" for I hate all *Card* Games, even Faro. When Macco (or whatever they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing; for I loved and missed the *rattle* and *dash* of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of *any luck at all*, as one had sometimes to throw *often* to decide at all.

I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running, and carried off all the cash upon the table occasionally; but I had no coolness or judgement or calculation. It was the *delight* of the thing that pleased me. Upon the whole, I left off in time without being much a winner or loser. Since one and twenty years of age, I played but little, and then never above a hundred or two, or three.

34.

As far as Fame goes (that is to say *living* Fame) I have had my share—perhaps, indeed, *certainly* more than my *deserts*. Some odd instances have occurred to my own experience of the wild and strange places, to which a name may penetrate, and where it may impress. Two years ago (almost three, being in August or July 1819), I received at Ravenna a letter in *English* verse from *Drontheim* in Norway, written by a Norwegian, and full of the usual compliments, etc., etc. It is still somewhere

amongst my papers. In the same month, I received an invitation into *Holstein* from a Mr. Jacobsen (I think), of Hamburgh; also (by the same medium), a translation of Medora's song in the "Corsair" by a Westphalian Baroness (not "Thunderton-tronck"), with some original verses of hers (very pretty and Klopstock-ish), and a prose translation annexed to them, on the subject of my wife. As they concerned *her* more than me, I sent them to her together with Mr. J.'s letter. It was odd enough to receive an invitation to pass the *summer* in *Holstein*, while in *Italy*, from people I never knew. The letter was addressed to Venice. Mr. J. talked to me of the "wild roses growing in the Holstein summer:" why then did the Cimbri and Teutones emigrate?

What a strange thing is life and man? Were I to present myself at the door of the house, where my daughter now is, the door would be shut in my face, unless (as is not impossible) I knocked down the porter; and if I had gone in that year (and perhaps now) to Drontheim (the furthest town in Norway), or into Holstein, I should have been received with open arms into the mansions of Strangers and foreigners, attached to me by no tie but that of mind and rumour.

As far as *Fame* goes, I have had my share: it has indeed been leavened by other human contingencies, and this in a greater degree than has occurred to most literary men of a *decent* rank in life; but on the whole I take it that such equipoise is the condition of humanity.

I doubt sometimes whether, after all, a quiet and unagitated life would have suited me: yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest dreams (as most boys' dreams are) were martial; but a little later they were all for *love* and retirement, till the hopeless attachment to M. C. began, and continued (though sedulously concealed)

very early in my teens; and so upwards for a time. *This* threw me out again "alone on a wide, wide sea."

In the year 1804, I recollect meeting my Sister at General Harcourt's[1] in Portland Place. I was then *one* thing, and *as* she had always till then found me. When we met again in 1805 (she told me since), that my temper and disposition were so completely altered, that I was hardly to be recognized. I was not then sensible of the change, but I can believe it, and account for it.

35.

A private play being got up at Cambridge, a Mr. *Tulk*, greatly to the inconvenience of Actors and audience, declined his part on a sudden, so that it was necessary to make an apology to the Company. In doing this, Hobhouse (indignant like all the rest at this inopportune caprice of the Seceder) stated to the audience "that in "consequence of *a* Mr. Tulk having unexpectedly thrown "up his part, they must request their indulgence, etc., "etc." Next day, the furious Tulk demanded of Hobhouse, "did you, Sir, or did you not use *that* expression?" "Sir," (said Hobhouse) "I *did* or *did not* use that ex- "pression." "Perhaps" (said Scrope Davies, who was present), "you object to the *indefinite article*, and prefer "being entitled *the Mr. Tulk?*" *The* Tulk eyed Scrope indignantly; but aware, probably, that the said Scrope, besides being a profane Jester, had the misfortune to be a very good shot, and had already fought two or three duels, he retired without further objections to either article, except a conditional menace — *if* he should ascertain that an intention, etc., etc., etc.

1. *Letters*, vol. i. p. 24, *note* 1.

36.

I have been called in as Mediator or Second at least twenty times in violent quarrels, and have always contrived to settle the business without compromising the honour of the parties, or leading them to mortal consequences; and this too sometimes in very difficult and delicate circumstances, and having to deal with very hot and haughty Spirits—Irishmen, Gamesters, Guardsmen, Captains and Cornets of horse, and the like. This was of course in my youth, when I lived in hot-headed company. I have had to carry challenges from Gentlemen to Noblemen, from Captains to Captains, from lawyers to Counsellors, and once from a Clergyman to an officer in the Life-guards. It may seem strange, but I found the latter by far the most difficult

> ". . . to compose
> The bloody duel without blows."

The business being about a woman. I must add too that I never saw a *woman* behave so ill, like a cold-blooded heartless whore as she was; but very handsome for all that. A certain Susan C. was she called. I never saw her but once, and that was to induce her but to say two words (which in no degree compromised herself), and which would have had the effect of saving a priest or a Lieutenant of Cavalry. She would *not* say them, and neither N. or myself (the Son of Sir E. N., and a friend of one of the parties) could prevail upon her to say them, though both of us used to deal in some sort with Womankind. At last I managed to quiet the combatants without her talisman, and, I believe, to her great disappointment. She was the d—st b—h that I ever saw, and I have seen a great many. Though my Clergyman was sure to lose either his life or his living,

he was as warlike as the Bishop of Beauvais, and would hardly be pacified: but then he was in love, and that is a martial passion.

37.

[Scrawled out by Byron.]

38.

Somebody asked Schlegel (the Dousterswivel of Madame de Stael) "whether he did not think *Canova* "a great Sculptor?" "Ah!" replied the modest Prussian, "did you ever see *my bust* by *Tiecke?*"

39.

At Venice, in the year 1817, an order came from Vienna for the Archbishop to go in State to Saint Mark's in his Carriage and four horses, which is much the same as commanding the Lord Mayor of London to proceed through Temple Bar in his Barge.

40.

When I met Hudson Lowe, the Jailor, at Lord Holland's, before he sailed for Saint Helena, the discourse turned on the battle of Waterloo. I asked him whether the dispositions of Napoleon were those of a great General: he answered disparageingly, "that they "were very *simple.*" I had always thought that a degree of Simplicity was an ingredient of Greatness.

41.

I was much struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manners in private life: they were odd, but they were natural. Curran used to take him off bowing to the very ground, and "thanking God that he had no peculiarities

"of gesture or appearance," in a way irresistibly ludicrous. And Rogers used to call him "a Sentimental Harlequin;" but Rogers back-bites every body; and Curran, who used to quiz his great friend Godwin to his very face, would hardly respect a fair mark of mimicry in another. To be sure, Curran *was* admirable! To hear his description of the examination of an Irish witness, was next to hearing his own speeches: the latter I never heard, but I have the former.

42.

I have heard that, when Grattan made his first speech in the English Commons, it was for some minutes doubtful whether to laugh at or cheer him. The debût of his predecessor, Flood, had been a complete failure, under nearly similar circumstances. But when the ministerial part of our Senators had watched Pitt (their thermometer) for their cue, and saw him nod repeatedly his stately nod of approbation, they took the hint from their huntsman, and broke out into the most rapturous cheers. Grattan's speech indeed deserved them: it was a *chef d'œuvre*. I did not hear *that* speech of his (being then at Harrow), but heard most of his others on the same question; also that on the war of 1815. I differed from his opinion on the latter question, but coincided in the general admiration of his eloquence.

43.

At the Opposition Meeting of the peers in 1812 at Lord Grenville's, when L.d Grey and he read to us the correspondence upon Moira's negociation, I sate next to the present Duke of Grafton. When it was over, I turned to him, and said, "What is to be done next?" "Wake "the Duke of Norfolk" (who was snoring near us) replied

he, "I don't think the Negociators have left anything "else for us to do this turn."

44.

In the debate, or rather discussion, afterwards in the House of Lords upon that very question, I sate immediately behind Lord Moira, who was extremely annoyed at G.'s speech upon the subject, and while G. was speaking, turned round to me repeatedly, and asked me whether I agreed with him? It was an awkward question to me who had not heard both sides. Moira kept repeating to me, "it was *not so*, it was so and so, "etc." I did not know very well what to think, but I sympathized with the acuteness of his feelings upon the subject.

45.

Lord Eldon affects an Imitation of two very different Chancellors, Thurlow and Loughborough, and can indulge in an oath now and then. On one of the debates on the Catholic question, when we were either equal or within one (I forget which), I had been sent for in great haste to a Ball, which I quitted, I confess, somewhat reluctantly, to emancipate five Millions of people. I came in late, and did not go immediately into the body of the house, but stood just behind the Woolsack. Eldon turned round, and, catching my eye, immediately said to a peer (who had come to him for a few minutes on the Woolsack, as is the custom of his friends), "Damn them! they'll have "it now, by G—d! The vote that is just come in will "give it them."

46.

When I came of age, some delays on account of some birth and marriage certificates from Cornwall occasioned

me not to take my seat for several weeks. When these were over, and I had taken the Oaths, the Chancellor apologized to me for the delay, observing "that these "forms were a part of his *duty*." I begged of him to make no apology, and added (as he certainly had shown no violent hurry) "Your Lordship was exactly like 'Tom "Thumb' (which was then being acted), You did your "*duty*, and you did *no more*."

47.

In a certain Capital abroad, the Minister's Secretary (the Minister being then absent) was piqued that I did not call upon him. When I was going away, Mr. W., an acquaintance of mine, applied to him for my passport, which was sent, but at the same time accompanied by a formal note from the Secretary stating "that at *Mr.* "*W.'s request* he had granted, etc.," and in such a manner as appeared to *hint* that it was only to oblige *Mr. W.* that he had given me that which in fact he had no right to refuse to Any-body. I wrote to him the following answer:—"Lord B. presents his Compliments to L., and "is extremely obliged to *Mr. W.* for the passport."

48.

There was a Madman of the name of Battersby, that frequented Steevens's and the Prince of Wales's Coffee-houses, about the time when I was leading a loose life about town, before I was of age. One night he came up to some hapless Stranger, whose coat was not to his liking, and said, "Pray, Sir, did the tailor cut your coat in that "fashion, or the rats gnaw it?"

49.

The following is (I believe) better known. A beau (*dandies* were not then christened) came into the P. of

W.'s, and exclaimed, "Waiter, bring me a glass of Madeira "Negus with a Jelly, and rub my plate with a Chalotte." This in a very soft tone of voice. A Lieutenant of the Navy, who sate in the next box, immediately roared out the following rough parody: "Waiter, bring me a glass "of d—d stiff Grog, and rub * * with a brick-bat."

50.

Sotheby is a good man, rhymes well (if not wisely), but is a bore. He seizes you by the button. One night of a route at Mrs. Hope's, he had fastened upon me (something about Agamemnon, or Orestes, or some of his plays), notwithstanding my symptoms of manifest distress (for I was in love, and had just nicked a minute, when neither mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips, were near my then idol, who was beautiful as the Statues of the Gallery where we stood at the time)— Sotheby I say had seized upon me by the button and the heart-strings, and spared neither. W. Spencer, who likes fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my case, and coming up to us both, took me by the hand, and pathetically bade me farewell: "for," said he, "I see it is all "over with you." Sotheby then went away. "Sic me "servavit Apollo."

51.

It is singular how soon we lose the impression of what ceases to be *constantly* before us. A year impairs, a lustre obliterates. There is little distinct left without an *effort* of memory: *then* indeed the lights are rekindled for a moment; but who can be sure that Imagination is not the torch-bearer? Let any man try at the end of *ten* years to bring before him the features, or the mind, or the sayings, or the habits, of his best friend, or his

greatest man (I mean his favourite—his Buonaparte, his this, that or 'tother), and he will be surprized at the extreme confusion of his ideas. I speak confidently on this point, having always past for one who had a good, aye, an excellent memory. I except indeed our recollections of Womankind: there is no forgetting *them* (and be d—d to them) any more than any other remarkable Era, such as "the revolution," or "the plague," or "the Invasion," or "the Comet," or "the War" of such and such an Epoch—being the favourite dates of Mankind, who have so many *blessings* in their lot, that they never make their Calendars from them, being too common. For instance, you see "the great drought," "the Thames frozen over," "the Seven years war broke "out," the E. or F. or S. "Revolution commenced," "The Lisbon Earthquake," "the Lima Earthquake," "The "Earthquake of Calabria," the "Plague of London," "Ditto of Constantinople," "the Sweating Sickness," "The Yellow fever of Philadelphia," etc., etc., etc.; but you don't see "the abundant harvest," "the fine Summer," "the long peace," "the wealthy speculation," the "wreck-"less voyage," recorded so emphatically? By the way, there has been a *thirty years war*, and a *Seventy years war:* was there ever a *Seventy or a thirty years Peace?* Or was there ever even a *day's Universal* peace, except perhaps in China, where they have found out the miserable happiness of a stationary and unwarlike mediocrity? And is all this, because Nature is niggard or savage? or Mankind ungrateful? Let philosophers decide. I am none.

52.

In the year 1814, as Moore and I were going to dine with Lord Grey in P. Square, I pulled out a "Java

"Gazette" (which Murray had sent to me), in which there was a controversy on our respective merits as poets. It was amusing enough that we should be proceeding peaceably to the same table, while they were squabbling about us in the Indian Seas (to be sure, the paper was dated six months before), and filling columns with Batavian Criticism. But this is fame, I presume.

53.

In general, I do not draw well with literary men: not that I dislike them, but I never know what to say to them after I have praised their last publication. There are several exceptions, to be sure; but then they have either been men of the world, such as Scott, and Moore, etc., or visionaries out of it, such as Shelley, etc.: but your literary every day man and I never went well in company—especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide. Except Giordani, and — and — and — (I really can't name any other) I do not remember a man amongst them, whom I ever wished to see twice, except perhaps Mezzophanti, who is a Monster of Languages, the Briareus of parts of Speech, a walking Polyglott and more, who ought to have existed at the time of the tower of Babel as universal Interpreter. He is indeed a Marvel—unassuming also: I tried him in all the tongues of which I knew a single oath (or adjuration to the Gods against Postboys, Lawyers, Tartars, boatmen, Sailors, pilots, Gondoliers, Muleteers, Camel-drivers, Vetturini, Postmasters, post-horses, post-houses, post-everything), and Egad! he astounded me even to my English.

54.

Three Swedes came to Bologna, knowing no tongue but Swedish. The inhabitants in despair presented them

to Mezzophanti. Mezzophanti (though a great Linguist) knew no more Swedish than the Inhabitants. But in two days, by dint of dictionary, he talked with them fluently and freely, so that they were astonished, and every body else, at his acquisition of another tongue in forty eight hours. I had this anecdote first from M.r Albrizzi, and afterwards confirmed by *himself*—and he is not a boaster.

55.

I sometimes wish that I had studied languages with more attention: those which I know, even the classical (Greek and Latin, in the usual proportion of a sixth form boy), and a smattering of modern Greek, the Armenian and Arabic Alphabets, a few Turkish and Albanian phrases, oaths, or requests, Italian tolerably, Spanish less than tolerably, French to read with ease but speak with difficulty—or rather not at all—all have been acquired by ear or eye, and never by anything like Study. Like "Edie Ochiltree," "I never dowed to bide a hard turn o' "wark in my life."

To be sure, I set in zealously for the Armenian and Arabic, but I fell in love with some absurd womankind both times, before I had overcome the Characters; and at Malta and Venice left the profitable Orientalists for—for —(no matter what), notwithstanding that my master, the Padre Pasquale Aucher (for whom, by the way, I compiled the major part of two Armenian and English Grammars), assured me "that the terrestrial Paradise "had been certainly in *Armenia*." I went seeking it—God knows where—did I find it? Umph! Now and then, for a minute or two.

56.

Of Actors, Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean a medium between the two, but Mrs. Siddons worth them all put together, of those whom I remember to have seen in England.

57.

I have seen Sheridan weep two or three times: it may be that he was maudlin; but this only renders it more impressive, for who would see—

> "From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
> And Swift expire a driveller and a show?"

Once I saw him cry at Robins's, the Auctioneer's, after a splendid dinner full of great names and high Spirits. I had the honour of sitting next to Sheridan. The occasion of his tears was some observation or other upon the subject of the sturdiness of the Whigs in resisting Office, and keeping to their principles. Sheridan turned round —"Sir, it is easy for my Lord G., or Earl G., or Marquis "B., or L.d H., with thousands upon thousands a year— "some of it either *presently* derived or *inherited* in Sine- "cures or acquisitions from the public money—to boast "of their patriotism, and keep aloof from temptation; "but they do not know from what temptations those "have kept aloof, who had equal pride—at least equal "talents, and not unequal passions, and nevertheless "knew not in the course of their lives what it was to have "a shilling of their own." And in saying this he wept.

58.

I have more than once heard Sheridan say, that he never "had a shilling of his own:" to be sure, he contrived to extract a good many of other people's.

In 1815, I had occasion to visit my Lawyer in Chancery Lane: he was with Sheridan. After mutual greetings, etc., Sheridan retired first. Before recurring to my own business, I could not help enquiring *that* of S. "Oh" (replied the Attorneo), "the usual thing—to stave "off an action from his Wine-Merchant, my Client." "Well" (said I) "and what do you mean to do?" "Nothing at all for the present," said he: "would you "have us proceed against old Sherry? What would be "the use of it?" And here he began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gifts of Conversation. Now, from personal experience, I can vouch that my Attorneo is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to any kind of impression out of the Statute or record. And yet Sheridan, in half an hour, had found the way to soften and seduce him in such a manner, that I almost think he would have thrown his Client (an honest man with all the laws and some justice on his side) out of the window, had he come in at the moment. Such was Sheridan! He could soften an Attorney! There has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus.

59.

When the Bailiffs (for I have seen most kinds of life) came upon me in 1815, to seize my chattels (being a peer of parliament my person was beyond him), being curious (as is my habit), I first asked him "what Extents "elsewhere he had for Government?" upon which he showed me one upon *one house only* for *seventy thousand pounds!* Next I asked him, if he had nothing for Sheridan? "Oh, Sheridan," said he: "aye, I have this" (pulling out a pocket-book, etc.). "But, my L., I have "been in Mr. Sheridan's house a twelve-month at a time:

"a civil gentleman—knows how to deal with *us*, etc., etc., "etc." Our own business was then discussed, which was none of the easiest for me at that time. But the Man was civil, and, (what I valued more), communicative. I had met many of his brethren years before in affairs of my friends (commoners, that is), but this was the first (or second) on my own account. A civil Man, feed accordingly: probably he anticipated as much.

60.

No man would live his life over again, is an old and true saying, which all can resolve for themselves. At the same time, there are probably *moments* in most men's lives, which they would live over the rest of life to *regain*! Else, why do we live at all? Because Hope recurs to Memory, both false; but—but—but—but—and this *but* drags on till—What? I do not know, and who does? "He that died o' Wednesday." By the way, there is a poor devil to be shot tomorrow here (Ravenna) for murder. He hath eaten half a Turkey for his dinner, besides fruit and pudding; and he refuses to confess? Shall I go to see him exhale? No. And why? Because it is to take place at *Nine*. Now, could I *save* him, or a fly even from the same catastrophe, I would out-match years; but as I cannot, I will not get up earlier to see another man shot, than I would to run the same risk in person. Besides, I have seen more men than one die that death (and other deaths) before to-day.

It is not cruelty which actuates mankind, but excitement, on such occasions; at least, I suppose so. It is detestable to *take* life in that way, unless it be to preserve two lives.

61.

Old Edgeworth, the fourth or fifth Mrs. Edgeworth, and *the* Miss Edgeworth were in London, 1813. Miss Edgeworth liked, Mrs. Edgeworth not disliked, old Edgeworth a bore—the worst of bores—a boisterous Bore. I met them in society once at a breakfast of Sir H. D.'s. Old Edgeworth came in late, boasting that he had given "Dr. Parr a dressing the night before" (no such easy matter by the way). I thought *her* pleasant. They all abused Anna Seward's memory.

62.

When on the road, they heard of *her* brother's, and *his* Son's, death. What was to be done? Their *London* Apparel was all ordered and made! So they sunk his death for the six weeks of their Sojourn, and went into mourning on their way back to Ireland. *Fact!*

63.

While the Colony were in London, there was a book, with a Subscription for the "recall of Mrs. Siddons to "the Stage," going about for signatures. Moore moved for a similar subscription for the "recall of *Mr. Edgeworth* "*to Ireland!*"

64.

Sir Humphrey Davy told me, that the Scene of the French Valet and Irish postboy in "Ennui" was taken from *his* verbal description to the Edgeworths in Edgeworthtown of a similar fact on the road occurring to himself. So much the better—being *life.*

65.

When I was fifteen years of age, it happened that in a Cavern in Derbyshire I had to cross in a boat (in which two people only could lie down) a stream which flows under a rock, with the rock so close upon the water, as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferry-man (a sort of Charon), who wades at the stern stooping all the time. The Companion of my transit was M. A. C.,[1] with whom I had been long in love, and never told it, though *she* had discovered it without. I recollect my sensations, but cannot describe them—and it is as well.

We were a party—a Mr. W., two Miss W.'s, Mr. and Mrs. Cl—ke, Miss M., and *my* M. A. C. Alas! why do I say *My*? Our Union would have healed feuds, in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands, broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years (she is two years my elder); and—and—and—what has been the result? *She* has married a man older than herself, been wretched, and separated. I have married, and am separated: and yet *We* are *not* united.

66.

One of my notions, different from those of my cotemporaries, is, that the present is not a high age of English Poetry: there are *more* poets (soi-disant) than ever there were, and proportionally *less* poetry.

This *thesis* I have maintained for some years, but, strange to say, it meeteth not with favour from my brethren of the Shell. Even Moore shakes his head, and firmly believes that it is the grand Era of British Poesy.

1. *Letters*, vol. i. p. 16, *note* 1.

67.

When I belonged to the D. L. Committee, and was one of the S. C. of Management, the number of plays upon the shelves were about *five* hundred. Conceiving that amongst these there must be *some* of merit, in person and by proxy I caused an investigation. I do not think that, of those which I saw, there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as most of them.

Mathurin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott, to whom I had recourse; firstly, in the hope that he would do something for us himself; and secondly, in my despair, that he would point out to us any young (or old) writer of promise. Mathurin sent his Bertram, and a letter *without* his address, so that at first I could give him no answer. When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer, and something more substantial. His play succeeded, but I was at that time absent from England.

I tried Coleridge, too; but he had nothing feasible in hand at the time. Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered *all* his tragedies, and I pledged myself; and, notwithstanding many squabbles with my Committe[e]d Brethren, did get "Ivan" accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepid*-ness on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the Authour, Sotheby withdrew his play.

Sir J. B. Burgess[1] did also present four tragedies and a farce, and I moved Green-room and S. Committee; but they would not.

Then the Scenes I had to go through! The authours, and the authoresses, the Milliners, the wild Irishmen,

1. *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 235, *note* 1.

the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee, who came in upon me! To all of whom it was proper to give a civil answer, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs. Glover's father, an Irish dancing-Master of Sixty years, called upon me to request to play "*Archer*," drest in silk stockings on a frosty morning, to show his legs (which were certainly good and Irish for his age, and had been still better). Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled the "Bandit of Bohemia," or some such title or production. Mr. O'Higgins, then resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not fail to be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of a salvage (*sic*) appearance; and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be got over by reflecting upon the probable consequences of such cachinnation.

As I am really a civil and polite person, and *do* hate giving pain, when it can be avoided, I sent them up to Douglas Kinnaird, who is a man of business, and sufficiently ready with a negative, and left them to settle with him. And, as at the beginning of next year, I went abroad, I have since been little aware of the progress of the theatres.

68.

Players are said to be an impracticable people. They are so. But I managed to steer clear of any disputes with them, and, excepting one debate with the Elder Byrne about Miss Smith's Pas de (Something—I forget the technicals), I do not remember any litigation of my own. I used to protect Miss Smith, because she was like Lady Jane Harley in the face; and likenesses

go a great way with me. Indeed, in general, I left such things to my more bustling colleagues, who used to reprove me seriously for not being able to take such things in hand without buffooning with the Histrions, and throwing things into confusion by treating light matters with levity.

69.

Then the Committee!—then the Sub-Committee! We were but few, and never agreed! There was Peter Moore who contradicted Kinnaird, and Kinnaird who contradicted everybody: then our two managers, Rae[1] and Dibdin,[2] and our Secretary, Ward! And yet we were all very zealous and in earnest to do good, and so forth. Hobhouse furnished us with prologues to our revived Old English plays, but was not pleased with me for complimenting him as "the *Upton*" of our theatre (Mr. Upton is or was the poet who writes the songs for Astley's), and almost gave up prologuizing in consequence.

70.

In the Pantomime of 1815–16, there was a Representation of the Masquerade of 1814, given by "us "Youth" of Watier's Club to Wellington and Co. Douglas Kinnaird, and one or two others with myself, put on Masques, and went *on* the Stage amongst the "οἱ πολλοί," to see the effect of a theatre from the Stage. It is very grand. Douglas danced among the figuranti, too; and they were puzzled to find out who we were, as being more than their number. It was odd enough that D. K. and I should have been both at the *real* Masquerade, and afterwards in the Mimic one of the same on the stage of D. L. Theatre.

1. *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 216, *note* 2. 2. *Ibid.*, p. 212, *note* 1.

71.

When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides "Harrow Speeches" (in which I shone) I enacted "Penruddock" in the "Wheel of Fortune," and "Tristram Fickle" in Allingham's farce of "the Weather-"cock," for three nights (the duration of our compact), in some private theatricals at Southwell in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and the whole went off with great effect upon our good-natured audience.

72.

When I first went up to College, it was a new and a heavy hearted scene for me. Firstly, I so much disliked leaving Harrow, that, though it was time (I being seventeen), it broke my very rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained. I always *hated* Harrow till the last year and half, but then I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world, that it half broke my Spirits. My companions were not unsocial, but the contrary—lively, hospitable, of rank, and fortune, and gay far beyond my gaiety. I mingled with, and dined and supped, etc., with them; but, I know not how, it was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life to feel that I was no longer a boy. From that moment I began to grow old in my own esteem; and in my esteem age is not estimable. I took my gradations in the vices with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste; for my early passions, though violent in the extreme, were concentrated, and hated division or

spreading abroad. I could have left or lost the world with or for that which I loved; but, though my temperament was naturally burning, I could not share in the common place libertinism of the place and time without disgust. And yet this very disgust, and my heart thrown back upon itself, threw me into excesses perhaps more fatal than those from which I shrunk, as fixing upon me (at a time) the passions, which, spread amongst many, would have hurt only myself.

73.

People have wondered at the Melancholy which runs through my writings. Others have wondered at my personal gaiety; but I recollect once, after an hour, in which I had been sincerely and particularly gay, and rather brilliant, in company, my wife replying to me when I said (upon her remarking my high spirits) "and "yet, Bell, I have been called and mis-called Melancholy "—you must have seen how falsely, frequently." "No, "B.," (she answered) "it is not so: at *heart* you are the "most melancholy of mankind, and often when apparently "gayest."

74.

If I could explain at length the *real* causes which have contributed to increase this perhaps *natural* temperament of mine, this Melancholy which hath made me a bye-word, nobody would wonder; but this is impossible without doing much mischief. I do not know what other men's lives have been, but I cannot conceive anything more strange than some of the earlier parts of mine. I have written my memoirs, but omitted *all* the really *consequential* and *important* parts, from deference to the dead, to the living, and to those who must be both.

75.

I sometimes think that I should have written the *whole* as a *lesson*, but it might have proved a *lesson* to be *learnt* rather than *avoided;* for passion is a whirlpool, which is not to be viewed nearly without attraction from its Vortex.

76.

I must not go on with these reflections, or I shall be letting out some secret or other to paralyze posterity.

77.

One night, Scrope Davies at a gaming house (before I was of age), being tipsy as he usually was at the Midnight hour, and having lost monies, was in vain intreated by his friends, one degree less intoxicated than himself, to come or go home. In despair, he was left to himself, and to the demons of the dice-box. Next day, being visited, about two of the Clock, by some friends just risen with a severe headache and empty pockets (who had left him losing at four or five in the morning), he was found in a sound sleep, without a night-cap, and not particularly encumbered with bed-cloathes: a Chamber-pot stood by his bed-side, *brim-full* of —— *Bank Notes!* all won, God knows how, and crammed, Scrope knew not where; but *there* they were, all good legitimate notes, and to the amount of some thousand pounds.

78.

At Brighthelmstone (I love orthography at length), in the year 1808, Hobhouse, Scrope Davies, Major Cooper, and myself, having dined together with Lord Delvin, Count (I forget the french Emigrant nomenclature) and

others, did about the middle of the night (we *four*) proceed to a house of Gambling, being then *amongst us* possest of about *twenty guineas* of ready cash, with which we had to maintain as many of your whorson horses and servants, besides house-hold and whore-hold expenditure. We had, I say, twenty guineas or so, and we lost them, returning home in bad humour. Cooper went home. Scrope and Hobhouse and I (it being high Summer), did firstly strip and plunge into the Sea, whence, after half an hour's swimming of those of us (Scrope and I) who could swim, we emerged in our dressing-gowns to discuss a bottle or two of Champaigne and Hock (according to choice) at our quarters. In course of this discussion, words arose; Scrope seized H. by the throat; H. seized a knife in self-defence, and stabbed Scrope in the shoulder to avoid being throttled. Scrope fell bathed in blood and wine—for the *bottle* fell with him, being infinitely intoxicated with Gaming, Sea-bathing at two in the morning, and Supplementary Champaigne. The skirmish had past before I had time or thought to interfere. Of course I lectured against gambling—

"Pugnare Thracum est,"

and then examined Scrope's wound, which proved to be a gash long and broad, but not deep nor dangerous. Scrope was furious: first he wanted to fight, then to go away in a post-chaise, and then to *shoot* himself, which latter intention I offered to forward, provided that he did not use *my pistols*, which, in case of suicide, would become a deo-dand to the King. At length, with many oaths and some difficulty, he was gotten to bed. In the morning, Cool reflection and a Surgeon came, and, by dint of loss of blood, and sticking plaister, the quarrel (which Scrope had begun), was healed as well as the

wound, and we were all friends as for years before and after.

79.

My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first Cousin Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker),[1] one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her. Her dark eyes! her long eye-lashes! her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—She rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall which injured her spine and induced consumption. Her Sister, Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful), died of the same malady; and it was indeed in attending her that Margaret met with the accident, which occasioned her own death. My Sister told me that, when she went to see her shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my Sister, who (residing with her Grandmother, Lady Holderness) saw at that time but little of me for family reasons, knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness (being at Harrow and in the country), till she was gone.

Some years after, I made an attempt at an Elegy. A very dull one. I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the *transparent* beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace.

1. *Letters*, vol. i. p. 7, *note* 1.

My passion had its usual effects upon me: I could not sleep, could not eat; I could not rest; and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the torture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again—being usually about *twelve hours* of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now.

80.

My passions were developed very early—so early, that few would believe me, if I were to state the period, and the facts which accompanied it. Perhaps this was one of the reasons which caused the anticipated melancholy of my thoughts—having anticipated life.

My earlier poems are the thoughts of one at least ten years older than the age at which they were written: I don't mean for their solidity, but their Experience. The two first Cantos of C^{e} H^{d} were completed at twenty two, and they are written as if by a man older than I shall probably ever be.

[81 omitted by Byron.]

82.

Upon Parnassus, going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri), in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve Eagles (Hobhouse says they are Vultures—at least in conversation), and I seized the Omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus (in Childe Harold), and, on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a Poet during the poetical period of life (from twenty to thirty): whether it will last is another

matter; but I *have been* a votary of the Deity and the place, and am grateful for what he has done in my behalf, leaving the future in his hands as I left the past.

83.

Like Sylla, I have always believed that all things depend upon Fortune, and nothing upon ourselves. I am not aware of any one thought or action worthy of being called good to myself or others, which is not to be attributed to the Good Goddess, Fortune!

84.

Two or three years ago, I thought of going to one of the Americas, English or Spanish. But the accounts sent from England, in consequence of my enquiries, discouraged me. After all, I believe most countries, properly balanced, are equal to *a Stranger* (by no means to the *native*, though). I remembered General Ludlow's domal inscription:—

"Omne solum forti patria"—

And sate down free in a country of Slavery for many centuries. But there is *no* freedom, even for *Masters*, in the midst of slaves: it makes my blood boil to see the thing. I sometimes wish that I was the Owner of Africa, to do at once, what Wilberforce will do in time, viz.—sweep Slavery from her desarts, and look on upon the first dance of their Freedom.

As to *political* slavery—so general—it is man's own fault; if they *will* be slaves, let them! Yet it is but "a "word and a blow." See how England formerly, France, Spain, Portugal, America, Switzerland, freed themselves! There is no one instance of a *long* contest, in which *men* did not triumph over Systems. If Tyranny misses her

first spring, she is cowardly as the tiger, and retires to be hunted.

85.

An Italian (the younger Count Ruota), writing from Ravenna to his friend at Rome in 1820, says of me, by way of compliment, "that in society no one would take "me for an Englishman, though he believes that I *am* "English at bottom—my manners were so different." This he meant as a grand eulogy, and I accept it as such. The letter was shown to me this year by the Correspondent, Count P. G., or by his Sister.

86.

I have been a reviewer. In "the Monthly Review" I wrote some articles, which were inserted. This was in the latter part of 1811. In 1807, in a Magazine called "Monthly Literary Recreations," I reviewed Wordsworth's trash of that time. Excepting these, I cannot accuse myself of anonymous Criticism (that I recollect), though I have been *offered* more than one review in our principal Journals.

87.

Till I was eighteen years old (odd as it may seem), I had never read a review. But, while at Harrow, my general information was so great on modern topics, as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from *reviews*, because I was never *seen* reading, but always idle and in mischief, or at play. The truth is that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else reads; and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, and yet never *met* with a review, which is the only reason that I know of why I should not have

read them. But it is true; for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh by my ludicrous astonishment in asking them, "*what is* a review?" To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more, I was better acquainted with that same, but the first I ever read was in 1806–7.

88.

At School, I was (as I have said) remarked for the extent and readiness of my *general* information; but in all other respects idle; capable of great sudden exertions (such as thirty or forty Greek Hexameters—of course with such prosody as it pleased God), but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial, than poetical; and Dr. D., my grand patron (our head-master), had a great notion that I should turn out an Orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action. I remember that my first declamation astonished him into some unwonted (for he was economical of such), and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal. My first Harrow verses (that is, English as exercises), a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Aeschylus, were received by him but cooly: no one had the least notion that I should subside into poesy.

89.

Peel, the Orator and Statesman ("that was, or is, or "is to be"), was my form fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public School Phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst

us all—Masters and Scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a Scholar, he was greatly my superior: as a declaimer, and Actor, I was reckoned at least his equal. As a school boy *out* of school, I was always *in* scrapes, and *he never*; and *in School* he *always* knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, etc., etc., I think I was *his* Superior, as also of most boys of my standing.

89 [twice].

The prodigy of our School days was George Sinclair (son of Sir John): he made exercises for half the School (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it. When in the Shell, he made exercises for his Uncle, Dudley Macdonald (a dunce who could only play upon the flute), in the sixth. He was a friend of mine, and in the same remove, and used at times to beg me to let him do my exercise—a request always most readily accorded, upon a pinch, or when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. On the other hand, he was pacific, and I savage; so I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others, whom it was necessary, as a point of honour and stature, that he should so chastise. Or, we talked politics, for he was a great politician, and were very good friends. I have some of his letters, written to me from School, still.

90.

Clayton was another School Monster of learning, and talent, and hope; but what has become of him I do not know: he was certainly a Genius.

91.

My School friendships were with *me passions* (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure, some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare[1] began one of the earliest and lasted longest, being only interrupted by distance, that I know of. I never hear the word "*Clare*" without a beating of the heart even *now*, and I write it with the feelings of 1803–4–5 ad infinitum.

92.

In 1812, at Middelton (Lord Jersey's), amongst a goodly company of Lords, Ladies, and wits, etc., there was poor old Vice Leach, the lawyer, attempting to play off the fine gentleman. His first exhibition—an attempt on horseback, I think, to escort the women—God knows where, in the month of November, ended in a fit of the Lumbago—as Lord Ogleby says, "a grievous enemy to "Gallantry and address"—and if he could but have heard Lady Jersey quizzing him (as I did) next day for the *cause* of his malady, I don't think that he would have turned a "Squire of dames" in a hurry again. He seemed to me the greatest fool (in that line) I ever saw. This was the last I saw of old Vice Leach, except in town, where he was creeping into assemblies, and trying to look young and gentlemanly.

93.

Erskine too! Erskine[2] was there—good, but intolerable. He jested, he talked, he did every thing admirably, but then he *would* be applauded for the same thing twice

1. *Letters*, vol. i. p. 116, *note* 1.
2. *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 390, *note* 5.

over: he would read his own verses, his own paragraphs, and tell his own story, again and again—and then "the "trial by Jury !!!" I almost wished it abolished, for I sate next him at dinner. As I had read his published speeches, there was no occasion to repeat them to me.

Chester (the fox hunter), surnamed "*Cheeks Chester*," and I sweated the Claret, being the only two who did so. Cheeks, who loves his bottle, and had no notion of meeting with a "bon vivant" in a scribbler, in making my eulogy to somebody one evening, summed it up in—"By G—d, he *drinks like a Man!*"

94.[1]

Nobody drank, however, but Cheeks and I. To be sure, there was little occasion, for we swept off what was on the table (a most splendid board, as may be supposed, at Jersey's) very sufficiently. However, we carried our liquor discreetly, like "the Baron of Bradwardine."

95.

If I had to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were *for not to have lived at all.* All history and experience, and the rest, teaches us that the good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is most to be desired is an easy passage out of it.

What can it give us but *years?* and those have little of good but their ending.

96.

Of the Immortality of the Soul, it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to

the action of Mind. It is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body: in dreams for instance incoherently and madly, I grant you; but still it is *Mind*, and much more *Mind* than when we are awake. Now, that *this* should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The Stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state "a Soul which drags a "Carcase:" a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains, being material, may be shaken off.

How far our future life will be individual, or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our *present* existence, is another question; but that the *Mind* is *eternal*, seems as probable as that the body is not so. Of course, I have ventured upon the question without recurring to Revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a solution of it as any other.

A *material* resurrection seems strange, and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment, which is to *revenge* rather than *correct*, must be *morally wrong*. And *when* the *World is at an end*, what moral or warning purpose *can* eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here, but the whole thing is inscrutable. It is useless to tell me *not* to *reason*, but to *believe*. You might as well tell a man not to wake but *sleep*. And then to *bully* with torments! and all that! I cannot help thinking that the *menace* of Hell makes as many devils, as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity make villains.

Man is born *passionate* of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of Good in his Mainspring of Mind. But God help us all! It is at present a sad jar of atoms.

97.

Matter is eternal, always changing, but reproduced, and, as far as we can comprehend Eternity, Eternal; and why not *Mind?* Why should not the Mind act with and upon the Universe? as portions of it act upon and with the congregated dust called Mankind? See, how one man acts upon himself and others, or upon multitudes? The same Agency, in a higher and purer degree, may act upon the Stars, etc., ad infinitum.

98.

I have often been inclined to Materialism in philosophy but could never bear its introduction into *Christianity*, which appears to me essentially founded upon the *Soul*. For this reason, Priestley's Christian Materialism always struck me as deadly. Believe the resurrection of the body, if you will, but *not without* a *Soul*. The devil's in it, if, after having had a Soul (as surely the *Mind*, or whatever you call it, *is*) in this world, we must part with it in the next, even for an Immortal Materiality. I own my partiality for *Spirit*.

99.

I am always most religious upon a sun-shiny day; as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity, and the kindler of this dark lanthorn of our external existence.

100.

The Night is also a religious concern; and even more so, when I viewed the Moon and Stars through Herschell's telescope, and saw that they were worlds.

101.

If, according to some speculations, you could prove the World many thousand years older than the Mosaic Chronology, or if you could knock up Adam and Eve and the Apple and Serpent, still what is to be put up in their stead? or how is the difficulty removed? Things must have had a beginning, and what matters it *when* or *how?*

I sometimes think that *Man* may be the relic of some higher material being, wrecked in a former world, and degenerated in the hardships and struggle through Chaos into Conformity—or something like it; as we see Laplanders, Esquimaux, etc., inferior in the present state, as the Elements become more inexorable. But even then this higher pre-Adamite supposititious Creation must have had an Origin and a *Creator;* for a *Creator* is a more natural imagination than a fortuitous concourse of atoms. All things remount to a fountain, though they may flow to an Ocean.

102.

What a strange thing is the propagation of life! A bubble of Seed * * * might (for aught we know) have formed a Caesar or a Buonaparte: there is nothing remarkable recorded of their Sires, that I know of.

103.

Lord Kames has said (if I misquote not), "that a "power to call up agreeable ideas at will would be "something greater for mortals than all the boons of a "fairy tale."

I have found increasing upon me (without sufficient cause at times) the depression of Spirits (with few

intervals), which I have some reason to believe constitutional or inherited.

104.

Plutarch says, in his life of Lysander, that Aristotle observes, "that in general great Geniuses are of a "melancholy turn, and instances Socrates, Plato, and "Hercules (or Heracleitus), as examples, and Lysander, "though not *while* young, yet as inclined to it when "approaching towards age." Whether I am a Genius or not, I have been called such by my friends as well as enemies, and in more countries and languages than one, and also within a no very long period of existence. Of my Genius, I can say nothing, but of my melancholy, that it is "increasing and ought to be diminished"—but how?

105.

I take it that most men are so at bottom, but that it is only remarked in the remarkable. The Duchesse de Broglie, in reply to a remark of mine on the errors of clever people, said, "that they were not *worse* than others, "only being more in view, more noted, especially in all "that could reduce them to the rest, or raise the rest to "them." In 1816, this was.

106.

In fact (I suppose that), if the follies of fools were all set down like those of the wise, the wise (who seem at present only a better sort of fools), would appear almost intelligent.

107.

I have met George Colman occasionally, and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour,

or rather wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage: he never laughed (at least that *I* saw, and I watched him), but Colman did. I have got very drunk with them both; but, if I had to *choose*, and could not have both at a time, I should say, "let me begin the "evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman." Sheridan for dinner—Colman for Supper. Sheridan for Claret or port; but Colman for every thing, from the Madeira and Champaigne at dinner—the Claret with a *layer* of *port* between the Glasses—up to the Punch of the Night, and down to the Grog or Gin and water of day-break. All these I have threaded with both the same. Sheridan was a Grenadier Company of Life-Guards, but Colman a whole regiment—of *light Infantry*, to be sure, but still a *regiment*.

108.

Alcibiades is said to have been "successful in all his "battles;" but *what* battles? Name them! If you mention Caesar, or Annibal, or Napoleon, you at once rush upon Pharsalia, Munda, Alesia, Cannae, Thrasimene, Trebia, Lodi, Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz, Friedland, Wagram, Moskwa; but it is less easy to pitch upon the victories of Alcibiades, though they may be named too—though not so readily as the Leuctra and Mantinea of Epaminondas, the Marathon of Miltiades, the Salamis of Themistocles, and the Thermopylae of Leonidas.

Yet upon the whole it may be doubted, whether there be a name of Antiquity, which comes down with such a general charm as that of *Alcibiades*. *Why?* I cannot answer: who can?

109.

The vanity of Victories is considerable. Of all who fell at Waterloo or Trafalgar, ask any man in company to *name you ten off hand:* they will stick at Nelson; the other will survive himself. *Nelson was* a hero: the other is a mere Corporal, dividing with Prussians and Spaniards the luck, which he never deserved. He even—but I hate the fool, and will be silent.

110.

The Miscreant Wellington is the Cub of Fortune, but she will never lick him into shape: if he lives, he will be beaten—that's certain. Victory was never before wasted upon such an unprofitable soil, as this dunghill of Tyranny, whence nothing springs but Viper's eggs.

111.

I remember seeing Blucher in the London Assemblies, and never saw anything of his age less venerable. With the voice and manners of a recruiting Sergeant, he pretended to the honours of a hero; just as if a stone could be worshipped, because a Man had stumbled over it.

112.

There is nothing left for Mankind but a Republic, and I think that there are hopes of such. The two Americas (South and North) have it; Spain and Portugal approach it; all thirst for it. Oh Washington!

113.

Pisa, Nov.r 5.th 1821.

"There is a strange coincidence sometimes in the "little things of this world, Sancho," says Sterne

in a letter (if I mistake not); and so I have often found it.

Page 128, article 91,[1] of this collection of scattered things, I had alluded to my friend Lord Clare in terms such as my feelings suggested. About a week or two afterwards, I met him on the road between Imola and Bologna, after not having met for seven or eight years. He was abroad in 1814, and came home just as I set out in 1816.

This meeting annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of *Harrow*. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare, too, was much agitated—*more* in appearance than even myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. He told me that I should find a note from him, left at Bologna. I did. We were obliged to part for our different journeys—he for Rome, I for Pisa; but with the promise to meet again in Spring. We were but five minutes together, and in the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them. He had heard that I was coming on, and had left his letter for me at B., because the people with whom he was travelling could not wait longer.

Of all I have ever known, he has always been the least altered in every thing from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me to him so strongly at School. I should hardly have thought it possible for Society (or the World as it is called), to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions. I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others during absence and distance.

1. See *ante*, p. 455.

114.

I met with Rogers at Bologna: staid a day there, crossed the Appennines with him. He remained at Florence; I went on to Pisa—8bre 29, 30th etc., 1821.

115.

I re-visited the Florence Gallery, etc. My former impressions were confirmed; but there were too many visitors there, to allow me to *feel* any thing properly. When we were (about thirty or forty) all stuffed into the Cabinet of Gems, and knick-knackeries, in a corner of one of the Galleries, I told R. that it "felt like being in "the Watch-house." I left him to make his obeisances to some of his acquaintances, and strolled on alone—the only few minutes I could snatch of any feeling for the works around me. I do not mean to apply this to a *tête à tête* scrutiny with Rogers, who has an excellent taste and deep feeling for the Arts (indeed much more of both than I can possess; for of the *former* I have not much); but to the crowd of jostling starers and travelling talkers around me.

I heard one bold Briton declare to the woman on his arm, looking at the Venus of Titian, "Well, now, this is "really very fine indeed,"—an observation, which, like that of the landlord in Joseph Andrews "on the certainty "of death," was (as the landlord's wife observed), "extremely true."

In the Pitti palace, I did not omit Goldsmith's prescription for a Connoisseur, viz: "that the pictures would "have been better, if the painter had taken more pains, "and to praise the works of Pietro Perugino."

116.

I have lately been reading Fielding over again. They talk of Radicalism, Jacobinism, etc., in England (I am told), but they should turn over the pages of "Jonathan "Wild the Great." The inequality of conditions, and the littleness of the great, were never set forth in stronger terms; and his contempt for Conquerors and the like is such, that, had he lived *now*, he would have been denounced in "the Courier" as the grand Mouth-piece and Factionary of the revolutionists. And yet I never recollect to have heard this turn of Fielding's mind noticed, though it is obvious in every page.

117.

The following dialogue passed between me and a very pretty peasant Girl (Rosa Benini, married to Domenico Ovioli, or Oviuoli, the Vetturino) at Ravenna.

Rosa. "*What* is the Pope?"

I. "Don't *you* know?"

Rosa. "No, I don't know. What or who is he? Is "he a *Saint*?"

I. "He is an old man."

Rosa. "What nonsense to make such a fuss about "an old man. Have you ever seen him?"

I. "Yes, at Rome."

Rosa. "You English don't obey the Pope?"

I. "No, we don't; but you do."

Rosa. "I don't know what I believe, but the priests "talk about him. I am sure I did not know what he "was."

This dialogue I have translated nearly verbatim, and I don't think that I have either added to or taken away from it. The speaker was under eighteen, and an old

acquaintance of mine. It struck me as odd that I should have to instruct her *who* the Pope was: I think they might have found it out without me by this time. The fact is indisputable, and occurred but a few weeks ago, before I left Ravenna.

Pisa, Novr 6th 1821.

118.

1.

Oh! talk not to me of a name great in story
The days of our Youth are the days of our Glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two and twenty
Are worth all your laurels though ever so plenty.

2.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary,
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give Glory?

3.

Oh! Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

4.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her Glance was the best of the rays that surround thee,
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was Glory.

I composed these stanzas (except the fourth added now) a few days ago, on the road from Florence to Pisa.

Pisa, Novr 6th 1821.

119.

My daughter Ada, on her recent birthday the other day (the 10th of December 1821), completed her sixth year. Since she was a Month old, or rather better, I have not seen her. But I hear that she is a fine child, with a violent temper.

I have been thinking of an odd circumstance. My daughter, my wife, my half sister, my mother, my sister's mother[1], my natural daughter[2], and myself[3], are or were all *only*[4] children.[5] My sister's Mother (Lady Conyers)[6] had only my half *sister* by that second marriage (herself too an only child), and my father had only me (an only child) by his second marriage with my Mother (an only child too). Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one family*, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost. But the fiercest Animals have the rarest numbers in their litters, as Lions, tigers, and even Elephants which are mild in comparison.

120.

May 18th 1822.

I have not taken up this sort of Journal for many months: shall I continue it? "Chi cosa?"

I have written little this year, but a good deal last (1821). *Five* plays in all (two yet unpublished), some Cantos, etc. I have begun one or two things since, but under some discouragement, or rather indignation at the brutality of the attacks, which I hear (for I have seen but few of them) have been multiplied in every direction against me and my recent writings. But the English dishonour themselves more than me by such conduct. It is strange, but the Germans say that I am more popular in Germany by far than in England, and I have heard the

Americans say as much of America. The French, too, have printed a considerable number of translations—in prose! with good success; but *their* predilection (if it exists) depends, I suspect, upon their belief that I have no great passion for England or the English. It would be singular if I had; however, I wish them no harm.

121.[1]

1. Here the manuscript ends.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PALAZZO LANFRANCHI, PISA, NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1821.

HEAVEN AND EARTH—OPINIONS ON *CAIN*.

954.—To John Murray.

Pisa, November 3, 1821.

DEAR MORAY,—The two passages cannot be altered without making Lucifer talk like the Bishop of Lincoln [1]—which would not be in the character of the former. The notion is from Cuvier [2] (that of the *old Worlds*), as I have explained in an additional note to the preface. The other passage is also in character: if *nonsense*—so much the better, because then it can do no harm, and the sillier Satan is made, the safer for every body. As to "alarms," etc., do you really think such things ever led any body astray? Are these people more impious

1. Byron probably contrasts Lucifer with the Bishop of Lincoln, from the alliteration or from their association in the proverb, "The "devil looks over Lincoln." The same reference to the devil as "overseer," or Bishop, of Lincoln occurs in *Don Juan* (Canto XVI. stanza lxxxii.), where preferment gave "Peter Pith"

> ". . . to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,
> A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on."

Dr. Arnold, speaking of *Cain*, used to say, "There is something to "me almost awful in meeting suddenly, in the works of such a man, "so great and solemn a truth as is expressed in that speech of "Lucifer, 'He who bows not to God hath bowed to me'" (Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, ed. 1887, vol. i. p. 263, *note*).

2. See p. 367, *note* 2.

than Milton's Satan? or the Prometheus of Æschylus? or even than the Sadducees of your envious parson, the *Fall of Jerusalem* fabricator?[1] Are not Adam, Eve, Adah, and Abel, as pious as the Catechism?

Gifford is too wise a man to think that such things can have any *serious* effect: *who* was ever altered by a poem? I beg leave to observe, that there is no creed nor personal hypothesis of mine in all this: but I was obliged to make Cain and Lucifer talk consistently, and surely this has always been permitted to poesy. Cain is a proud man: if Lucifer promised him kingdoms, etc., it would *elate* him: the object of the Demon is to *depress* him still further in his own estimation than he was before, by showing him infinite things and his own abasement, till he falls into the frame of mind that leads to the Catastrophe, from mere *internal* irritation, *not* premeditation, or envy of *Abel* (which would have made him contemptible), but from the rage and fury against the inadequacy of his state to his conceptions, and which discharges itself rather against Life, and the Author of Life, than the mere living.

His subsequent remorse is the natural effect of looking on his sudden deed. Had the *deed* been *premeditated*, his repentance would have been tardier.

The three last MS. lines of Eve's curse are replaced from *memory* on the proofs, but incorrectly (for I keep no copies). Either keep *these three*, or *replace* them with the *other three*, whichever are thought least bad by Mr. Gifford. There is no occasion for a *revise;* it is only losing time.

Either dedicate it to Walter Scott,[2] or, if you think he

1. The Rev. H. H. Milman.
2. *Cain* was dedicated to Scott: see his letter accepting the dedication, *Letters*, vol. vi., Letter 969, *note*.

would like the dedication of *The Foscaris* better, put the dedication to *The Foscaris*. Ask him which.

Your first note was queer enough; but your two other letters, with Moore's and Gifford's opinions, set all right again. I told you before that I can never *recast* any thing. I am like the Tiger: if I miss the first spring, I go growling back to my Jungle again; but if I *do hit*, it is crushing. Now for Mr. Mawman, I received him civilly as *your* friend, and he spoke of you in a friendly manner. As one of the squadron of Scribblers I could not but pay due reverence to a commissioned officer.

I gave him that book with the inscription to show to *you*, that you might correct the errors. With the rest I can have nothing to do; but he has served you very *right*. You have played the stepmother to *D[on] J[uan]* throughout, either ashamed or afraid, or negligent, to your own loss and nobody's credit. Who ever heard before of a *publisher's not* putting *his* name? The reasons for *my anonyme* I stated; they were family ones entirely. Some travelling Englishmen whom I met the other day at Bologna told me, that you affect to wish to be considered as *not* having anything to do with that work, which, by the way, is sad half and half dealing—for you will be a long time before you publish a better poem.

You seem hurt at the words "*the publisher*." *What!* you—who won't put your name on the title page—would have had me stick J. M. Esqre on the blank leaf. No, Murray! you are an excellent fellow, a little variable and somewhat of the opinion of every body you talk with (particularly the last person you see), but a good fellow for all that; yet nevertheless I can't tell you that I think you have acted very gallantly by that persecuted book—which has made its way entirely by *itself*, without the light of your countenance, or any kind of encouragement

—critical—or bibliopolar. You disparaged the last three cantos to me, and kept them back above a year; but I have heard from England that (notwithstanding the errors of the press) they are well thought of; for instance, by American Irving, which last is a feather in my (fool's) cap.

You have received my letter (open) through Mr. Kinnaird, and so, pray, send me no more reviews of any kind. I will read no more of evil or good in that line. Walter Scott has not read a review of *himself* for *thirteen years*.

The bust is not *my* property, but *Hobhouse's*. I addressed it to you as an Admiralty man, great at the Custom house. Pray deduct the expences of the same, and all others.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

955.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Nov. 9, 1821.

I *never read* the Memoirs at all, not even since they were written; and I never will: the pain of writing them was enough; you may spare me that of a perusal. Mr. Moore has (or may have) a discretionary power to omit any repetition, or expressions which do not seem *good* to *him*, who is a better judge than you or I.

956.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Novr 12th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I have marked, on the back of the enclosed proof of the letter on Mr Wilson, the names of the writings, mostly unpublished, which, if collected together, would form a volume or two which might be entitled

Miscellanies. You must recollect, however, that the letter, on the British review, signed *Clutterbuck*,[1] must have a note stating that the name of *Clutterbuck was* adopted long before (a year I think) the publication of the *Monastery* and *Abbot*. If you don't do this, I shall be accused (with the usual justice) of plagiarism from Walter Scott.

The whole of these tracts might be published simply and unostentatiously, with the letter on B[owles]'s Pope at the head of then. Be careful about their dates.

Let me know your intention.

Your hum^le^ S^vt^

BYRON.

Opened by me, this day, Novr 14th 1821, and sent to Mr Kinnaird.

B.

957.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Novr 14th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is a lyrical drama, (entitled *A Mystery*,[2] from its subject,) which, perhaps, may arrive

1. *The Monastery* opens with an "Introductory Epistle from "Captain Clutterbuck, late of His Majesty's —— Regiment of "Infantry to The Author of Waverley." The author of *Waverley* returns the compliment in *The Abbot*, and *The Fortunes of Nigel* is prefaced by a letter from Captain Clutterbuck to Dr. Dryasdust. Byron's "letter on Mr. Wilson," signed "Wortley Clutterbuck," is the Reply to Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, printed in *Letters*, vol. iv. Appendix IX. (See also *ibid.*, p. 385, *note* 1.)

2. *Heaven and Earth*. Though revised by Gifford, and printed, it was not published till 1822, when it appeared in *The Liberal*, No. ii. pp. 165-206. The Second Part was never written. It was commenced, so Byron told Medwin (*Conversations*, p. 231), "at "Ravenna, on the 9th of October last. It occupied about fourteen "days. Douglas Kinnaird tells me that he can get no bookseller to "publish it. It was offered to Murray, but he is the most timid of "God's booksellers, and starts at the title. He has taken a dislike

in time for the volume. If it should not (for I must have *the proofs first*, as it is not very legibly written) you can add it to the volume with the Pulci and Dante. Perhaps you might publish it in a separate appendix form of the same type, etc., for the purchasers of *Cain*, so that they might bind it up with the new volume; and then put it together with the others in a second edition, supposing a second edition possible. You will find *it pious* enough, I trust,—at least some of the Chorus might have been written by Sternhold and Hopkins themselves for that, and perhaps for melody. As it is longer, and more lyrical and Greek, than I intended at first, I have not divided it into *acts*, but called what I have sent *Part first*, as there is a suspension of the action, which may either close there without impropriety, or be continued in a way that I have in view. I wish the first part to be published before the second, because, if it don't succeed, it is better to stop there than to go on in a fruitless experiment.

I desire you to acknowledge the arrival of this packet by return of post, if you can conveniently, with a proof.

Your obedient ser[t],

B.

P.S.—My wish is to have it published at the same time, and, if possible, in the same volume, with the others; because, whatever the merits or demerits of these pieces may be, it will perhaps be allowed that each is of a different kind, and in a different style; so that, including the prose and the *D[on] J[uans]*, etc., I have at least sent you *variety* during the last year or two.

The present packet consists of 12 sheets, which will make more than *fifty* printed pages additional to the

"to that three-syllabled word *Mystery*, and says, I know not why, "that it is another *Cain*."

Volume. I suppose that there is not enough in the four plays (or poems) to make *two* volumes, but they will form *one* large one.

Two words to say that you have received the packet will be enough.

958.—To John Murray.

[Undated.]

SIR,—I only received by this day's post the enclosed, which you addressed by mistake to Ravenna. I presume that the *three plays* are to be published together; because, if not, I will not permit their *separate* publication. I repeat this, because a passage in your letter makes it doubtful. I sent you a fourth by last post (a lyrical drama on a scriptural subject—"the Deluge"), which I could wish to be published at the same time, and (if possible and in time) in the same volume. I return you the notes (not of "the Doge," as you say by mistake), but of the new poems. Most of the packets have, I believe, arrived in safety. I wrote to Mr K.^d^ to accept your proposal for the *three* plays and three cantos of *D[on] J[uan]*, distinctly giving to understand that the *other poems* did *not* enter into that agreement.

I am your obed^t^ serv^t^,

B.

P.S.—What is the reason that I see *Cain* and the *Foscaris* announced, and not *Sardanapalus*?

959.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, November 16, 1821.

There is here Mr. Taaffe, an Irish genius, with whom we are acquainted. He hath written a really *excellent*

Commentary on Dante,[1] full of new and true information, and much ingenuity. But his verse is such as it hath pleased God to endue him withal. Nevertheless, he is so firmly persuaded of its equal excellence, that he won't divorce the Commentary from the traduction, as I ventured delicately to hint,—not having the fear of Ireland before my eyes, and upon the presumption of having shotten very well in his presence (with common pistols too, not with my Manton's) the day before.

But he is eager to publish all, and must be gratified, though the Reviewers will make him suffer more tortures

1. The first volume of Taaffe's *Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante*, printed in Italy from the type of Didot, was published in 1822 by Murray without the author's name. It was reviewed in the *London Monthly Review* (vol. cii. pp. 225-242), but no more of the work was published. A letter from Shelley, recommending the book to Ollier for publication, is quoted by Professor Dowden (*Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. pp. 364, 365). The translation was in octosyllabic *terza rima*, a metre which, in Byron's opinion, did not "seem to suit the genius of English poetry—it is certainly uncalcu-"lated for a work of any length" (Medwin, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, p. 241). In Taaffe's hands it was not successful. "There's "Taaffe," said Byron (*ibid.*, p. 243), "is not satisfied with what "Carey has done, but he must be *traducing* him [Dante] too. "What think you of that fine line in the *Inferno* being rendered, as "Taaffe has done it?—

"'I Mantuan, capering, squalid, squalling.'

"There's alliteration and inversion enough, surely! I have ad-"vised him to frontispiece his book with his own head, *Capo di* "*Traditore*, 'the head of a *traitor*;' then will come the title-page "comment—Hell!"

John Taaffe was a Knight Commander of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and wrote its history (*The History of the Holy, Military, Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem*, 4 vols., London, 1852). His privately printed poem, *Adelais* (2 vols.), also appeared in 1852. Though Byron calls him a "good fellow," Taaffe was his butt at Pisa. The affair with the dragoon (March, 1822), in which Byron and Shelley were involved, was due to Taaffe, whom Trelawney (*Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, ed. 1887, p. 122) describes as "a resolute bore, but timid rider." After the fray Taaffe disappeared, and it was supposed that he was confined in Byron's house, "guarded by bull-dogs" (*Prose Works of Shelley*, ed. H. Buxton Forman, vol. iv. p. 316). Subsequently his valorous talk gained him the nickname of "False Taaffe" (*ibid.*).

than there are in his original. Indeed, the *Notes* are well worth publication; but he insists upon the translation for company, so that they will come out together, like Lady C * * t chaperoning Miss * *. I read a letter of yours to him yesterday, and he begs me to write to you about his Poeshie. He is really a good fellow, apparently, and I dare say that his verse is very good Irish.

Now, what shall we do for him? He says that he will risk part of the expense with the publisher. He will never rest till he is published and abused—for he has a high opinion of himself—and I see nothing left but to gratify him, so as to have him abused as little as possible; for I think it would kill him. You must write, then, to Jeffrey to beg him *not* to review him, and I will do the same to Gifford, through Murray. Perhaps they might notice the Comment without touching the text. But I doubt the dogs—the text is too tempting.

* * * * *

I have to thank you again, as I believe I did before, for your opinion of *Cain*,[1] etc.

1. Moore wrote, September 30, 1821, preferring *Sardanapalus* to *The Two Foscari*. "But *Cain*," he continues, "is wonderful—"terrible—never to be forgotten. If I am not mistaken, it will sink "deep into the world's heart; and while many will shudder at its "blasphemy, all must fall prostrate before its grandeur. Talk of "Æschylus and his Prometheus! here is the true spirit both of the "Poet—and the Devil." Shelley, writing to Gisborne, April 10, 1822 (*Prose Works of Shelley*, ed. H. Buxton Forman, vol. iv. p. 264), asks, "What think you of Lord Byron's last volume? In my "opinion it contains finer poetry than has appeared in England "since the publication of *Paradise Regained*. *Cain* is apocalyptic "—it is a revelation not before communicated to man."

Goethe and Walter Scott spoke their admiration in similar terms. But while men of letters were impressed with the grandeur of the poetry, society condemned the poem for its supposed "wickedness." "Tell dear George," writes Lady Granville to Lady G. Morpeth, January 1, 1822 (*Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville*, vol. i. p. 219), "that I think *Cain* most wicked, but not without feeling

You are right to allow —— to settle the claim; but I do not see why you should repay him out of your *legacy*—at least, not yet.[1] If you *feel* about it (as you are ticklish on such points), pay him the interest now, and the principal when you are strong in cash; or pay him by instalments; or pay him as I do my creditors—that is, *not* till they make me.

I address this to you at Paris, as you desire. Reply soon, and believe me ever, etc.

P.S.—What I wrote to you about low spirits is, however, very true. At present, owing to the climate, etc. (I can walk down into my garden, and pluck my own oranges,—and, by the way, have got a diarrhœa in consequence of indulging in this meridian luxury of

"or passion. Parts of it are magnificent, and the effect of Granville "reading it out loud to me was that I roared till I could neither "hear nor see." Mrs. Piozzi, speaking of Carlile's republication of Paine's *Age of Reason*, says, "Lord Byron's book (*Cain*) will do "more mischief than his; and you see there is a cheap edition "advertised, in order to disseminate the poyson. Why, the yellow "fever is not half as mischievous" (*Autobiography, etc., of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. ii. p. 447). Crabb Robinson enters in his Diary for March 1, 1822 (*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 227), "Came home early from "Aders' to read *Cain*. The author has not advanced any novelties "in his speculations on the origin of evil, but he has stated one or "two points with great effect. The book is calculated to spread "infidelity by furnishing a ready expression to difficulties which "must occur to every one, more or less, and which are passed over "by those who confine themselves to scriptural representations. "The second act is full of poetic energy, and there is some truth of "passion in the scenes between Cain's wife and himself."

1. "Having discovered that, while I was abroad, a kind friend "had, without any communication with myself, placed at the dis-"posal of the person who acted for me a large sum for the discharge "of this claim, I thought it right to allow the money thus generously "destined, to be employed as was intended, and then immediately "repaid my friend out of the sum given by Mr. Murray for the "manuscript. It may seem obtrusive, I fear, to enter into this "sort of personal details; but, without some few words of explana-"tion, such passages as the above would be unintelligible" (Moore). The "kind friend" was Lord Lansdowne.

proprietorship,) my spirits are much better. You seem to think that I could not have written the *Vision*, etc., under the influence of low spirits; but I think there you err.[1] A man's poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the Inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod.

960.—To Lady Byron.[2]

(To the care of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, London.)

Pisa, November 17, 1821.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of "Ada's hair," which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why;—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your hand-writing in my possession. For your letters I returned; and except the two words, or rather the one word, "Household," written twice in an old account book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons:—firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, secondly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere

1. "My remark had been hasty and inconsiderate, and Lord "Byron's is the view borne out by all experience. Almost all the "tragic and gloomy writers have been, in social life, mirthful "persons" (Moore).

2. This letter, never sent to Lady Byron, was enclosed by Byron in a letter to Lady Blessington (May 6, 1823), and is printed by Moore (*Life*, pp. 581, 582). Possibly the date should be 1822.

about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her;—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I considered our re-union as not impossible for more than a year after the separation;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of re-union seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connections. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a

worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things,—viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

Yours ever,

NOEL BYRON.

961.—To Douglas Kinnaird.

Pisa, November 20, 1821.

MY DEAR KINNAIRD,—I ought to have answered your letter long ago, but I am but just subsiding into my new residence, after all the bore and bustle of changing. The traveller can "take his ease in his inn," but those who are settled in a place, and must move with bag and baggage, are (as I suppose you know by experience) necessarily more tardy in their arrangements.

I have a very good spacious house, upon the Arno, and have nothing to complain of, except that it is less quiet than my house in Ravenna.—And so you are at Rome?—I am glad you have got rid of the gout;—the tumour, if not of podagrous origin, will subside of itself.

At Bologna I met with Rogers, and we crossed the Apennines together—probably you have got him at Rome by this time. I took him to visit our old friend the sexton, at the Certosa, (where you and I met with Bianchetti),

who looked at him very *hard*, and seemed well disposed to keep him back in his skull-room. The said sexton, by the way, brought out his two daughters, to renew our acquaintance; one of them is very pretty, and the other sufficiently so. He talked pathetically of the venality of the age, in which young virgins could not be espoused without a *dower:* so that, if you are disposed to portion them in your way to Milan, you have an opportunity of exercising your benevolence.

I was obliged to set out the next day with [Rogers]; remained with him a day at Florence, and then came on alone to Pisa, where I found all my friends in good health and plight. [Rogers] looks a little black still about being called "venerable," but he did not mention it. It was at his own request that I met him in the City of Sausages: he is not a bad traveller, but bilious.

As to *Don Juan*, it is not impossible that he might have visited the city which you recommend to his inspection; but these costermonger days are unfavourable to all liberal extension of morality. As to his author, he can hardly come on to Rome again for the present; but some day or other probably may. You ask after Bowles? but he has been so extremely civil, that I could not, without appearing overbearing and insolent, continue the controversy; for I could not answer without saying something sharp, and therefore it is better to be silent.

If Lord Clare and Lord Sligo are at Rome, and are of your acquaintance, will you tell them both, with my best remembrances, that I will answer their letters soon.

I find my old friends have got a notion (founded, I suppose, on an angry note of mine to a poem), that I receive nobody, and renew no old acquaintance. They are very much mistaken—I only desire no *new* ones. The silly note, (which, by the way, I desired Murray to

suppress before publication), was caused by a really impudent assertion of an anonymous traveller, who said, that he, or she, had frequently declined an introduction to me. Now I never in my life proposed, and rarely would accept, an English introduction since I came abroad.

Let me hear from you whenever you think it is not a bore to do so, and believe me,

Ever and truly yours,

BYRON.

962.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Nov. 24th 1821.

DEAR SIR,—By a not very temperate letter from Mr. Hobhouse, in a style which savours somewhat of the London tavern, I perceive that there has been some mistake or misunderstanding about the block of a bust. This as I do not understand—I cannot explain. I addressed it to your *care* for Mr. Hobhouse, and indeed with *his* name on the direction—always understood that *all expences* were to be at *my charge*, and that the trouble would not be greater than you have often been willing to take. I thought that as publisher to the Admiralty, etc., you would be able more easily to get it through the Custom house. Something, however, has happened, it seems, to excite Mr. H.'s indignation, and I could really wish to be spared such altercations as (were he not one of my oldest friends) must have ended in a total rupture. For this you must be partly to blame, as surely my directions were extremely clear.

Of his language to *me* I can only say that I can hardly believe him to have been sober when he used it. Not content with an invective about the marble, he has

launched (uncalled for, for I did not solicit his opinion that I recollect at least) into a most violent invective upon the subject of *Cain* (*not* on *a religious* account at all as he says) and in such terms as make the grossest review in the lowest publication that ever I read upon any scribbler moderate in comparison. He then proceeds (still unasked) upon the subject of the MSS. sold by Mr. Moore, and I do not know which of the two he bespatters most. Having thus "bespattered the "poetical eminence of the day" as Gifford says to quiz Timothy Adney [1] in the *Baviad and Meviad*, I should be glad to know whether there *is* anything reproachable in the *means* or the *motive* of that transaction. *I* can derive no profit from it—and Moore in doing so was merely anticipating a legacy—at *my express desire* often *repeated to him!* Whatever blame then there may be is *mine*—and ought to be. Does Mr. Hobhouse dispute my right to leave Memoirs of myself for posthumous publication? Have not thousands done it? Are there not—or *have* there not been circumstances which require it in *my case*—or would he have me leave the tale for him to tell? But the best is that I happen to know *he himself* keeps—and has kept for many years a regular diary and disquisition upon all his own personal as well as public transactions—and has *he* done this with no view to posthumous publication? I will not believe it. I shall not quote his expressions because really some of them to me could only be noticed in one way—and that way neither present distance—nor past intimacy, were I nearer—would induce me to take—without some overt action accompanied the harshness of his language. I have even written him as temperate an answer as I believe ever human being did in the like circumstances.

1. See *The Baviad*, line 187 and *note*.

Is there anything in the MSS. that could be personally obnoxious to *himself*? I am sure I do not remember, nor intended it. Mr. Kinnaird and others had read them at Paris and noticed none such.

If there were any—I can only say—that even *that* would not sanction the tone of his letter, which I showed to one or two English and *Irish* friends of mine here—who were perfectly astonished at the whole of it. I do not allude to the *opinions* (which may or may not be founded) but to the language—which seems studiously insulting. You see, Murray, what a scene you have superinduced—because the *original sin* seems to have been about this foolish bust, or I am convinced that he would have expressed his opinions less in the Election style. However I am more hurt than angry—for I cannot afford to lose an old friend for a fit of ill-humour.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—Have you publicated the three plays in *one* volume—*that* will be the best way? And I wish to know what you think about doing with the *Miscellanies* as I have formed no positive determination about *them*—the *prose* ones I mean. The "poeshie" you must publish as *heretofore* decided—but whether with or without the *prose* I leave to your pleasure—As Liston says that "is "all *hoptional* you know."[1]

Have you given the "Irish Avatar" to Mr. Moore? as I requested you to do? You are a pretty fellow upon the whole for making a confusion.

1. In a *note* to Peacock's *Headlong Hall* (*Works*, ed. 1875, vol. i. p. 1), the editor, Thomas Cole, C.B., says, "Liston, in one of his "farces, used to make a strong point, when asked to 'remember "the coachman,' by dividing sixpence between guard and coach-"men, and explaining that the gift was 'hoptional.'"

963.—To John Murray.

Pisa, December 4, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—By extracts in the English papers,—in your holy Ally, Galignani's *Messenger*,—I perceive that "the two greatest examples of human vanity in the "present age" are, firstly, "the ex-Emperor Napoleon," and secondly, "his Lordship, etc., the noble poet," meaning your humble servant, "poor guiltless I."

Poor Napoleon! he little dreamed to what "vile "comparisons" the turn of the Wheel would reduce him! I cannot help thinking, however, that had our learned brother of the newspaper office seen my very moderate answer to the very scurrile epistle of my radical patron, John Hobhouse, M.P., he would have thought the thermometer of my "Vanity" reduced to a very decent temperature. By the way you do not happen to know whether Mrs. Fry had commenced her reform of the prisoners at the time when Mr. Hobhouse was in Newgate? there are some of his phrases, and much of his style (in that same letter), which led me to suspect that either she had not, or that he had profited less than the others by her instructions. Last week I sent back the deed of Mr. Moore signed and witnessed. It was inclosed to Mr. Kinnaird with a request to forward it to you. I have also transmitted to him my opinions upon your proposition, etc., etc., but addressed them to himself.

I have got here into a famous old feudal palazzo,[1] on

1. "'It is one of those marble piles that seem built for "eternity, whilst the family whose name it bears no longer exists,' "said Shelley, as we entered a hall that seemed built for giants. 'I "remember the lines in the *Inferno*,' said I: 'a Lanfranchi was "one of the persecutors of Ugolino.' 'The same,' answered "Shelley; 'you will see a picture of Ugolino and his sons in his "room. Fletcher, his valet, is as superstitious as his master, and

the Arno, large enough for a garrison, with dungeons below and cells in the walls, and so full of *Ghosts*, that the learned Fletcher (my valet) has begged leave to change his room, and then refused to occupy his *new* room, because there were more ghosts there than in the other. It is quite true that there are most extraordinary noises (as in all old buildings), which have terrified the servants so as to incommode me extremely. There is one place where people were evidently *walled up;* for there is but one possible passage, *broken* through the wall, and then meant to be closed again upon the inmate. The house belonged to the Lanfranchi family, (the same mentioned by Ugolino in his dream, as his persecutor with Sismondi,) and has had a fierce owner or two in its time. The staircase, etc., is said to have been built by Michel Agnolo (*sic*). It is not yet cold enough for a fire. What a climate!

I am, however, bothered about these spectres, (as they say the last occupants were, too,) of whom I have as yet seen nothing, nor, indeed, heard (*myself*); but all the other ears have been regaled by all kinds of supernatural sounds. The first night I thought I heard an odd noise, but it has not been repeated. I have now been here more than a month.

Yours,
BYRON.

P.S. Pray send me two or three dozen of "*Acton's*

"says the house is haunted, so that he cannot sleep for rumbling "noises overhead, which he compares to the rolling of bowls. No "wonder; old Lanfranchi's ghost is unquiet, and walks at night.' "The palace was of such size, that Lord Byron only occupied the "first floor; and at the top of the staircase leading to it was the "English bull-dog, whose chain was long enough to guard the door, "and prevent the entrance of strangers; he, however, knew Shelley, "growled, and let us pass."—Medwin, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, November 20, 1821, pp. 3, 4.

"*corn-rubbers*" in a parcel by the post—*packed dry* and well—if you can.

I have received safely the parcel containing the Seal—the *E. Review*—and some pamphlets, etc. The others are I presume upon their way.

Are there not designs from *Faust?* Send me some, and a translation of it,—if such there is. Also of Goethe's life if such there be; if not—the original German.

964.—To John Sheppard.[1]

Pisa, December 8, 1821.

SIR,—I have received your letter. I need not say, that the extract which it contains has affected me, because

1. John Sheppard (1785–1879), a clothier of Frome, wrote poetry, books of travel, and devotional works. His *Thoughts preparative or persuasive to Private Devotion* (1823) was widely read. The following is the letter which Byron is answering:—

"The Iron Gates, Frome, Somerset, Novr 21, 1821.

"MY LORD,—More than two years ago a lovely and beloved wife "was taken from me, after a very short union, by lingering disease. "She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so "retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential as to "produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life "(after a farewell look on a lately-born and only infant, for whom "she had evinced inexpressible affection) her last whispers were, "'God's happiness!' 'God's happiness!'

"Since the second anniversary of her decease I have read some "papers which no one had seen during her life, and which contain "her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your "Lordship a passage from these papers which there is no doubt "refers to yourself, as I have more than once heard the writer men-"tion your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

"'Oh! my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of Thy "word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been "much interested. May the person to whom I allude, and who is "now we fear as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for "the transcendent talents Thou hast bestowed on him, be awakened "to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind "in a proper sense of religion which he has found this world's "enjoyments unable to procure. Do Thou grant that his future "example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his "past conduct and writings have been of evil, and may the Sun of

it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite *sure* that it was intended by the writer for *me*, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances that you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*—because your brief and simple picture of

"Righteousness which we trust will at some future period arise on "him be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which "guilt has raised around him; and the balm which it bestows "healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony "which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him. May the "hope, that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of "holiness and the approval of my own love to the great Author of "Religion will render this prayer and every other for the welfare "of mankind more efficacious, cheer me in the path of duty: but "let me not forget that while we are permitted to animate ourselves "to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser "streams which may serve to increase the current, but which de- "prived of the grand fountain of good, a deep conviction of inborn "sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ's atonement for the "salvation of those who trust in Him and really seek to serve Him, "would soon dry up and leave us as barren in every virtue as "before.

"'July 31st 1814, Hastings.'

"There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract which in a literary "sense can *at all* interest you; but it may perhaps appear to you "worthy of reflexion how deep and expansive a concern for the "happiness of others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of "youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as "in the expostulatory homage of M. De Lamartine, but here is the "sublime, my Lord; for this intercession was offered on your account "to the *Supreme Source* of happiness. It sprang from a faith more "confirmed than that of the French poet, and from a charity which "in combination with faith, shewed its power unimpaired amidst "the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope "that a prayer which I am sure was deeply sincere may not be "always unavailing.

"It would add *nothing*, my Lord, to the fame with which your "genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual "to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with "those who wish and pray that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace "and joy' may enter such a mind.

"JOHN SHEPPARD."

the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom I trust you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking; and I do not know that, in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others,—for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope, through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) "out of nothing, nothing can arise," not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself: who* can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other? and least of all, that which he least can comprehend. I have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with extreme faith, have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke (who ended as an Arian), Bayle, and Gibbon (once a Catholic), and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertuis, and Henry Kirke White.

But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more than obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In

this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose, that

"Video meliora proboque," [1]

however the "deteriora sequor" may have been applied to my conduct.

I have the honour to be

Your obliged and obedient servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—I do not know that I am addressing a clergyman; but I presume that you will not be affronted by the mistake (if it is one) on the address of this letter. One who has so well explained, and deeply felt, the doctrines of religion, will excuse the error which led me to believe him its minister.

965.—To John Murray.

Pisa, December 10, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—This day and this hour, (one, on the clock,) my daughter is six years old. I wonder when I shall see her again, or if ever I shall see her at all.[2]

1. Ovid, *Met.*, vii. 20—

"I know the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

2. "During our drive and ride this evening, Lord Byron declined "our usual amusement of pistol-firing, without assigning a cause. "He hardly spoke a word during the first half-hour, and it was "evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was "a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At "length he said, 'This is Ada's birthday, and might have been the "happiest day of my life: as it is——!' He stopped, seemingly "ashamed of having betrayed his feelings . . . . . It lasted till "we came within a mile of the Argive gate. There our silence was "all at once interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a

I have remarked a curious coincidence, which almost looks like a fatality.

My *mother*, my *wife*, my *daughter*, my *half-sister*, my *sister's mother*, my natural daughter (as far at least as *I* am concerned), and *myself*, are all *only children*.

My father, by his first marriage with Lady Conyers (an only child), had only my sister; and by his second marriage with another only child, an only child again. Lady Byron, as you know, was one also, and so is my daughter, etc.

Is not this rather odd—such a complication of only children? By the way, send me my daughter Ada's miniature. I have only the print, which gives little or no idea of her complexion.

I heard the other day from an English voyager, that her temper is said to be extremely violent. Is it so? It is not unlikely considering her parentage. My temper is what it is—as you may perhaps divine,—and my Lady's was a nice little sullen nucleus of concentrated Savageness to mould my daughter upon,—to say nothing of her two Grandmothers, both of whom, to my knowledge, were as pretty specimens of female Spirit as you might wish to see on a Summer's day.

I have answered your letters, etc., either to you in person, or through Mr D. K^d^

The broken Seal and *Edinburgh R*[*eview*], etc., arrived safely. The others are I presume upon their way.

Yours, etc.,

N. B.

"cottage by the side of the road. We pulled up our horses to "enquire of a *contadino* . . . . He told us, that a widow had just "lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wail- "ings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much "affected . . . 'I shall not be happy,' said he, 'till I hear that "my daughter is well. I have a great horror of anniversaries.'"—Medwin, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, pp. 145, 146.

966.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, December 12, 1821.

What you say about Galignani's two biographies is very amusing: and, if I were not lazy, I would certainly do what you desire. But I doubt my present stock of facetiousness—that is, of good *serious* humour, so as not to let the cat out of the bag.[1] I wish *you* would undertake it. I will forgive and *indulge* you (like a Pope) beforehand, for any thing ludicrous, that might keep those fools in their own dear belief that a man is a *loup garou*.

I suppose I told you that the *Giaour* story had actually some foundation on facts; or, if I did not, you will one day find it in a letter of Lord Sligo's,[2] written to me *after* the publication of the poem. I should not like marvels to rest upon any account of my own, and shall say nothing about it. However, the *real* incident is still remote enough from the poetical one, being just such as, happening to a man of any imagination, might suggest such a composition. The worst of any *real* adventures is that they involve living people—else Mrs. ——'s, ——'s, etc., are as "German to the matter" as Mr. Maturin could desire for his novels. * * *

The consummation you mentioned for poor Taaffe was near taking place yesterday. Riding pretty sharply

1. "Mr. Galignani having expressed a wish to be furnished with "a short Memoir of Lord Byron, for the purpose of prefixing it to "the French edition of his works, I had said jestingly in a preceding "letter to his Lordship, that it would be but a fair satire on the dis- "position of the world to 'bemonster his features,' if he would "write for the public, English as well as French, a sort of mock- "heroic account of himself, outdoing, in horrors and wonders, all "that had yet been related or believed of him, and leaving even "Goethe's story of the double murder at Florence far behind" (Moore).

2. See *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 257, *note* 2

after Mr. Medwin and myself in turning the corner of a lane between Pisa and the hills, he was spilt,—and, besides losing some claret on the spot, bruised himself a good deal, but is in no danger. He was bled, and keeps his room. As I was ahead of him some hundred yards, I did not see the accident; but my servant, who was behind, did, and says the *horse* did not fall—the usual excuse of floored equestrians. As Taaffe piques himself upon his horsemanship, and his horse is really a pretty horse enough, I long for his personal narrative,—as I never yet met the man who would *fairly claim a tumble* as his own property.

Could not you send me a printed copy of the "Irish "Avatar?"—I do not know what has become of Rogers since we parted at Florence.

Don't let the Angles keep you from writing. Sam told me that you were somewhat dissipated in Paris, which I can easily believe. Let me hear from you at your best leisure.

Ever and truly, etc.

P.S.—December 13.

I enclose you some lines written not long ago, which you may do what you like with, as they are very harmless.[1] Only, if copied, or printed, or set, I could wish it more correctly than in the usual way, in which one's "nothings are monstered," as Coriolanus says.

You must really get Taaffe published—he never will rest till he is so. He is just gone with his broken head to Lucca, at my desire, to try to save a *man* from being

1. The lines beginning—

"Oh! talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our Youth are the days of our Glory," etc.

See *Detached Thoughts*, p. 466 (118).

LORD BYRON,

AS HE APPEARED AFTER HIS DAILY RIDE AT PISA AND GENOA.

(*From a Silhouette cut in paper by Mrs. Leigh Hunt.*)

[*To face p.* 494.

burnt.[1] The Spanish * * *, that has her petticoats over Lucca, had actually condemned a poor devil to the stake, for stealing the wafer box out of a church. Shelley and I, of course, were up in arms against this piece of piety, and have been disturbing every body to get the sentence changed. Taaffe is gone to see what can be done.

B.

967.—To Percy Bysshe Shelley.

December 12, 1821.

MY DEAR SHELLEY,—Enclosed is a note for you from ——. His reasons are all very true, I dare say, and it might and may be of personal inconvenience to us. But that does not appear to me to be a reason to allow a being to be burnt without trying to save him. To save him by any means but *remonstrance* is of course out of the question; but I do not see why a *temperate* remonstrance should hurt any one. Lord Guilford is the man, if he would undertake it. He knows the Grand Duke personally, and might, perhaps, prevail upon him to interfere. But, as he goes to-morrow, you must be quick, or it will be useless. Make any use of *my* name that you please.

Yours ever, etc.

968.—To Thomas Moore.

[Undated.]

I send you the two notes,[2] which will tell you the story I allude to of the Auto da Fè. Shelley's allusion

1. The report of the intended *auto da fé* at Lucca was picked up by Medwin at a bookseller's shop in Pisa (*Conversations*, pp. 267–270). The foundation for the story seems to have been a proclamation by the Duchess of Lucca, Maria Louisa, widow of Louis, King of Etruria, and daughter of Charles IV. of Spain, making her subjects liable to Spanish law. The prisoner escaped to Florence.

2. The following are the two notes which were enclosed, as printed in Moore's *Life*, p. 546:—

to his "fellow-serpent,"[1] is a buffoonery of mine. Goethe's Mephistofilus calls the serpent who tempted Eve "my aunt, the renowned snake;" and I always insist that Shelley is nothing but one of her nephews, walking about on the tip of his tail.

To Lord Byron.

"Two o'clock, Tuesday Morning.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Although strongly persuaded that the story "must be either an entire fabrication, or so gross an exaggeration "as to be nearly so; yet, in order to be able to discover the truth "beyond all doubt, and to set your mind quite at rest, I have taken "the determination to go myself to Lucca this morning. Should it "prove less false than I am convinced it is, I shall not fail to exert "myself *in every way* that I can imagine may have any success. Be "assured of this.

"Your Lordship's most truly,
[TAAFFE?].

"P.S.—To prevent *bavardage*, I prefer going in person to "sending my servant with a letter. It is better for you to mention "nothing (except, of course, to Shelley) of my excursion. The "person I visit there is one on whom I can have every dependence "in every way, both as to authority and truth."

To Lord Byron.

"Thursday Morning.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I hear this morning that the design, "which certainly had been in contemplation, of burning my fellow-"serpent, has been abandoned, and that he has been condemned to "the galleys. Lord Guilford is at Leghorn; and as your courier "applied to me to know whether he ought to leave your letter for "him or not, I have thought it best since this information to tell "him to take it back.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"P. B. SHELLEY."

1. "Staub soll er fressen, und mit Lust,
Wie meine Muhme, die berühmte Schlange."
Goethe, *Faust*, Prolog., 92, 93.

APPENDIX I.

LETTERS FROM SHELLEY TO BYRON, FROM JANE CLAIRMONT TO BYRON, AND FROM SHELLEY TO JANE CLAIRMONT.

(See p. 14, *note* 1, and p. 73, *note* 2.)

(1) Letter from Shelley to Byron.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I have no conception of what Clare's letter to you contains, and but an imperfect one of the subject of her correspondence with you at all. One or two of her letters, but not lately, I have indeed seen; but as I thought them extremely childish and absurd, and requested her not to send them, and she afterwards told me she had written and sent others in place of them, I cannot tell if those which I saw on that occasion were sent to you or not. I wonder, however, at your being provoked at what Clare writes; though that she should write what is provoking is very probable. You are conscious of performing your duty to Allegra, and your refusal to allow her to visit Clare at this distance you conceive to be part of that duty. That Clare should have wished to see her is natural. That her disappointment should vex her, and her vexation make her write absurdly, is all in the natural order of things. But, poor thing, she is very unhappy and in bad health, and she ought to be treated with as much indulgence as possible. The weak and the foolish are in this respect like kings; they can do no wrong.

"I think I have said enough to excuse myself for declining to be the instrument of the communication of her wishes or sentiments to you; of course I should be always happy to convey yours to her. But at present I do not see that you need trouble yourself further than to take care that she should receive regular intelligence of Allegra's health, etc. You can write to me, or make your secretary write to her (as you do not like writing yourself), or arrange it in any manner most convenient to yourself. Of course I should be happy to hear from you on any subject.

"Galignani tells us that on the 17th of August you arrived in London, and immediately drove to the Queen's house with dispatches from Italy. If your wraith indited the note which I received,

he also will receive this answer. Do you take no part in the important nothings which the most powerful assembly in the world is now engaged in weighing with such ridiculous deliberation? At least, if ministers fail in their object, shall you or not return as a candidate for any part of the power they will lose? Their successors, I hope, and you, if you will be one of them, will exert that power to other purposes than their's. As to me, I remain in Italy for the present. If you really go to England, and leave Allegra in Italy, I think you had better arrange so that Clare might see Allegra in your absence if she pleases. The objections now existing against a visit either to or from her, would be then suspended; and such a concession would prevent all future contention on the subject. People only desire with great eagerness that which is forbidden or withheld. Besides that, you should shew yourself above taking offence at any thing she has written, which of course you are.

"It would give me great pleasure to hear from you, and to receive news of more cantos of *Don Juan*, or something else. You have starved us lately. Mrs. S. unites with me in best regards, and I remain, my dear Lord Byron,

"Your very sincere, etc.,
"PERCY B. SHELLEY.

"Pisa, Sep. 17, 1820.

"P.S.—If I were to go to the Levant or Greece, could you be of any service to me? If so, I should be very much obliged to you."

(2) Letter from Jane Clairmont to Byron.

"I have just received the letter which announces the putting Allegra into a convent. Before I quitted Geneva you promised me—verbally, it is true—that my child, whatever its sex, should never be away from one of its parents. This promise originated in my being afflicted at your idea of placing it under the protection of Mrs. Leigh. This promise is violated, not only slightly, but in a mode and by a conduct most intolerable to my feeling of love for Allegra. It has been my desire and my practice to interfere with you as little as possible; but were I silent now, you would adopt this as an argument against me at some future period. I therefore represent to you that the putting Allegra, at her years, into a convent, away from any relation, is to me a serious and deep affliction. Since you first gave the hint of your desire, I have been at some pains to inquire into their system, and I find that the state of the children is nothing less than miserable. I see no reason to believe that convents are better regulated at Ravenna, a secondary, out-of-the-way town of the Roman States, than at Florence, the capital of Tuscany. Every traveller and writer upon Italy joins in condemning them, which would be alone sufficient testimony, without adverting to the state of ignorance and profligacy of the Italian women, all pupils of convents. They are bad wives, most unnatural mothers; licentious and ignorant, they are the dishonour and unhappiness of society. This then, with every advantage in your power, of wealth,

of friends, is the education you have chosen for your daughter. This step will procure to you an innumerable addition of enemies and of blame, for it can be regarded but in one light by the virtuous, of whatever sect or denomination. Allegra's misfortune, in being condemned by her father to a life of ignorance and degradation, in being deprived of the advantages which the belonging to the most enlightened country in the world entitle her to, and of the protection and friendship of her parents' friends (so essential to the well-being of a child in her desolate situation), by the adoption of a different religion and of an education known to be contemptible, will be received by the world as a perfect fulfilment on your part of all the censures passed upon you. How will Lady Byron—never yet justified for her conduct towards you—be soothed, and rejoice in the honourable safety of herself and child, and all the world be bolder to praise her prudence, my unhappy Allegra furnishing the condemning evidence! I alone, misled by love to believe you good, trusted to you, and now I reap the fruits.

"I do not describe my feelings of sorrow that this is to be Allegra's destiny, because I know what an excitement it would be to you to continue and if possible to augment the burthen. But I entreat you to retract this step, if not for her sake, at least for your own. Be assured that no reasons can be found to justify this measure. If you doubt that passion may hinder my judging rightly about it, take the opinion of Mrs. Hoppner—a lady every way worthy your attention. Her great knowledge of the world will ensure you the most safe and laudable conduct to be pursued with regard to Allegra's education, and I feel so much confidence in her goodness and sound judgment, that I should submit to her decision with the greatest pleasure. I resigned Allegra to you that she might be benefitted by advantages which I could not give her. It was natural for me to expect that your daughter would become an object of affection, and would receive an education becoming the child of an English nobleman. Since, however, you are indifferent to her, or that the purity of your principles does not allow you to cherish a natural child, I entreat you, as an act of justice, to allow the following scheme to be put into execution, that Allegra may have the benefits her mother can procure to her. I propose to place her, at my own expense, in one of the very best English boarding-schools, where, if she is deprived of the happiness of a home and paternal care, she at least would receive an English education, which would enable her, after many years of painful and unprotected childhood, to be benefitted by the kindness and affection of her parents' friends. This school shall be chosen by your own friends. I will see her only so often as they shall decide, because I hope to induce you, by this sacrifice of myself, to yield the child to proper hands. By adopting this plan you will save your credit and also the expense; and the anxiety for her safety and well-being need never trouble you; you will become as free as if you had no such tie. I entreat you earnestly not to be obdurate on this point. Believe me, in putting Allegra into a convent to ease yourself of the trouble, and to hurt me in my affection for her,

you have done almost a greater injury to yourself than to me or her. So blind is hatred! I have already mentioned the evil to your reputation; besides which, in separating her from you at this early age, her attachment is weakened, and the difference of religion, added to the evil stories concerning you, will, in a few years more, completely alienate her from you. Such is the miserable and unsatisfactory state produced by this step to all three. To none does it procure one atom of advantage or pleasure. I add another remark upon this convent scheme: If it is a place suited to Allegra, why need you pay a double pension to ensure her proper treatment and attention? This little fact, coming from yourself, says every thing in condemnation of the plan. I know not how to address you in terms fit to awaken acquiescence to the above requests; yet neither do I know why you should doubt the wisdom and propriety of what I propose, seeing that I have never, with regard to Allegra, sought anything but her advantage, even at the price of total unhappiness to myself. 'My heart,' to use the words of an author, 'is rather wise because it loves much than because it knows much,' and the great affection I feel for her makes me to arrive at the knowledge of what is her good, almost as it were instinctively. I pray you to allow yourself to be advised on this point, and I mention Mdme. Hoppner because she is friendlily disposed towards you, and enabled by her situation to judge fairly what difference exists between an Italian and English education. You would have had this letter much sooner, but I was absent at Florence when the letter from Ravenna arrived at Pisa. They, not willing to annoy me when on a visit, kept it some time; but as my stay became longer, sent it to me. I beg you will address to Pisa as usual, to which city I return in another week. I cannot say how anxiously I expect your answer. Since I read the letter I have not had a moment's content, fearing to allow myself ease, lest Allegra should be suffering from neglect. Nor can I be happy until some plan is decided upon of a real advantage to her. I am desirous also of knowing how far Bagna-cavallo is from Ravenna, and if on the sea-coast; also whether Allegra is entered only for a short time or for a fixed period. The answer to these questions is of the greatest importance to me. Again, I entreat you to yield, so that we may both be easy about her; I not suffering from anxiety and injury, nor you from the contention in your heart of hatred and pride which my entreaties awaken. I know that expressions of affection and friendship only exasperate you, yet I cannot help wishing you as much happiness as you inflict unjust misery upon me. Then, indeed, you would be blessed.

"CLAIRE.

"Florence, March 24, 1821."

Across the top at the end of this letter, Byron has written—

"Dr HOPPNER,—The moral part of the letter upon the Italians,

etc., comes with an excellent grace from the writer now living with a *man* and his *wife*—and having planted a child in the R. Foundling, etc. With regard to the rest of the letter, you know as well as any one how far it is or is not correct."

(3) Letter from Shelley to Jane Clairmont.

"Pisa, Sunday mor.[1]

"MY DEAR CLARE,—I know not what to think of the state of your mind, or what to fear for you. Your late plan about Allegra seems to me, in its present form, pregnant with irremediable infamy to all the actors in it except your self; in any form wherein *I* must actively co-operate, with inevitable destruction. I COULD NOT refuse Lord Byron's challenge; though that, however to be deprecated, would be the least in the series of mischiefs consequent upon my intervention in such a plan. I say this because I am shocked at the thoughtless violence of your designs, and I wish to put my sense of their madness in the strongest light. I may console myself, however, with the reflection that the *attempt* even is impossible, as I have no money. So far from being ready to lend me 3 or 400 pounds, Horace Smith has lately declined to advance 6 or 7 napoleons for a musical instrument which I wished to buy for Jane at Paris, nor have I any other friend to whom I could apply.

"You think of going to Vienna. The change might have a favourable effect upon your mind, and the occupations and exertions of a new state of life wean you from counsels so desperate as those to which you have been lately led. I must try to manage the money for your journey, if so you have decided. You know how different my own ideas are of life. I also have been struck by the heaviest inflictions almost which a high spirit and a feeling heart ever endured. Some of yours and of my evils are in common, and I am therefore in a certain degree a judge. If you would take my advice, you would give up this evil pursuit after shadows, and temper yourself to the season; seek in the daily and affectionate intercourse of friends, a respite from these perpetual and irritating projects. Live from day to day, attend to your health, cultivate literature and liberal ideas to a certain extent, and expect that from time and change which no exertions of your own can give you. Serious and calm reflection has convinced me that you can never obtain Allegra by such means as you have lately devised, or by any means to *be devised*. Lord Byron is inflexible, and he has her in his power. Remember, Clare, when you rejected my earnest advice at Milan, and how vain is now your regret! This is the second of my Sybillaic volumes; if you wait for the third, it may be sold at a still higher price. If you think well, this summer go to Vienna; but wherever you go or stay, let the *past* be past.

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1. The date is fixed as March, 1822, by the reference to the affray at Pisa.

"I expect soon to write to you on another subject, respecting which, however, all is as you already know. Farewell.

"Your affectionate S.

"I am much pleased with your translation of Goëthe, which cannot fail to succeed if finished as begun. Lord B. thinks I have sent it to Paris to be translated, and therefore does not yet expect copy. I shall, of course, have it copied out for him, and preserve your's to be sent to England.

"I send you 50 francesconi—6 more than your income—as you have made some expenses for me and Mary, I know not what. Pray acknowledge the receipt of it.

"Mary has written, she tells me, an account of yesterday's affray. The man, I am sorry to say, is much worse; but never did any one provoke his own fate so wantonly. I was struck from my horse, and, had not Capt. Hay warded off the sabre with his stick, must inevitably have been killed. Capt. Hay has a severe sabre-wound across the face."

APPENDIX II.

GOETHE AND BYRON.

(See p. 33, *note* 1.)

IN this Appendix are given (1) the text of Goethe's review of *Manfred*, which originally appeared in *Kunst und Alterthum* (see Goethe's *Sämmtliche Werke, Vollständige Ausgabe in fünfzehn Bänden*, vol. xiii. pp. 640–642 : Stuttgart, 1874); (2) Hoppner's translation of the review, extracted from Moore's *Life*, pp. 448, 449; (3) some additional notes on Goethe's relations with Byron, mainly drawn from Professor A. Brandl's *Goethes Verhältniss zu Byron* (*Goethe-Jahrbuch, Zwanzigster Band*, 1899).

(1) Text of Goethe's review of *Manfred* in *Kunst und Alterthum* (ii. 2. 191).

"Eine wunderbare, mich nahberührende Erscheinung war mir das Trauerspiel Manfred von Byron. Dieser seltsame, geistreiche Dichter hat meinen Faust in sich aufgenommen, und, hypochondrisch, die seltsamste Nahrung daraus gesogen. Er hat die seinen Zwecken zusagenden Motive auf eigene Weise benutzt, so dasz keins mehr dasselbige ist, und gerade deszhalb kann ich seinen Geist nicht genugsam bewundern. Diese Umbildung ist so aus dem Ganzen, dasz man darüber und über die Aehnlichkeit und Unähnlichkeit mit dem Vorbild höchst interessante Vorlesungen halten könnte; wobei ich freilich nicht läugne, dasz uns die düstere Gluth einer gränzenlosen, reichen Verzweiflung am Ende lästig wird. Doch ist der Verdrusz, den man empfindet, immer mit Bewunderung und Hochachtung verknüpft.

"Wir finden also in dieser Tragödie ganz eigentlich die Quintessenz der Gesinnungen und Leidenschaften des wunderbarsten, zu eigener Qual geborenen Talents. Die Lebens- und Dichtungsweise des Lords Byron erlaubt kaum gerechte und billige Beurtheilung. Er hat oft genug bekannt, was ihn quält; er hat es wiederholt dargestellt, und kaum hat irgend jemand Mitleid mit seinem unerträglichen Schmerz, mit dem er sich wiederkauend immer herumarbeitet.

"Eigentlich sind es zwei Frauen, deren Gespenster ihn unablässig verfolgen, welche auch im genannten Stücke grosze Rollen spielen, die eine unter dem Namen Astarte, die andere, ohne Gestalt und Gegenwart, blosz eine Stimme.

"Von dem gräszlichen Abenteuer, das er mit der ersten erlebt, erzählt man Folgendes: Als ein junger, kühner, höchst anziehender Mann, gewinnt er die Neigung einer florentinischen Dame; der Gemahl entdeckt es und ermordet seine Frau. Aber auch der Mörder wird in derselben Nacht auf der Strasze todt gefunden, ohne dasz jedoch der Verdacht auf irgend jemand könnte geworfen werden. Lord Byron entfernt sich von Florenz und schleppt solche Gespenster sein ganzes Leben hinter sich drein.

"Dieses märchenhafte Ereignisz wird durch unzählige Anspielungen in seinen Gedichten vollkommen wahrscheinlich, wie er denn z. B., höchst grausam in seinen eigenen Eingeweiden wüthend, die unselige Geschichte jenes Königs von Sparta auf sich anwendet. Sie ist folgende: Pausanias, lacedämonischer Feldherr, durch den wichtigen Sieg bei Platäa ruhmgekrönt, nachher aber durch Uebermuth, Starrsinn, rauhes, hartes Betragen die Liebe der Griechen, wegen heimlichen Verständnisses mit dem Feinde das Vertrauen seiner Landsleute verlierend—dieser ladet eine schwere Blutschuld auf sich, die ihn bis an sein schmähliches Ende verfolgt. Denn als er im schwarzen Meere die Flotte der verbündeten Griechen befehligt, entbrennt er in rasender Leidenschaft gegen eine schöne byzantinische Jungfrau. Nach langem Widerstreben gewinnt sie der Machthaber endlich den Eltern ab: sie soll Nachts zu ihm geführt werden. Schamhaft bittet sie die Diener, die Lampen zu löschen; es geschieht, und sie, im Zimmer umhertastend, stöszt die Lampensäule um. Aus dem Schlaf erwacht Pausanias; argwöhnisch vermuthet er Mörder, ergreift das Schwert und haut die Geliebte nieder. Der gräszliche Anblick dieser Scene verläszt ihn niemals, der Schatten verfolgt ihn unablässig, so dasz er Gottheiten und geisterbannende Priester vergebens anruft.

"Welch ein verwundetes Herz musz der Dichter haben, der sich eine solche Begebenheit aus der Vorwelt heraussucht, sie sich aneignet und sein tragisches Ebenbild damit belastet! Nachstehender, von Unmuth und Lebensverdrusz überladene Monolog wird nun durch diese Anmerkungen verständlich; wir empfehlen ihn allen Freunden der Deklamation zur bedeutenden Uebung. Hamlets Monolog erscheint hier gesteigert. Kunst gehört dazu, besonders das Eingeschaltete herauszuheben und den Zusammenhang des Ganzen rein und fliesend zu erhalten. Uebrigens wird man leicht gewahr werden, dasz ein gewisser heftiger, ja exzentrischer Ausdruck nöthig ist, um die Intention des Dichters darzustellen.

"MANFRED *allein.*

"Der Zeit des Schreckens Narren sind wir! Tage,
Bestehlend, stehlen sie sich weg. Wir leben
In Lebens Ueberdrusz, in Scheu des Todes.
In all den Tagen der verwünschten Posse—

Lebendige Last auf widerstrebenden Herzen,
In Sorgen stockt es, heftig schlägt's in Pein,
Der Freud' ein End' ist Todeskampf und Ohnmacht—
In all den Tagen, den vergangnen, künftigen—
Im Leben ist nichts Gegenwart—du zählst
Wie wenig!—weniger als wenig, wo die Seele
Nicht nach dem Tod verlangt, und doch zurück
Wie vor dem Winterstrome schreckt. Das Frösteln
Wär' nur ein Augenblick—Ich hab' ein Mittel
In meiner Wissenskraft: die Todten ruf' ich
Und frage sie: Was ist denn, das wir fürchten?
Der Antwort ernsteste ist doch das Grab.
Und das ist nichts, antworten sie mir nicht.—

"Antwortete begrabner Priester Gottes
Dem Weib zu Endor! Sparta's König zog
Aus griech'scher Jungfrau nie entschlafnem Geist
Antwort und Schicksal: das Geliebteste
Hatt' er gemordet, wuszte nicht, wen er traf:
Starb ungesühnt. Wenn er auch schon zu Hülfe
Den Zeus von Phryxus rief, Phigaliens[1]
Arkadische Beschwörer aufrief, zu gewinnen
Vom aufgebrachten Schatten sein Verzeihen,
Auch eine Gränze nur des Rächens. Die versetzte
Mit zweifelhaftem Wortsinn: doch erfüllt ward's.

"'Und hätt' ich nie gelebt, das, was ich liebe,
Wäre noch lebendig! hätt' ich nie geliebt,
Das, was ich liebe, wär' noch immer schön
Und glücklich, glückverspendend! Und was aber,
Was ist sie jetzt? Für meine Sünden büszte sie!—
Ein Wesen? Denk' es nicht!—Vielleicht ein Nichts.
In wenig Stunden frag' ich nicht umsonst;
In dieser Stunde fürcht' ich, wie ich trotze.
Bis diese Stunde schreckte mich kein Schauen
Der Geister, guter, böser. Zittr' ich nun?
Und fühl' am Herzen fremden, kalten Thau?
Doch kann ich thun, was mich im Tiefsten widert;
Der Erde Schrecken ruf' ich auf.—Es nachtet!"

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1. The version adopted in the Berlin edition (Strehlke, iii. 450) is—

"Den milden Zeus berief, Phigaliens," u.s.w.

(2) Hoppner's translation of Goethe's review (Moore's *Life*, pp. 448, 449).

"GOETHE ON *MANFRED*.
(1820.)

"Byron's tragedy, *Manfred*, was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one that closely touched me. This singular intellectual poet has taken my *Faustus* to himself, and extracted from it the strangest nourishment for his hypochondriac humour. He has made use of the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this account that I cannot enough admire his genius. The whole is in this way so completely formed anew that it would be an interesting task for the critic to point out, not only the alterations he has made, but their degree of resemblance with, or dissimilarity to, the original; in the course of which I cannot deny that the gloomy heat of an unbounded and exuberant despair becomes at last oppressive to us. Yet is the dissatisfaction we feel always connected with esteem and admiration.

"We find thus in this tragedy the quintessence of the most astonishing talent born to be its own tormentor. The character of Lord Byron's life and poetry hardly permits a just and equitable appreciation. He has often enough confessed what it is that torments him. He has repeatedly pourtrayed it; and scarcely any one feels compassion for this intolerable suffering, over which he is ever laboriously ruminating. There are, properly speaking, two females whose phantoms for ever haunt him, and which, in this piece also, perform principal parts—one under the name of Astarte; the other without form or actual presence, and merely a voice. Of the horrid occurrence which took place with the former the following is related: When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady. Her husband discovered the amour, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one on whom any suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after.

"This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems. As, for instance, when turning his sad contemplations inwards, he applies to himself the fatal history of the King of Sparta. It is as follows: Pausanias, a Lacedemonian general, acquires glory by the important victory at Platæa, but afterwards forfeits the confidence of his countrymen through his arrogance, obstinacy, and secret intrigues with the enemies of his country. This man draws upon himself the heavy guilt of innocent blood, which attends him to his end; for, while commanding the fleet of the allied Greeks, in the Black Sea, he is inflamed with a violent passion for a Byzantine maiden. After long resistance, he at length obtains her from her parents, and she is to be delivered up to him at night. She modestly desires the servant to put out the lamp, and, while groping her way in the dark, she overturns it. Pausanias

is awakened from his sleep—apprehensive of an attack from murderers, he seizes his sword, and destroys his mistress. The horrid sight never leaves him. Her shade pursues him unceasingly, and he implores for aid in vain from the gods and the exorcising priests.

"That poet must have a lacerated heart who selects such a scene from antiquity, appropriates it to himself, and burdens his tragic image with it. The following soliloquy, which is overladen with gloom and a weariness of life, is, by this remark, rendered intelligible. We recommend it as an exercise to all friends of declamation. Hamlet's soliloquy appears improved upon here."

"[It requires some art to eliminate interpolations and to preserve in simple yet connected fashion the unity of the whole. In other respects, it will be readily recognized that, to reproduce the meaning of the poet, a vehemence of tone and even an exaggerated turn of expression must of necessity be adopted.]"

Here follows Goethe's translation of Manfred's soliloquy—

"We are the fools of Time . . . the night approaches."
Manfred, act ii. sc. 2.

(3) Notes on the relations of Byron with Goethe.

Eckermann's *Conversations of Goethe*, familiar to English readers through John Oxenford's translation (2 vols. 1850), abound in references to Byron, which show the interest that Goethe took in his poetry and personality. The same interest was felt by Byron towards Goethe.

"I have a great curiosity," he told Medwin (*Conversations*, vol. ii. pp. 130, 131), "about everything relating to Goethe, and please myself with thinking there is some analogy between our characters and writings. So much interest do I take in him, that I offered to give £100 to any person who would translate his *Memoirs* for my own reading. Shelley has sometimes explained part of them to me. He seems to be very superstitious, and is a believer in astrology. . . . I would give the world to read *Faust* in the original. I have been urging Shelley to translate it."

It may not be uninteresting to collect some illustrations of the attraction felt by Goethe to Byron's life and writings.

A regular reader of English newspapers, Goethe followed with eagerness the public discussion of Byron's domestic affairs in March and April, 1816. "Fare Thee Well" and "The Sketch," then published in the daily press, introduced him to Byron's poetry, and led him to study first the poet's character and then his works. His interest grew rapidly. On May 4, 1816, he asks Eichstädt what was known about

Byron, and two entries in his Diary, dated respectively May 22 and 23, are "Lord Byron's Gedichte," and "*The Corsair*, "Gedicht von Lord Byron."

At Weimar, on October 25, 1816, Ticknor and Everett had a conversation with Goethe.

"Of Lord Byron," says Ticknor (*Life*, vol. i. p. 114; *Goethes Gespräche*, herausg. von W. F. von Biedermann, iii. 270, 271), "he spoke with interest and discrimination—said that his poetry showed great knowledge of human nature and great talent in description: *Lara*, he thought, 'bordered on the kingdom of spectres; and of his late separation from his wife, that, in its circumstances and the mystery in which it is involved, it is so poetical, that if Lord Byron had invented it he could hardly have had a more fortunate subject for his genius.'"

At this stage Goethe was more attracted by Byron's life than by his poetry. But the interest widened. He read the criticisms on Byron which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1816, and, as is proved by the entries in his Diary for June 2, 3, and 16, 1817, *The Siege of Corinth*, *Parisina*, and *The Prisoner of Chillon*. He studied *Glenarvon*, and discussed with Tieck all that the latter could tell him about Byron. An entry in the Diary for November 26, 1817—"Zu "Knebel, über Byron, Übersetzung seiner Gedichte"—suggests that he or his friends were engaged in translating Byron's poetry. The entry probably refers to the following translation of "Fare Thee Well," preserved among the Goethe papers in the archives at Weimar. The translation is in the handwriting of Dr. Weller, the Jena librarian, and the evidence, discussed by Professor Brandl (*Sonder-Abdruck aus dem Goethe-Jahrbuch*, xx. 4), leaves Goethe's authorship at least doubtful. It is not contained in the Berlin edition (Strehlke) of Goethe's works.

"*Lebe Du wohl,*" *von Lord Byron.*

"Leb' Du wohl!—und ist's auf immer—
Sei's für immer!—lebe wohl!
Kannst Du gleich mir nicht vergeben,
Dir empört mein Herz sich nicht.—

"Könnt' ich diese Brust Dir öffnen,
Wo Dein Haupt oft hingelehnt
Sich in sanften Schlaf ergoszen—
Den Du nie mehr finden wirst!—

"Könnt' ich dieses Herz Dir zeigen,
Das Du nun so leicht verschmäh'st—
Warlich, eingestehen müszt Du:
'Dies zu reizen war nicht gut.'—

"Mag die Welt dafür Dich loben,
Mag sie lachen bei dem Schlag,—
Selbst ihr Lob musz Dich beleid'gen,
Das sich stützt auf andrer Schmerz.

"Ob mich mancher Fehl enstellet,—
Konnt ein andrer Arm mir wohl,
Als der ehmals mich umschlungen,
Wunden schlagen, die nichts heilt?

"Doch—ja doch—o, täusch' Dich selbst nicht!—
Liebe mag wohl langsam scheiden,
Doch zerriszen plözlich—glaub' mir!—
Trennen so sich Herzen nicht.—

"Deines wird stets Leben fühlen—
Meines—ach!—ob blutend—schlagen;
Der nie sterbende Gedanke
Quält—getrennt auf immer seyn!—

"Dies sind Worte tiefern Kummers
Als die Klagen um den Toden;
Beide leben;—jeden Morgen
Weckt sie ein verwittibt (*sic*) Bett.—

"Und willst Du von unsers Kindes
Ersten Lauten Trost Dir sammeln;
Magst Du wohl ihm sprechen lernen:
'Vater!'—dessen Sorg' ihm fehlt?—

"Drücket ihre kleine Hand Dich,
Ihre Lippe drückt sie Deine—
Denk an Ihn, Desz Herz Dich segnet!
Denk an Ihn, den Du geliebt!—

"Sollten ihre Züge gleichen
Denen, die Du nicht mehr sehn magst—
Zitternd wird sich in Dir regen
Noch ein treuer Puls für mich.—

"Meine Fehler—alle kennst Du!—
Meinen Wahnsinn—wer kennt diesen?—
All mein Hoffen, wo Du gehest,
Welkend geht es doch mit Dir.—

"Jeder Sinn ist mir zerrüttet;
Stolz—den keine Welt mocht beugen,

Beugt sich Dir—von Dir verlassen,
Weicht die Seele selbst von mir.—

"Doch umsonst!—Was hilft's der Worte!—
Minder noch von mir der Worte!—
Nichts doch bändigt den Gedanken,
Wider Willen dringt's hervor.—

"Leb' denn wohl!—von Dir getrennt—
Losgerissen aller Bande—
Herzversengt—allein—verbleichet—
Kann ich kaum noch mehr nun sterben.—

"Den 24sten Nov. 1817."

On October 11, 1817, Goethe received from a young American a copy of *Manfred*, which he at once read and re-read. Two days later, he wrote to Knebel his opinion of the poem, using language which is almost identical with that of his review published in *Kunst und Alterthum* in 1820. On November 30 he began, and in two days completed, his translation of the "Curse."

The poem seized hold upon Goethe with singular force. He appears to explain his interest in it by saying that, in *Manfred*, he heard the echo of his own *Faust*, and traced the real experiences of a great genius tortured by remorse into passionate, concentrated expression. Taken literally, the explanation is unsatisfactory. Byron himself warmly repudiated the charge.

"The Germans," he said to Medwin (*Conversations*, vol. i. p. 201), "and I believe Goethe himself, consider that I have taken great liberties with *Faust*. All I know of that drama is from a sorry French translation, from an occasional reading or two into English of parts of it by Monk Lewis when at Diodati, and from the Hartz Mountain scene, that Shelley versified the other day. Nothing I envy him so much as to be able to read that astonishing production in the original. As to originality, Goethe has too much sense to pretend that he is not under obligations to other authors, ancient and modern:—who is not?"

In fact, no real similarities with *Faust*, whether in motive or development, can be traced except in the opening scene of *Manfred*, and the story of Byron's adventures at Florence, ending in a murder, though it imposed on Goethe, was an invention circulated by the *Courrier Français*. On the other hand, the explanation, in the sense probably intended by

Goethe, is true and adequate. *Manfred* was the first poem since *Faust* which dealt with the struggles of the searching human mind groping for love outside the sphere of nature. Goethe himself, in conversation with Hermann Fürst von Pückler, September 14, 1826 (*Goethes Gespräche*, v. 308), expressly disclaimed the idea that *Manfred* was an imitation of *Faust*, adding that it had interested him to trace the unconscious transformation which Byron had made of his Mephistopheles. As for the poem being a record of any real personal experience, it might, he said, well reflect the mind of a poet suddenly bereft of every private or domestic hope, and even of a home.

Five translations by Goethe of passages in *Manfred* prove his interest in the poem.

1. Manfred's soliloquy, act i. sc. 1—

> "The lamp must be replenished . . .
> The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life."

Goethe's version, written in his own hand in pencil, and placed in a blue envelope, endorsed by himself, "*Manfred*, "Dec. Jena, 1817," is in the Weimar archives. It is evidently not only fragmentary, but experimental. As quoted by Professor Brandl, in the *Goethe-Jahrbuch* (xx. 9), it runs as follows :—

> "Die Lampe will getüllt seyn doch auch dann
> Brennt sie so lange nicht als ich wachen musz
> Mein Schlummer—Wenn ich schlummre, 's ist kein Schlaf
> Nur ein Verfolgen daurender Gedancken
> Dem ich nicht widerstehe. In meinem Herze[n]
> Ists immer wach. Wie ich die Augen schliesz
> Sie sehn hinein. Und lebe doch und führe
> Das Ansehn die Gestalt des Athmenden
> Doch sollte Kummer nicht des Weisen Lehrer
> Sorgen sind Kenntnis die am meisten kennen
> Vertiefen sich bejammernd der verwünschten Wahrheit
> Erkenntnis Baum ist nicht der Baum des Lebens."

2. The "Curse" (act i. sc. 1), printed in the Weimar edition of Goethe's works (iii. 201). The following are the lines :—

> "Wenn der Mond ist auf der Welle,
> Wenn der Glühwurm ist im Gras,

Und ein Scheinlicht auf dem Grabe,
Irres Licht auf dem Morast;
Wenn die Sterne fallend schieszen,
Eul' der Eul' erwiedernd heult,
Und die Blätter schweigend ruhen
An des dunkeln Hügels Wand,
Meine Seel' sei auf der deinen
Mit Gewalt und Zeichenwink!

"Ist dein Schlummer noch so tief,
Kommt dein Geist doch nie zum Schlaf.
Da sind Schatten, die nicht schwinden,
Da Gedanken, die nicht bannest.
Die Gewalt, die du nicht kennest,
Läszt dich nimmermehr allein.
Bist ins Leichentuch gewindelt,
Eingehüllt in einer Wolke,
Und für immer, immer wohnst du
In dem Geiste dieses Spruchs.

"Siehst mich nicht vorüber gehen,
Fühlst mich doch in deinem Auge
Als ein Ding, das ungesehen
Nah dir sein musz, wie es war;
Und wenn du, geheim durchschaudert,
Deinen Kopf umwendend, blickest,
Sollst dich wundern, dasz nicht etwa
Wie ein Schatten bin zur Stelle;
Nein! die Kraft, die du empfunden,
Ist, was sich in dir verbirgt.

"Und ein Zauberwort und Lied
Taufte dich mit einem Fluch,
Und schon hat ein Geist der Luft
Dich umgarnt mit einer Schlinge.
In dem Wind ist eine Stimme,
Die verbeut dir dich zu freuen;
Und wenn dir die Nacht versagt
Ihres reinen Himmels Ruhe,
Bringt der Tag 'ne Sonn' herauf
Wär' sie nieder! wünschest du.

"Deinen falschen Thränen zog ich
Tödtlichste Essenzen aus;
Deinem eignen Herzen sog ich
Blut, das schwärzeste, vom Quell;
Deinem Lächeln lockt' ich Schlangen.
Dort geheim geringelt, ab,
Deinem Lippenpaar entsaugt' ich
Allerschlimmstes aller Gifte.
Jedem Gift, das ich erprobet,
Schlimmer ist dein eignes doch.

"Bei deiner kalten Brust, dem Schlangenlächeln,
Der Arglist unergründlichem Schlund,
Bei dem so tugendsam scheinenden Auge,
Bei der verschlossenen Seele Trug,
Bei der Vollendung deiner Künste,
Dem Wahn, du tragest ein Menschliches Herz,
Bei deinem Gefallen an Anderer Pein,
Bei deiner Kains-Bruderschaft,
Beschwöre ich dich und nöthige
Dich, selbst dir eigne Hölle zu sein!

"Auf dein Haupt giesz' ich die Schale,
Die dich solchem Urtheil widmet:
Nicht zu schlafen, nicht zu sterben,
Sei dein dauernd Miszgeschick!
Scheinbar soll der Tod sich nahen
Deinem Wunsch, doch nur als Grauen.
Schau! der Zauber wirkt umher dir,
Dich geklirrlos fesselt Kette;
Ueber Herz und Hirn zusammen
Ist der spruch ergangen,—Schwinde!"

3. Manfred's soliloquy (act ii. sc. 2): "We are the fools "of time and terror," etc. This appeared in *Kunst und Alterthum* (ii. 2. 191), and is printed in the Weimar edition (iii. 199). Professor Brandl (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, xx. 10, 11) gives, from Goethe's pencil-written manuscript, a list of the different corrections made by the translator before his version assumed its final shape.

4. A fragmentary version, in Goethe's own handwriting, partly in pencil, partly in ink, of the duologue between Manfred and Astarte (act ii. sc. 4). As quoted by Professor Brandl (*ibid.*, pp. 11, 12), the translation runs as follows:—

"[*Manfred*] Hör'mich! Hör'mich!
Astarte meine Liebste sprich zu mir,
So viel hab ich geduldet dulde noch
Sieh her auf mich! Das Grab
Als ich für dich.
* * * * *
Todsündlichst wie wir liebten
* * * * *
Antworteten mir—Manches antwortete mir
Geister und Menschen. Du alleine schweigst
* * * * *
Doch sprich mir zu. Die Sterne überwacht ich
Den Himmel überblickt ich dich zu suchen

Sprich mir! So hab ich doch die Welt durchwandert
Und deines Gleichen nie gefunden. Sprich doch!
Sieh diesen Bösen—Sie bedauern mich
Sie fürcht ich nicht für dich allein empfind ich
Sprich mir und wars im Zorn o rede nur
Ich weiss nicht was ‹lich einmal nur zu hören
Das einmal einemal noch.
[*Astarte*] Manfred.
[*Manfred*] Nur zu! Nur zu!
In diesem Tone leb ich—deine Stimme ists.
[*Astarte*] Zu Morgen Manfred schliest dein irdisch Leid
Leb wohl.
[*Manfred*] Sag sehen wir uns wieder
[*Astarte*] Leb wohl
[*Manfred*] Barmherzigkeit! Ein Wort! Du liebst mich?
[*Astarte*] Manfred."

5. A quarto leaf contains, in Goethe's own handwriting, in pencil, a couplet from act iii. sc. 4, "For the night hath "been to me," etc. As quoted by Professor Brandl (*ibid.*, p. 12), the lines run as follows :—

"Denn die Nacht
Bot mir ein freundlicher Gesicht
Als Menschen."

For the next two years Goethe says but little of Byron, and that little is inaccurate. Thus (May 4, 1819) he alludes to an imaginary visit of Byron to Ghent. He considers *The Vampyre* to be his work, and attributes to him "The Burial "of Sir John Moore." But *Don Juan* revived Goethe's interest. The two first cantos, published in July, 1819, did not reach him till the spring of 1820. In May he had written a notice of this "grenzenlos-geniales Werk," and translated the five opening stanzas. These appeared in *Kunst und Alterthum* in 1821 (Weimar edition, iii. 197, and *Sämmtliche Werke*, xiii. 637). Professor Brandl (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, xx. 13) quotes an attempted version of another passage as existing in Goethe's own handwriting in the Weimar archives. The following is Goethe's translation of the five opening stanzas of *Don Juan*:—

"Mir fehlt ein Held!—'Ein Held, er sollte fehlen,
Da Jahr und Monat neu vom neusten spricht.'

Ein Zeitungsschreiber mag sich schmeichelnd quälen,
So sagt die Zeit ; es sei der rechte nicht.
Von solchen mag ich wahrlich nichts erzählen,
Da nehm' ich mir Freund Juan in's Gesicht ;
Wir haben in der Oper ihn gesehen,
Früher als billig war, zum Teufel gehen.

" Vernon, der Metzger Cumberland, und Wolf so mit,
Auch Hawke, Prinz Ferdinand, Burgoyne auf's Beste,
Keppel und Howe, sie hatten ihre Feste
Wie Wellesley jetzt—der Könige Schattenschritt
Von Stamme Banko's—Raben aus einem Neste !
Der Ruhm, die Lust zu herrschen reiszt sie mit.
Dumouriez's, Bonaparte's Kampfgewinnsten,
Die Zeitung steht den Herren gleich zu Diensten.

" Barnave kennt und Brissot die Geschichte,
Condorcet, Mirabeau und Pétion auch ;
Clootz, Danton, Marat litten viel Gerüchte,
Selbst la Fayette, er ging beinah in Rauch ;
Dann Joubert, Hoche, vom Militär-Verpflichte,
Lannes, Desaix, Moreau ! Es war der Brauch,
Zu ihrer Zeit an ihnen viel zu preisen ;
Doch will das nichts für meine Lieder heiszen.

" Nelson war unser Kriegsgott, ohne Frage,
Und ist es noch dem herzlichsten Bekenntnisz ;
Doch von Trafalgar tönet kaum die Sage,
Und so ist Fluth und Ebbe wetterwendisch.
Denn die Armee ist popular zu Tage,
Und mit dem Seevolk nicht im Einverständnisz :
Der Prinz ist für den Landdienst, und indessen
Sind Duncan, Nelson, Howe—sie sind vergessen.

" Vor Agamemnon lebten manche Braven,
So wie nachher, von Sinn und hoher Kraft ;
Sie wirkten viel, sind unberühmt entschlafen,
Da kein Poet ihr Leben weiter schafft.
Von unsern Helden möcht' ich Niemand strafen,
Da jeder sich am Tag zusammenrafft ;
Für mein Gedicht wüszt' ich mir aber keinen,
Und nenne so Don Juan mein, den Meinen."

The perusal of F. J. Jacobsen's *Briefe an eine deutsche Edelfrau über die neuesten englischen Dichter* (Altona, 1820) further stimulated Goethe's study of Byron. Jacobsen discusses the English writers of the day, with special attention to Byron, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the book. Goethe was thus led to study *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers.* Not only are the two books mentioned together

in the Diary (January 17 and 20, 1821), but the Weimar archives contain a sheet of paper, on one side of which he has scribbled notes on Jacobsen, and on the other has begun a translation of lines 487–492 of *English Bards, etc.* Both the notes and verses are printed by Professor Brandl (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, xx. 14, 15). At one time Goethe proposed to translate the whole satire, for he tells Benecke (November 14, 1822) of his intention to make a complete version.

In December, 1821, *Cain* had been published, with *The Two Foscari* and *Sardanapalus*. But the volume was not read by Goethe till 1823. Later in the same year, the *Moniteur* for October 30, 1823, reviewed *Cain, Mystère dramatique de Lord Byron, traduit en vers français, et refuté dans une suite de remarques philosophiques et critiques par Fabre d'Olivet.* 8°. *à Paris chez Servière, libraire.* A copy of this article, with Goethe's corrections, exists among his papers. Goethe's own review of the poem, which appeared in 1824 in *Kunst und Alterthum*, will be found in his *Sämmtliche Werke* (xiii. 643–645, ed. Stuttgart, 1874, etc.).

Goethe preferred *Heaven and Earth* to *Cain*, and he ranked it above all Byron's serious poetry. On the subject of this poem, and on *The Vision of Judgment*, Crabb Robinson, in his *Diary* (vol. ii. pp. 434–437), records an interesting conversation with Goethe :—

"This, and indeed every evening, I believe, Lord Byron was the subject of his praise. He said, 'Es sind keine Flickwörter im Gedichte' ('There is no padding in his poetry'). And he compared the brilliancy and clearness of his style to a metal wire drawn through a steel plate. In the complete edition of Byron's Works, including the 'Life' by Moore, there is a statement of the connection between Goethe and Byron. At the time of my interviews with Goethe, Byron's 'Life' was actually in preparation. Goethe was by no means indifferent to the account which was to be given to the world of his own relations to the English poet, and was desirous of contributing all in his power to its completeness. For that purpose he put into my hands the lithographic dedication of 'Sardanapalus' to himself, and all the original papers which had passed between them. He permitted me to take these to my hotel, and to do with them what I pleased; in other words, I was to copy them, and add such recollections as I was able to supply of Goethe's remarks on Byron. These filled a very closely written folio letter, which I despatched to England; but Moore afterwards assured me that he had never received it.

"One or two of the following remarks will be found as significant as anything Goethe has written of Byron. It was a satisfaction to me to find that Goethe preferred, to all the other serious poems of Byron, the 'Heaven and Earth,' though it seemed almost satire when he exclaimed, 'A bishop might have written it!' He added, 'Byron should have lived to execute his vocation.' 'And that was?' I asked. 'To dramatize the Old Testament. What a subject under his hands would the Tower of Babel have been!' He continued: 'You must not take it ill; but Byron was indebted for the profound views he took of the Bible to the *ennui* he suffered from it at school.' . . . It was with reference to the poems of the Old Testament that Goethe praised the views which Byron took of Nature; they were equally profound and poetical. 'He had not,' Goethe said, 'like me, devoted a long life to the study of Nature, and yet, in all his works, I found but two or three passages I could have wished to alter.'

"I had the courage to confess my inability to relish the *serious* poems of Byron, and to intimate my dissatisfaction with the comparison generally made between Manfred and Faust. I remarked, 'Faust had nothing left but to sell his soul to the Devil when he had exhausted all the resources of science in vain; but Manfred's was a poor reason—his passion for Astarte. He smiled and said, 'That is true.' But then he fell back on the indomitable spirit of Manfred. Even at the last he was not conquered. Power in all its forms Goethe had respect for. This he had in common with Carlyle. And the impudence of Byron's satire he felt and enjoyed. I pointed out 'The Deformed Transformed,' as being really an imitation of 'Faust,' and was pleased to find that Goethe especially praised this piece. I read to him the 'Vision of Judgment,' explaining the obscurer allusions. He enjoyed it as a child might, but his criticisms scarcely went beyond the exclamations, 'Too bad!' 'Heavenly!' 'Unsurpassable!' He praised, however, especially the speeches of Wilkes and Junius, and the concealment of the countenance of the latter. 'Byron has surpassed himself.' Goethe praised stanza ix. for its clear description. He repeated stanza x., and emphatically the last two lines, recollecting that he was himself eighty years of age. Stanza xxiv. he declared to be sublime. . . . Goethe concurred in my suggested praise of stanzas xiii., xiv., xv. . . . He did not reject the preference I expressed for Byron's satirical poems, nor my suggestion that to *Don Juan* a motto might have been taken from Mephistopheles' speech aside to the student who asked his opinion of medicine—

> "'Ich bin des trockenen Zeugs doch satt,
> Ich will den *ächten* Teufel spielen.'

Byron's verses on George IV., he said, were the sublime of hatred. . . . He fully conceived the spirit of it [Milton's *Samson Agonistes*], though he did not praise Milton with the warmth with which he eulogized Byron, of whom he said that 'the like would never come again: he was inimitable.' Ariosto was not so daring as Byron in the *Vision of Judgment*."

Crabb Robinson's view of *The Deformed Transformed* is confirmed by Shelley and by Byron himself. "On my "calling on him one morning," says Medwin (*Conversations of Lord Byron*, vol. i. p. 217), "he produced *The Deformed* "*Transformed*. Handing it to Shelley, as he was in the "habit of doing his daily compositions, he said, 'Shelley, "I have been writing a *Faustish* kind of drama: tell me "what you think of it.' After reading it attentively, Shelley "returned it. 'Well,' said Lord Byron, 'how do you like "it?' 'Least,' replied he, 'of anything I ever saw of "yours. It is a bad imitation of *Faust*.'"

Of Goethe's interest in *Heaven and Earth*—"die Sint-"fluth," as he called it—his papers give evidence. A fragment of a translation of the speeches of Anah and Aholibamah with their seraph-lovers exists in the hand-writing of his daughter-in-law, and its preservation, together with the alternative readings, suggests that the version may have been prepared for Goethe's revision. The lines are printed by Professor Brandl (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, 1899, pp. 18–21).

Of Byron's proposal to dedicate *Marino Faliero* to him (see p. 100), Goethe had known nothing. The play was published without the dedication, and a copy of the book reached Goethe, July 18, 1821, without any hint of Byron's intention. A similar fate prevented Byron from dedicating *Sardanapalus* to Goethe. Byron's letter reached Murray too late, and the book was published in December, 1821, without the dedication. But, on this occasion, Byron sent Goethe a copy of what he had proposed to write, which Goethe caused to be lithographed. With *Werner* he was more successful. In 1823 the work appeared with the dedication, "To the illustrious Goethe." "I mean," said Byron to Medwin, "to dedicate *Werner* to Goethe. I look "upon him as the greatest genius the age has produced. I "desired Murray to inscribe his name to a former work; "but he pretends my letter containing the order came too "late. It would have been more worthy of him than this" (*Conversations*, vol. ii. p. 130). In acknowledgment of the dedication, Goethe, in June, 1823, for the first and only time, wrote to Byron direct, sending him the lines, "Ein freundlich

"Wort kommt," *u.s.w.* A copy of the lines, dated, in Goethe's own hand, *Weimar den 22 Juni*, 1823, *über Lord Byron*, exists among the Goethe papers. The verses are translated and embodied in the appreciation of Byron which Goethe contributed, after the poet's death, to Medwin's *Conversations* (vol. ii. p. 145); they are given in the original in Moore's *Life* (p. 594), and below. Byron's letter of acknowledgment, dated July 24, 1823, addressed "à son Excellence "Le Baron von Goethe, etc., etc., etc., Weimar, aux soins de "Monsieur Sterling," and signed, "I have the honour to be, "ever and most respectfully, your obliged admirer and ser-"vant, Noel Byron," will be given in its place in vol. vi. Goethe cut a small cardboard box to preserve the seal with its motto, *Crede Biron*, and treasured the letter in his famous red portfolio.

The news of Byron's death reached Goethe in May, 1824, and in June he wrote down his impressions of Byron's poetry and personality. The original draft of the note, dated "W[eimar], den 15 Juny, 1824," is printed by Professor Brandl (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, xx. 22, 23). Medwin prints Goethe's "Beitrag" in an Appendix, and an English translation in the text, of his *Conversations of Lord Byron*. The following version, as being more literal, is quoted from Moore's *Life* (pp. 593, 594):—

"The German poet, who, down to the latest period of his long life, had been always anxious to acknowledge the merits of his literary predecessors and contemporaries, because he has always considered this to be the surest means of cultivating his own powers, could not but have his attention attracted to the great talent of the noble Lord almost from his earliest appearance, and uninterruptedly watched the progress of his mind throughout the great works which he unceasingly produced. It was immediately perceived by him that the public appreciation of his poetical merits kept pace with the rapid succession of his writings. The joyful sympathy of others would have been perfect, had not the poet, by a life marked by self-dissatisfaction, and the indulgence of strong passions, disturbed the enjoyment which his infinite genius produced. But his German admirer was not led astray by this, or prevented from following with close attention both his works and his life in all their eccentricity. These astonished him the more, as he found in the experience of past ages no element for the calculation of so eccentric an orbit.

"These endeavours of the German did not remain unknown to

the Englishman, of which his poems contain unambiguous proofs; and he also availed himself of the means afforded by various travellers to forward some friendly salutation to his unknown admirer. At length a manuscript Dedication of *Sardanapalus*, in the most complimentary terms, was forwarded to him, with an obliging inquiry whether it might be prefixed to the tragedy. The German, who, at his advanced age, was conscious of his own powers and of their effects, could only gratefully and modestly consider this Dedication as the expression of an inexhaustible intellect, deeply feeling and creating its own object. He was by no means dissatisfied when, after long delay, *Sardanapalus* appeared without the Dedication; and was made happy by the possession of a fac-simile of it, engraved on stone, which he considered a precious memorial.

"The noble Lord, however, did not abandon his purpose of proclaiming to the world his valued kindness towards his German contemporary and brother poet, a precious evidence of which was placed in front of the tragedy of *Werner*. It will be readily believed, when so unhoped-for an honour was conferred upon the German poet—one seldom experienced in life, and that too from one himself so highly distinguished—he was by no means reluctant to express the high esteem and sympathizing sentiment with which his unsurpassed contemporary had inspired him. The task was difficult, and was found the more so, the more it was contemplated;—for what can be said of one whose unfathomable qualities are not to be reached by words? But when a young gentleman, Mr. Sterling, of pleasing person and excellent character, in the spring of 1823, on a journey from Genoa to Weimar, delivered a few lines under the hand of the great man as an introduction, and when the report was soon after spread that the noble Peer was about to direct his great mind and various power to deeds of sublime daring beyond the ocean, there appeared to be no time left for further delay, and the following lines were hastily written:—

"'Ein freundlich Wort kommt eines nach dem andern
Von Süden her und bringt uns frohe Stunden;
Es ruft uns auf zum Edelsten zu wandern,
Nie ist der Geist, doch ist der Fuss gebunden.

"'Wie soll ich dem, den ich so lang begleitet,
Nun etwas Traulich's in die Ferne sagen?
Ihm der sich selbst im Innersten bestreitet,
Stark angewohnt das tiefste Weh zu tragen.

"'Wohl sey ihm doch, wenn er sich selbst empfindet!
Er wage selbst sich hoch beglückt zu nennen,
Wenn Musenkraft die Schmerzen überwindet,
Und wie ich ihn erkannt mog' er sich kennen.'

"The verses reached Genoa; but the excellent friend to whom they were addressed was already gone, and to a distance, as it appeared, inaccessible. Driven back, however, by storms, he

landed at Leghorn, where these cordial lines reached him just as he was about to embark, on the 24th of July, 1823. He had barely time to answer by a well-filled page, which the possessor has preserved, among his most precious papers, as the worthiest evidence of the connection that had been formed. Affecting and delightful as was such a document, and justifying the most lively hopes, it has acquired now the greatest, though most painful value, from the untimely death of the lofty writer, which adds a peculiar edge to the grief felt generally throughout the whole moral and poetical world at his loss; for we were warranted in hoping that, when his great deeds should have been achieved, we might personally have greeted in him the pre-eminent intellect, the happily acquired friend, and the most humane of conquerors.

"At present we can only console ourselves with the conviction that his country will at last recover from that violence of invective and reproach which has been so long raised against him, and will learn to understand that the dross and lees of the age and the individual, out of which even the best have to elevate themselves, are but perishable and transient, while the wonderful glory to which he in the present and through all future ages has elevated his country, will be as boundless in its splendour as it is incalculable in its consequences. Nor can there be any doubt that the nation, which can boast of so many great names, will class BYRON among the first of those through whom she has acquired such glory."

APPENDIX III.

CONTROVERSY BETWEEN BYRON AND BOWLES AS TO THE POETRY AND CHARACTER OF POPE.

(See p. 108, *note* 1.)

IN this Appendix are printed (1) Bowles's *Invariable Principles of Poetry* (1819); and (2 and 3) Byron's *Two Letters to* * * * * * * * * * * [John Murray] on Bowles's Strictures on Pope. The following account of the controversy explains some of the allusions.

The Rev. William Lisle Bowles published, in 1806, an edition of Pope's *Works* in ten volumes. As editor, he criticized with some severity the character of Pope both as a man and a poet. It was the criticism on Pope's morals against which Byron protested in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (lines 369–384)—

> "Each fault, each failing scan;
> The first of poets was, alas! but man.
> Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
> Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;
> Let all the scandals of a former age
> Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page," etc., etc.

Ten years later, Pope's poetical character was championed by Thomas Campbell, in his "Essay on English Poetry," prefixed to his *Specimens of the British Poets* (7 vols., 1819: vol. i. pp. 262–271).

Bowles replied to Campbell's "Essay" in his *Invariable Principles of Poetry, in a Letter addressed to Thomas Campbell, Esq., occasioned by some Critical Observations in his "Specimens of British Poetry," particularly relating to the Poetical Character of Pope* (1819). As this pamphlet

gives the key to the controversy, it is here reprinted in the form in which it was published by Bowles in the third edition (1822) of his *Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron*, under the title of *An Answer to some Observations of Thomas Campbell, Esq., in his Specimens of British Poets.*

So far, except by Byron, Pope's moral character had not been defended. But the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1820, contained an article by Isaac Disraeli, which was nominally a review of Spence's *Anecdotes of Books and Men.* In this article Disraeli not only supported Campbell, and ridiculed the *Invariable Principles of Poetry*, but severely condemned Bowles for his attack on the moral character of Pope. Professing to quote from Bowles an "anecdote of exquisite "*naïveté*," Disraeli introduces Byron's name into the controversy.

Byron, in *English Bards, etc.*, had misunderstood and misquoted Bowles's lines in *The Spirit of Discovery* (see *Poems*, vol. i. p. 325, *note* 1), and represents him as saying that the woods of Madeira had "trembled to a kiss." Disraeli thus quotes (p. 425) Bowles's account of his correction of Byron's mistake—

"Soon after Lord Byron had published his vigorous satire called 'English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers,' in which, alas! *pars magna fui*, I met his Lordship at our common friend's house, the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' and the still more beautiful poem, 'Human Life.' *As the rest of the company were going into another room*, I said I wished to speak one word to his Lordship. He came back with much apparent courtesy. I then said to him, in a *tone of seriousness*, but that of *perfectly good humour*, 'My lord, I should not have thought of making any observations on whatever you might be pleased to give to the world as your opinion of any part of my writings; but I think *if I can shew* that you have done me a palpable and public wrong, by charging me with having written what I never wrote, or thought of, your own principles of justice will not allow the impression to remain.' I then spoke of a particular couplet which he had introduced into his satire—

"'Thy woods, Madeira, trembled with a kiss.'—Byron.

And *taking down the* POEM, *which was* AT HAND, *I pointed out the passage*, etc."

The allusion to Byron offered him the excuse to plunge into the controversy, and to write the first and second *Letter*

to * * * * * * * * *, *on the Rev. Wm. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope.* Only the first of the letters was published at the time (1821). To it Bowles replied with *Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron, in answer to His Lordship's Letter to* * * * * * * * * *, *on the Rev. Wm. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope: more particularly on the question, whether* POETRY *be more immediately indebted to what is* SUBLIME *or* BEAUTIFUL *in the Works of* NATURE, *or the Works of* ART (1821). With the publication of this pamphlet the controversy between Bowles and Byron ended. Byron's second *Letter* was not printed till 1835.

Meanwhile the war of pamphlets had grown more bitter. Bowles answered the *Quarterly Review* in *A Reply to the Charges brought by the Reviewer of Spence's Anecdotes in the Quarterly Review for October*, 1820, *against the last Editor of Pope's Works.* This pamphlet, written for *The Pamphleteer*, is dated October 25, 1820, and is published in vol. xvii. of that periodical (pp. 73–96). In the course of his reply (p. 96), Bowles attributes the *Quarterly Review* article to Octavius Graham Gilchrist, a grocer at Stamford, and a contributor both to the *Quarterly* and the *London Magazine.* Bowles apparently knew that Gilchrist had reviewed John Clare's *Poems, descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery* in the preceding number of the *Quarterly* (May, 1820, pp. 166–174). He also knew that Gilchrist, writing anonymously in the *London Magazine* for February, 1820, had already defended Pope's moral character in a review of Spence's *Anecdotes*, and had acknowledged the authorship in the same periodical in July, 1821. On this supposed evidence he attacks Gilchrist as the author of the *Quarterly* article. "When I think," he says, "of the utter defiance of "truth he has manifested, two lines from his favourite and "much-injured poet rush irresistibly into my mind :—

> "'Honest and rough, your first son is a Squire,
> The next a tradesman meek, and much a liar.'"

To this attack Gilchrist replied in a *Letter to the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, in Answer to a Pamphlet recently Published under the title of "A Reply to an unsentimental*

"*sort of Critic, the Reviewer of Spence's Anecdotes in the "Quarterly Review for October*, 1820." This pamphlet, printed at Stamford, is dated December 2, 1820. In it, as in the pamphlet which it answers, the writer lays about him with a will. Bowles rejoined in *Observations on the Poetical Character of Pope: further elucidating the "Invariable "Principles of Poetry," etc., with a Sequel addressed to Octavius Gilchrist, Esq., F.A.S.*, dated February 17, 1821 (*The Pamphleteer*, xvii. 369–384, and xviii. 213–258). The following lines, with which Bowles concludes the first part of his rejoinder, partly quoted by Byron in his second *Letter*, afford a fair example of the tone in which the controversy was conducted (*The Pamphleteer*, vol. xvii. pp. 384, 385) :—

"But chiefly THEE, whose MANLY, GENEROUS mind,
So *nobly-valiant*, against *woman-kind*,
Thinks that the man of satire, unreprov'd,
Might stab the heart of Her he fondly lov'd,
And thus, malignantly as mean, apply
The ASSASSIN'S Vengeance, and the COWARD'S lye ;*

"THEE whose coarse fustian, strip'd with tinsel phrase,
Is ek'd with tawdry scraps, and tags of PLAYS ;
Whose pye-bald character so aptly suit
The two extremes of BANTAM and of BRUTE ;†
Compound grotesque of sullenness and show,
The *chattering magpie*, and the *croaking crow ;*

"Who, with sagacious nose, and leering eye,
Dost '*scent* the TAINT' of distant '*pruriency*,'
Turn every object to *one loathsome* shape,
Hear but 'a laugh,' and cry, 'a RAPE, a RAPE !'
Whose heart contends with thy Saturnian head,
A *root of hemlock*, and a *lump of lead ;*
Swelling vain Folly's self-applauding horn
Shall the indignant muse hold forth to scorn.

"GILCHRIST, proceed ! to other hearts impute,
The feelings that thy own foul spirit suit :
Round thy cold brain, let loathsome demons swarm,
Its native dulness into life to warm,
Then with a visage half-grimace, half-spite,
Run howling, 'Pope, Pope, Pope,'—and, howling, bite.

* See observations on Pope's detestable lines about Lady Mary.
† See criticism and letter in his own name, in the *London Magazine*.

Reckless, thy hideous rancor I defy,
All which thy brain can brood, thy rage apply,
And thus stand forth, spite of thy venom'd foam,
To give thee BITE for BITE, or lash thee limping home."

(1) Bowles's *Invariable Principles of Poetry.*

"AN ANSWER TO SOME OBSERVATIONS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ., IN HIS SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETS.

"*A Letter, etc.*

"SIR,—A short time since a friend of yours, and one of the most distinguished poets of the present day, informed me that there had appeared, in the Morning Chronicle, an extract from your Specimens of British Poets, entitled, 'CAMPBELL'S Answer to BOWLES.' I have since read, with much pleasure, the work from which the extract was taken; and I beg to return you my thanks, for the kind manner with which my name is introduced, though you profess to differ from me, and state at large the grounds of that difference, on a point of criticism. The criticism of mine, which you have discussed, is that which appears in the last volume of the last edition of Pope's Works, entitled, 'On the Poetical Character of Pope.'

"As the opinion pronounced by the editor of the Morning Chronicle will probably be the opinion of all who read, without much reflection, *not* my *criticism*, but *your* representation of it; I am bound, in justice to myself, to state the grounds of my proposition clearly; to meet the arguments you have brought against it, manfully but respectfully; and to make the public (at least that part of the public which may be interested in such a discussion) a *judge* between us!

"I feel it the more incumbent on me to do this, knowing the deserved popularity of your name, and the impression which your representation of my arguments must make on the public; though I must confess, it does appear to me that you could not have read the criticism which you discuss.

"I do not think that any thing, Sir, you have advanced, at all shakes the propositions I have laid down; and, moreover, I do not doubt I shall be able to *prove* that you have misconceived my meaning; ill-supported your own arguments; *confounded* what I had *distinguished*; and even given me grounds to think you had replied to propositions which you *never read*, or, at least, of which you could have read only the *first* sentence, omitting that which was integrally and essentially connected with it.

"In an article in the Edinburgh Review, the same mis-statement was made, and the same course of argument pursued. I feel, indeed, bound to thank Mr. JEFFREY, if he wrote the article, for the liberal tribute he paid to my *poetry*, at the expense of my *canons of criticism*. But in truth, from the coincidences here remarked, I might be led to think Mr. CAMPBELL wrote the Review, were I not more disposed to think he drew his knowledge of my criticism on POPE, *not* from the criticism himself, but, *at second-hand*, from

the *criticism on the criticism* in that Review, inadvertently involving himself in all its misconceptions and misrepresentations.

"For, I beg you to observe, Sir, that in my first proposition, I do not say that WORKS OF ART are in no instances *poetical;* but only that 'what is sublime or beautiful in works of nature is MORE so!' The very expression '*more so*' is a proof that poetry belongs, though not in the same degree, to both. I must also beg you to remark, that, having laid down this position, I observe, in the very next sentence, (lest it should be misunderstood as it now is, and was by a writer in the Edinburgh Review,) substantially as follows, —that the loftier passions of human nature are *more* poetical than artificial *manners;* the one being eternal, the other local and transitory. I think the mere stating of these circumstances will be sufficient to shew, that both the Edinburgh Review and yourself have completely misrepresented my meaning. With respect to the images FROM ART, which you have adduced as a triumphant answer to what I laid down, I shall generally observe, that *your own illustrations* are against you. The Edinburgh Review, in the same manner, had spoken of the Pyramids. Now the Pyramids of Egypt, the Chinese Wall, etc., had occurred to me, at the time of writing, as undoubtedly POETICAL in WORKS OF ART; but I supposed that any reflecting person would see that these were poetical, *not essentially as works of art,* but from associations both with the highest feelings of nature, and some of her sublimest external works. The generations swept away round the ancient base of the Pyramids, the ages that are past since their erection, the mysterious obscurity of their origin, and many other complex ideas, enter into the imagination at the thought of these wonderful structures, besides the association with boundless deserts; as the Wall of China is associated with unknown rocks, mountains, and rivers. Build a pyramid of *new* brick, of the same dimensions as the pyramids of Egypt, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and then say how much of the poetical sublimity of the immense and immortal piles in the deserts of Egypt is derived, *not from art,* but from moral associations! * Place your own image of the 'GIANT OF THE WESTERN STAR' upon such a pyramid, if it could be made as HIGH as the Andes, and say whether it would be considered as *poetical* as now it appears, 'looking from its throne of clouds o'er half the world.' I had often considered these and such instances generally and specifically; and I think, if you reflect a moment, you will agree with me, that though they are works of art, they are rendered POETICAL chiefly by moral associations and physical circumstances. But to come to your most interesting example. Let us examine the ship which you have described so beautifully. On what does the poetical beauty depend? not on *art,* but NATURE.† Take away ‡ the *waves,*

* A London critic, in the Quarterly Review, says, he knows nothing of Nature, external, moral, or general! I believe him.

† As Mr. D'ISRAELI has taken such antipathy to "NATURE," I have left out the word, where the sense could be understood without it.

‡ Lord BYRON'S argument is a verbal quibble on "*Take away.*"

the *winds*, the *sun*, that, in association with the streamer and sails, make them look so beautiful! take all poetical association away, ONE will become a strip of blue bunting, and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles!!

"You speak also of the *poetical* effect of the *drum* and *fife!* Are the drum and fife poetical, without other associations? In the quotation from Shakespeare which you adduce, the fife is 'ear piercing,' and the drum is 'spirit stirring;' and both are associated, by the consummate art of Shakespeare—with what?—with the 'PRIDE, POMP, and CIRCUMSTANCE of GLORIOUS WAR!' and passions and pictures are called up; those of fortitude, of terror, of pity, etc., etc.; arms glittering in *the sun*, and banners waving in the AIR. It is these pictures and passions from NATURE,* and these alone, which make a drum or fife poetical; and let the same drum or fife be heard before a booth in a fair, or in a regiment with *wooden* guns, and this poetical effect will be lost. I therefore turn your own instances against you.

"What I said respecting descriptive poetry, in my Essay on the Poetical Character of POPE, was not with a view of shewing that a poet should be a botanist, or even a Dutch painter; but that no one could be '*pre-eminent*,' as a great (*descriptive*) poet, without this knowledge, which peculiarly distinguishes COWPER and THOMSON. The objects I had in view, when I used the expressions objected to, were *Pope's Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*. I will appeal to your own quotation from the first of these poets. Why is COWPER so eminent as a descriptive poet? for I am now speaking of this part of his poetical character alone. Because he is the most accurate describer of the works of *external nature*, and for that reason is superior, as a *descriptive poet*, to POPE. Every tree, and every peculiarity of colour and shape, are so described, that the reader becomes a spectator, and is doubly interested with the truth of colouring, and the beauty of the scene, so vividly and so delightfully painted; and you yourself have observed the same in your criticism on this exquisite poet, in WORDS AS DECISIVE AS MY OWN.

"Having thus merely stated my sentiments in general, as they stand in order and connection in the Essay on the Poetic Character of POPE, I shall now pursue your arguments more in detail.

"You say, 'as the subject of *inspired* fiction, *nature includes* artificial forms and *manners*.' 'RICHARDSON is no less a painter of nature than HOMER!' I will not stoop to notice your vague expression of '*inspired fiction*;' but will admit that RICHARDSON is not less a painter of nature than HOMER. For, indeed, RICHARDSON,

> "'Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
> Ut magus!'

The *sense* will be obvious, though it is true, if there were no sea, there would be no ships!! But the *chief poetical beauty* is nevertheless derived from Nature, according to Mr. CAMPBELL'S OWN *description*.

* To distinguish from local and artificial manners.

But let us take Clarissa Harlowe, the most affecting of RICHARDSON'S 'inspired fictions!' Though Lovelace be a character in ARTIFICIAL LIFE, the interest we take in the history of Clarissa is derived from PASSIONS. Its great characteristic is PATHOS; and this I have distinguished as a far more essential property of poetry than flowers and leaves! The passions excited make RICHARDSON so far, and no farther, poetical. There is nothing poetical in the feathered hat or the sword-knot of Lovelace; nor in the gallant but *artificial* manners of this accomplished villain. In Sir Charles Grandison the character of Clementina is *poetical*, and for the same reasons; but there is nothing very *poetical* in Sir Charles himself, or 'the venerable Mrs. Shirley!'

"I must here observe, that when I speak of passions as poetical, I speak of those which are most elevated or pathetic; for it is true, passions are described* in TERENCE as well as SOPHOCLES; but I confine my definition to what is *heroic*, *sublime*, *pathetic*, or *beautiful*, in human feelings; and this distinction is kept in view through the Essay on the Poetic Character of POPE. SHAKESPEARE displays the same wonderful powers in Falstaff as in Lear, but not the same *poetical* powers; and the provinces of comedy and tragedy will be always separate; the one relating to the passions, the other combined with the *passing fashions*, and incidental variations of the 'Cynthia of the minute.'

"To proceed; you say, 'HOMER himself is a minute describer of the works of art!' But are his descriptions of works of art *more* poetical than his descriptions of the great feelings of nature? Nay, the whole of the Odyssey derives its peculiar charm from the scenes of NATURE; as the Iliad does from its loftier passions. But do you really think that the catalogue of the Grecian ships is as *poetical* as the animated horses of Achilles; and do you think HOMER would have been so great a poet, if he had been only a minute describer of works of art? Jejune as the catalogue of the leaders and ships is, how much *more* interesting and poetical is it rendered by the brief interpositions of varied and natural landscape; and it is this very circumstance that gives the dry account any interest at all. Besides, was the age of HOMER an æra of refinement or *artificial* life? by whom not even such a *poetical work* of *art* as a *bridge* is mentioned!†

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* This is the reason why I used the expression of *passions* derived from *manners*.

† Mr. CAMPBELL asks me if γεφυρας might not signify a bridge? I answer, it may signify any thing that connects the two banks of a river: but he is very welcome to the bridge, and it shall be as beautiful in architecture as Westminster bridge, if he likes: Yet what will it serve him respecting the main argument, which was, that HOMER lived in an age before the existence of works of the highest perfection in art; so his Jupiter, Apollo, and Neptune, and his most exquisite delineations of scenes of nature, and forms of gods, and passions of the heart, could not have been derived from those *secondary* sources of intellectual delight.

"But RICHARDSON and HOMER are not sufficient to overwhelm me and my hypothesis; and it is remarked, as if the argument were at once *decisive*, that MILTON is full of imagery derived from art; 'Satan's spear,' for example, is compared to the 'MAST OF SOME GREAT AMMIRAL!' Supposing it is, do you really think that such a comparison makes the description of Satan's spear a whit *more poetical*? I think *much less* so. But MILTON was not so unpoetical as you imagine, though I think his simile does not greatly add to our poetical ideas of Satan's spear! The 'mast of the great admiral' might have been left out; but remark, in this image MILTON DOES NOT compare Satan's spear '*with the mast of some great admiral*,' as you assert. The passage is,

> "'His spear, to equal which the TALLEST PINE
> HEWN ON NORWEGIAN HILLS TO BE the mast
> Of some great ammiral, were but a wand!!'

You leave out the chief, I might say the only, circumstance which reconciles the 'mast' to us; and having detruncated MILTON'S image, triumphantly say, 'MILTON is full of imagery derived from art!!' You then advance, '*dextrâque sinistrâque*,' and say, not only Satan's spear is compared to an '*admiral's mast*,' but '*his shield to the moon seen through a telescope!*'

"My dear Sir, consider a little. You forget the passage; or have purposely left out more than half of its essential poetical beauty. What reason have I to complain, when you use MILTON thus? I beseech you recollect MILTON'S image.

> "'His pond'rous shield
> Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
> Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
> AT EVENING, FROM THE TOP OF FESOLE,
> Or in VALDARNO, to DESCRY NEW LANDS,
> RIVERS, or MOUNTAINS, IN HER SPOTTY GLOBE.'

"Who does not perceive the art of the poet in introducing, besides the telescope, as if conscious how unpoetical it was in itself, all the circumstances from NATURE, *external nature*,—the evening —the top of Fesole—the scenes of Valdarno—and the LANDS, MOUNTAINS, and RIVERS, in the moon's orb? It is these which make the passage poetical, and not the *telescope!!*

"Whilst I am on this subject, let me point out a grand and sublime passage of this great poet, in which images *from art* are most successfully introduced, and made most highly poetical. The passage I allude to is in the Paradise Regained—the picture of Imperial Rome.

> "'On each side an Imperial city stood,
> With TOW'RS and TEMPLES proudly elevate
> On seven small hills, with PALACES adorn'd,
> PORCHES, and THEATRES, BATHS, AQUEDUCTS,
> STATUES, and TROPHIES, and TRIUMPHAL ARCS,

GARDENS, and GROVES, presented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interpos'd,' etc.——

"'The CITY which thou see'st, no other deem
Than GREAT and GLORIOUS Rome, QUEEN of the EARTH,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the CAPITOL thou see'st,
Above the rest, lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine,
The Imperial palace, compass huge, and high,
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With GILDED BATTLEMENTS, CONSPICUOUS far,
TURRETS, and TERRACES, and GLITTERING SPIRES,' etc.

"'Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,
PRÆTORS, PROCONSULS to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
LICTORS, and RODS, the ensigns of their power,
Legions, and cohorts, Turms of horse and wings,
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian,' etc.

"This truly grand and most poetical picture I here gratuitously set before you, convinced as you must now, I think, be, of the weakness of your telescope, and admiral's mast! And with the impression left on the imagination by this lofty and beautiful assemblage, drawn chiefly from art, but mixed up in a grand and impressive picture, by MILTON'S consummate powers of painting, I will still contend, that 'images drawn from what is BEAUTIFUL and SUBLIME in NATURE, are *more poetical* than images drawn from art.'

"I cannot dismiss this part of the subject, and the 'launching of the ship,' which I have already touched on, without quoting your own animated description.

"'Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will, perhaps, forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression.

"'When the vast bulwark sprung from her cradle, the CALM WATER on which she swung MAJESTICALLY round, gave the IMAGINATION a contrast of the STORMY ELEMENT, on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle, and nights of danger, she had to encounter; all the ENDS of the EARTH which she had to visit; and all that she had to do and suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a *living being!!*' Now let me ask you, when you so beautifully described this ship, why was it necessary to describe its LAUNCHING at all? If images derived from art are as beautiful and sublime as those derived from

nature, why was it necessary to bring your ship *off the stocks*? It was complete, as far as art was concerned, before; it had the same sails, the same streamers, and the same tackle. But surely your own illustration is decidedly in my favour, when it appears, from this animated description, to make the object of art so poetically interesting, you are obliged to have recourse to NATURE!

"This circumstance confirms my doubt, whether you ever really read my estimate of POPE'S Poetical Character. Even if I had been less explicit, could you suppose that, when I used the expression of general nature, I meant to confine the idea that expression conveyed, to *external* nature alone?

"You observe, in page 264 of your first volume of Specimens of British Poets, that 'Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face, however charming it may be; or the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why then try POPE, or any other poet EXCLUSIVELY BY HIS POWERS OF DESCRIBING inanimate phænomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature MORAL as well as external.'—*Campbell's Specimens.*

"Have I ever tried POPE by the exclusive power of painting *inanimate phænomena*? Have I ever denied that Nature, in the proper sense of the word, means Nature *moral* as well as external! Have I not, in the very first sentences of the observations on POPE'S Poetical Character, said nearly the same thing? Could this utterly escape your notice, if you had (I will not say read the *criticism*,) but only *looked* at the two first sentences?

"To set before you, in one view, your palpable perversions of my positions, I will briefly state the course of my argument, and your representation of it. The plain course of my argument was simply this:—1st. *Works of Nature*, speaking of those *more* beautiful and sublime, are *more* sublime and beautiful than works of Art; therefore more poetical.—2d. The passions of the human heart, which are the same in all ages, and which are the causes of the sublime and pathetic in sentiment, are more *poetical* than *artificial manners*.—3d. The great poet of human passions is the most consummate master of his art; and the heroic, the lofty, and the pathetic, as belonging to this class, are distinguished.—4th. If these premises be true, the descriptive poet, who paints from an intimate knowledge of external nature, is more poetical, supposing the fidelity and execution equal, *not* than the painter of human passions, but the painter of external circumstances in *artificial life*; as COWPER paints a morning walk, and POPE a game of cards!

"This is the ground of my argument; and your representation, leaving out the most essential part, is this: 'He alone is a poet who paints from works of external nature; and his knowledge of external nature must be as minute as that of a botanist and Dutch painter!'* I appeal to your book; and if this were not the mutilated representation of my argument, you would never have

* Yet Mr. Campbell has not misrepresented me! he says.

thought it necessary to say that SOPHOCLES was a GREAT POET, notwithstanding there is no minute painting of 'leaves,' etc., in Philoctetes! I have here given a short analysis of my argument, and your *mutilation* of it; on which mutilation alone you build your *answer*. For, indeed, you have totally left out the middle of my argument, and ludicrously joined the heads and the legs, like the PICTURE of NOBODY in the London shops.

"If this be so, I ask you whether you do not think I have some reason to make this remonstrance? You leave out the most material part of my proposition; and, taking a sentence relating to another point in *another* place, you separate it from its direct application, and misapply it to that with which it had no relation; omitting what was connected and even consecutive, and *connecting* what was neither the one nor the other.

"The minute knowledge of *external* nature, which I laid down as one essential of a great descriptive poet, you apply to *tragedians*, in whose more elevated works (the subjects of which are the loftier passions of *general* nature) descriptions of *external* nature ought least of all to have place. But perhaps I ought to thank you for thus bringing me back to the delightful remembrance of the most interesting studies of my youth,—the tragedies of SOPHOCLES, and particularly the Sperchian fountains, the Lemnian rock, and the solitary cave of Philoctetes. Nor can I forget, that one of the companions of my youthful studies, now in the dust, made this melancholy abode the subject of one of the most beautiful, and affecting, and picturesque sonnets in the English language: the insertion of which in your next edition,* would be, I am persuaded, far more acceptable than many specimens you have admitted.

"To return to SOPHOCLES. There is no minute description of leaves and flowers; but you have forgotten that the affecting story of the desolate Philoctetes displays not only the higher passions, but exhibits the interesting display of many of Nature's external beauties, of her most romantic scenery, of her most secluded solitudes. It is many years since I read the play; but recollecting its wild poetic scenery, and impassioned language, I repeated, with a sigh,

> "'Νυν δ', ω κρηναι, γλυκιον τε ποτον,
> Λειπομεν υμας, λειπομεν ηδη,
> Δοξης ουποτε τησδ' επιβαντες,
> Χαιρ', ω Λημνου πεδον αμφιαλον,' etc.

"It is the rocks, the caves, the wild and solitary scenery, the desert island, and the surrounding seas, all images of nature, that, mixed with the language of human passions derived from the same general nature, give this ancient and unique drama its peculiar charm; reminding us of the romantic imagery in the Tempest and Midsummer Night's Dream, so beautifully interwoven by SHAKESPEARE in those interesting dramas.

"The miserable abode of the lonely inhabitant of Lemnos is

* Written by the Rev. THOS. RUSSELL, of New College, Oxford.

marked by one image drawn from art, which is so minute, and sets so strongly before us the wants and resources of the desolate exile that none of the minute circumstances which render so natural the narrative of Robinson Crusoe, can be imagined more affecting. I allude to the

"'Αντοξυλον γ' εκπωμα φαυλουργου τινος
Τεχνηματ' ανδρος.'

in the cave of Philoctetes. There is nothing poetical in an ill-carved cup; but in this place it is rendered poetical, and most strikingly affecting, by the associated circumstances.

"In the quotation from SHAKESPEARE, where you triumphantly appeal to the '*towers*, and solemn *temples*, and *gorgeous palaces*;' recollect, Sir, the tower is '*cloud-capt*;' the temple is associated with the 'solemnity' of religious awe; and '*palaces*' with the splendour of earthly magnificence: and all these images are brought into one grand and awful picture, to shew the mighty devastation of final ruin; and are associated with that leading idea of the destruction of the *globe* itself, which will leave not a WRECK behind! Thus the '*cloud-capt towers*' become highly poetical; nor can I leave this point without speaking a word of the particular object of the tower. POPE himself has thought its image so pleasing, that, in the catalogue of ships from HOMER, he sets before us the prospect of English spires, not Grecian. If the 'cloud-capt tower' itself be a striking, and often a beautiful, object; how much more poetical, when, grey with years, or illumined by the setting sun, it carries the thought to that worship with which it is connected, the sabbaths of our forefathers; or harmonizes with the soft, sinking landscape of evening, and the ideas of another world!

"If ever I should have the pleasure of seeing you in this county, in which I should sincerely rejoice, not far from my own house I could shew you a tower which is 'cloud-capt,'* but *not* poetical; though it is of the same size with other towers, and adorned with pinnacles. It is what is called a *sham* tower, built in all respects like other towers as to *one side*, but it is only a wall built in this shape, and added to a cottage for the sake of a view, from the poetical and picturesque terrace of an ancient Abbey. To take you to scenes with which you are better acquainted. I would ask you, what makes the venerable towers of Westminster Abbey, on the side of the Thames, more poetical, as objects, than the tower for the manufactory of *patent shot*, surrounded by the same scenery, and *towering* amidst the smoke *of the city*?

"But, enough of this! I have read your observations with greater attention than you could have read mine; and having so read them, I must confess I do not find one point established against those positions which I had distinctly laid down, unless your

* The evening or morning has the same effect on this tower as any other; but describe it in poetry, you *must keep out of sight* that it is "*sham*," otherwise all poetical associations will be *lost*.—*See Letter to Lord Byron.*

observations may be called an answer, where, in refutation of such plain positions, you repeat yourself.

"There is another circumstance, which almost persuades me you never read my criticism on POPE's Poetic Character. You say, 'He glows with passion in the Epistle of Eloisa; and displays a lofty feeling, much *above* that of the satirist and man of the world, in his prologue to Cato, and his Epistle to Lord OXFORD.'—*Campbell.*

"This may be called an 'answer!' How complete an answer it is, will be shewn by the following few lines of my criticism: 'We regret that we have little more truly pathetic from his pen than the Epistle of Eloisa; and the Elegy to the unfortunate Lady; yet let me not forget one of the sweetest and most melodious of his pathetic effusions, the Address to Lord OXFORD,

"'"Such were the notes my once-lov'd Poet sung."'

Bowles.

"I must again entreat pardon for shewing what I did say of a poem founded on *manners*, and what I did *not* say of the Rape of the Lock. 'In this composition POPE stands alone, unrivalled, and possibly never to be rivalled. All his successful labour of correct and musical versification, all his talents of accurate description, though in an inferior province of poetry, are here consummately displayed; and as far as artificial life, that is, "*manners*," not PASSIONS, are capable of being rendered poetical, they are here rendered so by the fancy, the propriety, the elegance, and the poetic beauty of the machinery.'

"Now I would put to you a few plain questions; and I would beseech you not to ask whether I *mean* this or that, for I think you must now understand *what I do mean*. I would beseech you also not to write *beside* the *question*, but answer simply and plainly, whether you think that the sylph of POPE, 'trembling over the fumes of a chocolate-pot,' be an image as poetical as that of delicate and quaint Ariel, who sings, 'Where the bee sucks, there lurk I?' Or the elves of SHAKESPEARE:

"'——— Spirits of another sort,
That with the morning light make sport.'

Whether you think the description of a game of cards be as *poetical*, supposing the execution in the artists equal, as a description of a WALK in a FOREST? Whether an age of refinement be as conducive to pictures of poetry, as a period less refined? Whether passions, affections, etc., of the human heart be not a higher source of what is pathetic or sublime in poetry, than habits or manners, that apply only to artificial life? If you agree with me, I am satisfied; if not, we differ, and always shall, on the principles of poetical *criticism*.

"Your last observation is this: 'I know not how to designate the possessor of such gifts, but by the name of genuine poet.' Nor do I, nor did I ever; and I will venture to assert, that if you examine well what I have here said on POPE'S several writings, you will not think I ever shewed reluctance to attribute to him that high name.

"Again. You say, 'POPE's discrimination lies in the lights and shades of "*human*" *manners*, which are at least as interesting as *those of rocks and leaves!*' Does it require more than the commonest understanding to perceive the *fallacy* of this language?

"I fear it would be thought impertinent to ask you at what University you acquired your logic; but I guess your knowledge of the art was not acquired at Oxford. Your logic is this: '*Human manners* are the province of poets; therefore, the *general* and *loftier passions* are *not more* poetical than *manners of artificial life.*' Shall I hint further, that the expression *human manners* is vague and inapplicable? *Human* manners may designate equally the red Indian, in the forests of the Mississippi; the plumed soldier, and the grey-haired minstrel of chivalry; or Beau Nash, in a Bath ball-room. Every comedy, every farce, has *human* manners; but my proposition was confined to *manners* of a *refined* age, which I called artificial; and which you have *artificially* slurred over with irrelevant expressions, that prove nothing. Artificial manners are *human*, but '*human manners*' ARE NOT SO ADAPTED TO POETRY OF THE HIGHEST KIND AS HUMAN PASSIONS.

"I beg further to say, that there is not one passage, concerning the poetical beauties of which you have so justly spoken, which I have not expressly pointed out myself, as the reader may find in turning to the passages; particularly let him remember what I have said respecting the PATHOS, and the PICTURES, and the SOLEMN and SWEET HARMONIES, in the Epistle of Eloisa. And can I help pointing out, *not with triumph*, but with regret, that you only *agree with me* in some points, and that where we differ, your criticism conflictingly labours against your own argument: for when, nearly in the last sentence, you say, 'he, POPE, *glows with passion* in the Eloisa, and displays a LOFTY feeling, much ABOVE that of the SATIRIST and man of the world, in his Prologue to Cato, and his Epistle to Lord OXFORD;' what is that but to say, that 'glowing passions and *lofty feelings* are much ABOVE those which distinguish the SATIRIST and man of the world!!' Q. E. D."

(2) *Letter to* * * * * * * * * * * [*John Murray*], *Esqre, on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope.*[1]

"'I'll play at *Bowls* with the Sun and Moon.'—*Old Song.*

"'My mither's auld, Sir, and she has rather forgotten hersel in speaking to my Leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit (as I ken naebody likes it, if they could help themsels).'—*Tales of My Landlord: Old Mortality*, p. 163, vol. 2nd.

"Ravenna, February 7th, 1821.

"DEAR SIR,—In the different pamphlets which you have had the goodness to send me, on the Pope and Bowles controversy, I

1. Published in March, 1821.

perceive that my name is occasionally introduced by both parties. Mr. Bowles refers more than once to what he is pleased to consider 'a remarkable circumstance,' not only in his letter to Mr. Campbell, but in his reply to the *Quarterly*. The *Quarterly* also and Mr. Gilchrist have conferred on me the dangerous honour of a quotation; and Mr. Bowles indirectly makes a kind of appeal to me personally, by saying, 'Lord B., *if he remembers* the circumstance, will *witness*'—(*witness* IN ITALICS, an ominous character for a testimony at present).

"I shall not avail myself of a 'non mi ricordo,'[1] even after so long a residence in Italy;—I *do* 'remember the circumstance,'—and have no reluctance to relate it (since called upon so to do), as correctly as the distance of time and the impression of intervening events will permit me. In the year 1812, more than three years after the publication of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, I had the honour of meeting Mr. Bowles in the house of our venerable host of *Human Life*, etc., the last Argonaut of classic English poetry, and the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets. Mr. Bowles calls this 'soon after' the publication; but to me three years appear a considerable segment of the immortality of a modern poem. I recollect nothing of 'the rest of the company going into another room,'—nor, though I well remember the topography of our Host's elegant and classically furnished mansion, could I swear to the very room where the conversation occurred, though the 'taking *down* the poem' seems to fix it in the library. Had it been 'taking *up*,' it would probably have been in the drawing-room. I presume also that the 'remarkable circumstance' took place *after* dinner; as I conceive that neither Mr. Bowles's politeness nor appetite would have allowed him to detain 'the rest of the company' standing round their chairs in the 'other room,' while we were discussing 'the Woods of Madeira,' instead of circulating its vintage. Of Mr. Bowles's 'good humour' I have a full and not ungrateful recollection; as also of his gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation. I speak of the *whole*, and not of particulars; for whether he did or did not use the precise words printed in the pamphlet, I cannot say, nor could he with accuracy. Of 'the tone of seriousness' I certainly recollect nothing: on the contrary, I thought Mr. B. rather disposed to treat the subject lightly; for he said (I have no objection to be contradicted if incorrect), that some of his good-natured friends had come to him and exclaimed, 'Eh! Bowles! how came you to make the Woods of Madeira?' etc., etc.; and that he had been at some pains and pulling down of the poem to convince them that he had never made 'the Woods' do any thing of the kind. He was right, and *I was wrong*, and have been wrong still up to this acknowledgment; for I ought to have looked twice before I wrote that which

1. At the trial of Queen Caroline, the answer, *Non mi recordo*, was so frequently made by Majocchi, and other Italian witnesses, that it became a cant phrase of the day. "Lady C. Lindsay," writes Jekyll (*Letters*, p. 103), "seems as prolific in 'Non mi recordos' as Majocchi." Hone, in 1820, published a popular pamphlet under this title.

involved an inaccuracy capable of giving pain. The fact was, that, although I had certainly before read *The Spirit of Discovery*, I took the quotation from the review. But the mistake was mine, and not the *review*'s, which quoted the passage correctly enough, I believe. I blundered—God knows how—into attributing the tremors of the lovers to the 'Woods of Madeira,' by which they were surrounded. And I hereby do fully and freely declare and asseverate, that the Woods did *not* tremble to a kiss, and that the Lovers did. I quote from memory—

———'A kiss
Stole on the listening silence, etc., etc.
They [the lovers] trembled, even as if the Power,' etc.

And if I had been aware that this declaration would have been in the smallest degree satisfactory to Mr. B., I should not have waited nine years to make it, notwithstanding that *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* had been suppressed some time previously to my meeting him at Mr. Rogers's. Our worthy host might indeed have told him as much, as it was at his representation that I suppressed it. A new edition of that lampoon was preparing for the press, when Mr. Rogers represented to me, that 'I was *now* acquainted with many of the persons mentioned in it, and with some on terms of intimacy;' and that he knew 'one family in particular to whom its suppression would give pleasure.' I did not hesitate one moment,—it was cancelled instantly; and it is no fault of mine that it has ever been republished. When I left England, in April, 1816, with no very violent intentions of troubling that country again, and amidst scenes of various kinds to distract my attention,—almost my last act, I believe, was to sign a power of attorney, to yourself, to prevent or suppress any attempts (of which several had been made) at a republication. It is proper that I should state, that the persons with whom I was subsequently acquainted, whose names had occurred in that publication, were made my acquaintances at their own desire, or through the unsought intervention of others. I never, to the best of my knowledge, sought a personal introduction to any. Some of them to this day I know only by correspondence; and with one of those it was begun by myself, in consequence, however, of a polite verbal communication from a third person.

"I have dwelt for an instant on these circumstances, because it has sometimes been made a subject of bitter reproach to me to have endeavoured to *suppress* that Satire. I never shrunk, as those who know me know, from any personal consequences which could be attached to its publication. Of its subsequent suppression, as I possessed the copyright, I was the best judge and the sole master. The circumstances which occasioned the suppression I have now stated; of the motives, each must judge according to his candour or malignity. Mr. Bowles does me the honour to talk of 'noble mind,' and 'generous magnanimity;' and all this because 'the circumstance would have been explained had not the book been suppressed.' I see no 'nobility of mind' in an act of simple Justice; and I hate the word '*Magnanimity*,' because I have sometimes seen it applied

to the grossest of impostors by the greatest of fools; but I would have 'explained the circumstance,' notwithstanding 'the Suppression of the book,' if Mr. B. had expressed any desire that I should. As the 'gallant Galbraith' says to 'Baillie Jarvie,' 'Well, the devil take the mistake, and all that occasioned it.'[1] I have had as great and greater mistakes made about me personally and poetically, once a month for these last ten years, and never cared very much about correcting one or the other, at least after the first eight and forty hours had gone over them.

"I must now, however, say a word or two about Pope, of whom you have my opinion more at large in the unpublished letter *on* or *to* (for I forget which) the Editor of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*;[2] —and here I doubt that Mr. Bowles will not approve of my Sentiments.

"Although I regret having published *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. B. with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. B.'s edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that *he* would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*;[3] and are quite as severe and much more poetical than my own in the Second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, and replaced them with my own, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles. I have stated this in the preface to the 2d edition. It is many years since I have read that poem; but the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr. Bowles himself, have been so obliging as to refresh my memory, and that of the public. I am grieved to say, that in reading over those lines, I repent of their having so far fallen short of what I meant to express upon the subject of B.'s edition of *Pope's Works*. Mr. B. says, that 'Ld. B. *knows* he does *not* deserve this character.' I know no such thing. I have met Mr. B. occasionally, in the best Society in London; he appeared to me an amiable, well-informed, and extremely able man. I desire nothing better than to dine in company with such a mannered man every day in the week; but of 'his character' I know nothing personally; I can only speak to his manners, and these have my warmest approbation. But I never judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest

1. *Rob Roy*, chap. xxviii.

2. See *Letters*, vol. iv. Appendix IX. In the Preface to vol. xi. (January, 1822) of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* the Editor says, "Lord Byron, too, has written something about us—but whether a satire or an eulogy seems doubtful. The Noble Lord—great wits having short memories, and sometimes not very long judgments—has told the public and Mr. Murray that he has forgotten whether his letter is *on* or *to* the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*," etc.

3. See *Poems* (ed. 1898), vol. i. p. 327.

gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha.[1] Of Mr. B.'s '*character*' I will not do him the *injustice* to judge from the Edition of Pope, if he prepared it heedlessly; nor the *justice*, should it be otherwise, because I would neither become a literary executioner nor a personal one. Mr. Bowles the individual, and Mr. Bowles the editor, appear the two most opposite things imaginable.

"'And he himself one —— antithesis.'

I won't say 'vile,' because it is harsh; nor 'mistaken,' because it has two syllables too many: but every one must fill up the blank as he pleases.[2]

"What I saw of Mr. B. increased my surprise and regret that he should ever have lent his talents to such a task. If he had been a fool, there would have been some excuse for him; if he had been a needy or a bad man, his conduct would have been intelligible: but he is the opposite of all these; and thinking and feeling as I do of Pope, to me the whole thing is unaccountable. However, I must call things by their right names. I cannot call his edition of Pope a 'candid' work; and I still think that there is an affectation of that quality not only in those volumes, but in the pamphlets lately published.

"'Why *yet* he doth *deny* his prisoners.'[3]

Mr. B. says that he 'has seen passages in his letters to Martha Blount which were never published by me, and I *hope never will* be by others; which are so *gross* as to imply the *grossest* licentiousness.' Is this fair play? It may, or it may not be that such passages exist; and that Pope, who was not a Monk, although a Catholic, may have occasionally sinned in word and deed with woman in his youth: but is this a sufficient ground for such a sweeping denunciation? Where is the unmarried Englishman of a certain rank of life, who (provided he has not taken orders) has not to reproach himself between the ages of sixteen and thirty with far more licentiousness than has ever yet been traced to Pope? Pope lived in the public eye from his youth upwards; he had all the dunces of his own time

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1. For Ali Pasha, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 246, *note* 1. See also *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza lxii.—

"Ali reclined, a man of war and woes:
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace."

2. "His wit all seesaw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis."
Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 323–325.

3. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act i. sc. 3.

for his enemies, and, I am sorry to say, some, who have not the apology of dullness for detraction, since his death; and yet to what do all their accumulated hints and charges amount?—to an equivocal *liaison* with Martha Blount, which might arise as much from his infirmities as from his passions; to a hopeless flirtation with Lady Mary W. Montagu;[1] to a story of Cibber's; and to two or three coarse passages in his works. *Who* could come forth clearer from an invidious inquest on a life of fifty-six years? Why are we to be officiously reminded of such passages in his letters, provided that they exist? Is Mr. B. aware to what such rummaging among 'letters' and 'stories' might lead? I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe that they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange is, that some of these are couched as *postscripts* to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses, of the most hyperbolical indecency. He himself says, that if 'obscenity' (using a much coarser word) 'be the Sin against the Holy Ghost, he must certainly not be saved.'[2] These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself; but would his *editor* have been '*candid*' in even alluding to them? Nothing would have even provoked *me*, an indifferent spectator, to allude to them, but this further attempt at the depreciation of Pope.

"What should we say to an editor of Addison, who cited the following passage from Walpole's letters to George Montagu? 'Dr. Young has published a new book, etc.[3] Mr. Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; unluckily he died of *brandy*: nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath where you are.' Suppose the editor introduced it with this preface, 'One circumstance is mentioned by Horace Walpole, which, if true, was indeed *flagitious*. Walpole informs Montagu that Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, when dying, to

1. To this passage Byron intended his Note on Lady M. W. Montagu (see the end of the letter) to be appended.

2. Robert Burns, writing to Cleghorn, October 25, 1793, says, "There is—there must be some truth in original sin. My violent propensity to * convinces me of it. Lack-a-day! If that species of composition be the special sin never-to-be-forgotten in this world nor in that which is to come, then I am the most offending soul alive," etc. (See the *note* on p. 239 of W. E. Henley's "Life, Genius, and Achievement" in *Robert Burns' Poetry*, ed. Henley and Henderson, vol. iv. 1897.)

3. "Dr Young has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent for the young Lord Warwick," etc. (H. Walpole to G. Montagu, May 16, 1759, *Letters*, ed. Cunningham, vol. iii. p. 227). Dr. Young's book was entitled *Conjectures on Original Composition: in a Letter to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison.*

show him in what peace a Christian could die; but unluckily he died drunk,' etc., etc. Now, although there might occur on the subsequent, or on the same page, a faint show of disbelief, seasoned with the expression of 'the *same candour*' (the *same* exactly as throughout the book), I should say that this editor was either foolish or false to his trust; such a story ought not to have been admitted, except for one brief mark of crushing indignation, unless it were *completely proved*. Why the words '*if true?*' that '*if*' is not a peacemaker. Why talk of 'Cibber's testimony' to his licentiousness? To what does this amount? that Pope, when very young, was *once* decoyed by some noblemen and the player to a house of carnal recreation. Mr. Bowles was not always a clergyman; and when he was a very young man, was he never seduced into as much? If I were in the humour for story-telling, and relating little anecdotes, I could tell a much better story of Mr. B. than Cibber's, upon much better authority, viz. that of Mr. B. himself. It was not related by *him* in my presence, but in that of a third person, whom Mr. B. names oftener than once in the course of his replies.[1] This gentleman related it to me as a humorous and witty anecdote; and so it was, whatever its other characteristics might be. But should I, for a youthful frolic, brand Mr. B. with a 'libertine sort of love,' or with 'licentiousness?' Is he the less now a pious or a good man, for not having always been a priest? No such thing; I am willing to believe him a good man, almost as good a man as Pope, but no better.

"The truth is, that in these days the grand '*primum mobile*' of England is *cant;* cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always *cant*, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the time. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided amongst themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum. This hysterical horror of poor Pope's not very well ascertained, and never fully proved amours (for even Cibber owns that he prevented the somewhat perilous adventure in which Pope was embarking), sounds very virtuous in a controversial pamphlet: but all men of the world who know what life is, or at least what it was to them in their youth, must laugh at such a ludicrous foundation of the charge of 'a libertine sort of love;' while the more serious will look upon those who bring forward such charges upon an isolated fact as fanatics or hypocrites, perhaps both. The two are sometimes compounded in a happy mixture.

"Mr. Octavius Gilchrist speaks rather irreverently of a 'second tumbler of *hot* white-wine negus.' What does he mean? Is there any harm in negus? or is it the worse for being *hot?* or does Mr. B. drink negus? I had a better opinion of him. I hoped that

1. The story of Bowles's experience in Paris was told to Byron by Moore (see p. 278), but it cannot be repeated in print.

whatever wine he drank was neat; or, at least, that, like the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild, 'he preferred *punch*, the rather as there was nothing against it in Scripture.'[1] I should be really sorry to believe that Mr. B. was fond of negus; it is such a 'candid' liquor, so like a wishy-washy compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water. But different writers have divers tastes. Judge Blackstone composed his *Commentaries* (he was a poet too in his youth) with a bottle of port before him. Addison's conversation was not good for much till he had taken a similar dose. Perhaps the prescription of these two great men was not inferior to the very different one of a soi-disant poet of this day, who, after wandering amongst the hills, returns, goes to bed, and dictates his verses, being fed by a bystander with bread and butter during the operation.

"I now come to Mr. B.'s 'invariable principles of poetry.' These Mr. Bowles and some of his correspondents pronounce 'unanswerable;' and they are 'unanswered,' at least by Campbell, who seems to have been astounded by the title: the Sultan of the time being offered to ally himself to a King of France because 'he hated the word League;' which proves that the Padishaw (*not Pacha*) understood French. Mr. Campbell has no need of my alliance, nor shall I presume to offer it; but I do hate that word '*invariable*.' What is there of *human*, be it poetry, philosophy, wit, wisdom, science, power, glory, mind, matter, life, or death, which is '*invariable*?' Of course I put things divine out of the question. Of all arrogant baptisms of a book, this title to a pamphlet appears the most complacently conceited. It is Mr. Campbell's part to answer the contents of this performance, and especially to vindicate his own 'Ship,' which Mr. B. most triumphantly proclaims to have struck to his very first fire.

> "'Quoth he there was a *Ship*;
> Now let me go, thou grey-haired loon,
> Or my staff shall make thee skip.'

It is no affair of mine; but having once begun, (certainly not by my own wish, but called upon by the frequent recurrence to my name in the pamphlets,) I am like an Irishman in a 'row,' 'any body's customer.' I shall therefore say a word or two on the 'Ship.'

"Mr. B. asserts that Campbell's 'Ship of the Line' derives all its poetry, not from '*art*,' but from '*Nature*.' 'Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, etc., etc., etc., *one* will become a stripe of blue bunting; and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles.' Very true; take away the 'waves,' 'the winds,' and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical, but for any other purpose; and take away 'the sun,' and we must read Mr. B.'s pamphlet by candlelight. But the 'poetry' of the 'Ship' does *not* depend on the 'waves,' etc.; on the contrary, the 'Ship of the line' confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens *theirs*. I do not deny, that the 'waves and winds,' and above all 'the sun,' are

1. *Jonathan Wild*, Bk. IV. chap. xiii.

highly poetical; we know it to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse: but if the waves bore only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the sea-weed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical? I think not: the poetry is at least reciprocal. Take away 'the Ship of the Line' 'swinging round' the 'calm water,' and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at, particularly if not transparently *clear;* witness the thousands who pass by without looking on it at all. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch? They might have seen the poetical 'calm water' at Wapping, or in the 'London Dock,' or in the Paddington Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase. They might have heard the poetical winds howling through the chinks of a pig-stye, or the garret window; they might have seen the sun shining on a footman's livery, or on a brass warming pan; but could the 'calm water,' or the 'wind,' or the 'sun,' make all, or any of these 'poetical?' I think not. Mr. B. admits 'the Ship' to be poetical, but only from those accessaries: now if they *confer* poetry so as to make one thing poetical, they would make other things poetical; the more so, as Mr. B. calls a 'ship of the line' without them,—that is to say, its 'masts and sails and streamers,'—'blue bunting,' and 'coarse canvas,' and 'tall poles.' So they are; and porcelain is clay, and man is dust, and flesh is grass, and yet the two latter at least are the subjects of much poesy.

"Did Mr. B. ever gaze upon the sea? I presume that he has, at least upon a sea-piece. Did any painter ever paint the sea *only*, without the addition of a ship, boat, wreck, or some such adjunct? Is the sea itself a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with or without a vessel, breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony? Is a storm more poetical without a ship? or, in the poem of *The Shipwreck*,[1] is it the storm or the ship which most interests? both *much* undoubtedly; but without the vessel, what should we care for the tempest? It would sink into mere descriptive poetry, which in itself was never esteemed a high order of that art.

"I look upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets:—with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers, I have *swum* more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever *sailed*, and have lived for months and months on shipboard; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the Ocean: besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine that the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr. H[obhouse] and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous,

1. Falconer's *Shipwreck* was published in 1762.

and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most '*poetical*' of all at the moment, were the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to 'cut and run' before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the Main, and some it might be for Eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly *white* sails, (the Levant sails not being of '*coarse canvas*,' but of white cotton,) skimming along as quickly, but less safely than the sea-mew which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *littleness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout 44's *teak* timbers (she was built in India) creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more 'poetical' than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

"The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours; and yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more 'poetical' by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more; for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine,[1] I stood upon the Symplegades—I stood by the broken altar still exposed to the winds upon one of them—I felt all the '*poetry*' of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of Medea; but would not that 'poetry' have been heightened by the *Argo*?[2] It

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1. "The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;
'T is a grand sight from off the 'Giant's Grave'
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease;
There 's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine."
Don Juan, Canto V. stanza v.

2. "I scrambled up the Cyanean Symplegades with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurse's dole in the *Medea*, of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit:—

"'Oh how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,
Had never passed the Azure rocks;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, etc., etc.'"
Byron to H. Drury, June 17, 1810 (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 277).

was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from Odessa. But Mr. B. says, 'Why bring your ship oft the stocks?' for no reason that I know, except that ships are built to be launched. The water, etc., undoubtedly HEIGHTENS the poetical associations, but it does not *make* them; and the ship amply repays the obligation: they aid each other; the water is more poetical with the ship—the ship less so without the water. But even a ship laid up in dock is a grand and a poetical sight. Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon the barren sand, is a 'poetical' object, (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washing-tub and a blind boy,[1] may tell you so as well as I,) whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water, without the boat, would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published.

"What makes the poetry in the image of the '*marble waste of Tadmor*,' or Grainger's 'Ode to Solitude,' so much admired by Johnson?[2] Is it the '*marble*' or the '*waste*,' the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The 'waste' is like all other *wastes;* but the '*marble*' of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.

"The beautiful but barren Hymettus,—the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, etc., etc.—are in themselves poetical, and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the 'Nature' of Attica would be *more* poetical without the 'Art' of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical,—the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself?[3] The rocks

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1. "The Blind Highland Boy" and the turtle-shell.

2. Dr. Johnson "praised Grainger's 'Ode to Solitude,' in Dodsley's *Collection*, and repeated with great energy the exordium—

> "'O Solitude, romantick maid,
> Whether by nodding towers you tread;
> Or haunt the desart's trackless gloom,
> Or hover o'er the yawning tomb;
> Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
> Or by the Nile's coy source abide;
> Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,
> From Hecla view the thawing deep;
> Or, at the purple dawn of day,
> Tadnor's marble waste survey;'

observing, 'This, Sir, is very noble.'"—Boswell's *Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. iii. p. 197.

3. The scene of the wreck in Falconer's *Shipwreck* (ed. 1811), Canto III. lines 534–537, is thus described—

> "But, now, Athenian mountains they descry,
> And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;
> Whose marble Columns, long by Time defac'd,
> Moss-covered on the lofty Cape are plac'd;" etc., etc.

at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's *ship* was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the '*art*,' the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them, the *spots* of earth would be unnoticed and unknown: buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were *capable* of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and the Memnon's head, *there* they would still exist in the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture (who are as capable of sculpture as the Egyptians are of skating); but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the Poetry of art.

"Mr. B. contends again that the Pyramids of Ægypt are poetical, because of 'the association with boundless deserts,' and that a 'pyramid of the same dimensions' would not be sublime in 'Lincoln's Inn Fields:' not *so* poetical certainly; but take away the 'pyramids,' and what is the *desert*? Take away Stone-henge from Salisbury Plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow Heath, or any other uninclosed down. It appears to me that St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Palatine, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus di Medicis, the Hercules, the dying Gladiator, the Moses

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Campbell, in his *Pleasures of Hope*, Part II., thus alludes to Falconer's poem—

> "Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
> The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
> There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
> The dying father bless'd his darling child!"

"In all Attica," says Byron, in a note to the second canto of *Childe Harold* (*Poems*, vol. ii. p. 169, *note* 1), "if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over 'Isles that crown the Ægean deep;' but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

> "'Here in the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
> The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'"

of Michel Agnolo, and all the higher works of Canova, (I have already spoken of those of antient Greece, still extant in that country, or transported to England,) are as *poetical* as Mont Blanc or Mount Ætna, perhaps still more so, as they are direct manifestations of mind, and *presuppose* poetry in their very conception; and have, moreover, as being such, a something of actual life, which cannot belong to any part of inanimate nature, unless we adopt the System of Spinosa, that the World is the deity. There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the city of Venice; does this depend upon the sea, or the canals?—

"'The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice rose?'[1]

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the 'Bridge of Sighs,' which connects them, that render it poetical? Is it the 'Canal Grande,' or Rialto which arches it, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself? Mr. B. will say, perhaps, that the Rialto is but marble, the palaces and churches only stone, and the gondolas a 'coarse' black cloth, thrown over some planks of carved wood, with a shining bit of fantastically formed iron at the prow, '*without*' the water. And I tell him that without these, the water would be nothing but a clay-coloured ditch; and whoever says the contrary, deserves to be at the bottom of that, where Pope's heroes are embraced by the mud nymphs.[2] There would be nothing to make the Canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts above mentioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea, and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city.

"The very Cloacæ of Tarquin at Rome are as poetical as Richmond Hill; many will think more so: take away Rome, and leave the Tybur and the seven Hills, in the Nature of Evander's time.[3] Let Mr. Bowles or Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Southey, or any of the other 'Naturals,' make a poem upon them, and then see which is most poetical,—their production, or the commonest guide-book, which tells you the road from St. Peter's to the Coliseum, and informs you what you will see by the way. The Ground interests in Virgil, because it *will* be *Rome*, and not because it is Evander's rural domain.

"Mr. B. then proceeds to press Homer into his service, in answer to a remark of Mr. Campbell's, that 'Homer was a great describer of works of art.' Mr. B. contends that all his great power, even in this, depends upon their connection with nature. The 'shield of Achilles derives its poetical interest from the subjects described on it.' And from what does the *spear* of Achilles derive its interest? and the helmet and the mail worn by Patroclus, and the celestial armour, and the very brazen greaves of the well-booted

1. Pope's *Essay on Man*, Epist. iv. line 292.
2. *Dunciad*, bk. ii. line 332.
3. Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 360.

Greeks? Is it solely from the legs, and the back, and the breast, and the human body, which they enclose? In that case, it would have been more poetical to have made them fight naked; and Gulley and Gregson, as being nearer to a state of nature, are more poetical boxing in a pair of drawers than Hector and Achilles in radiant armour, and with heroic weapons.

"Instead of the clash of helmets, and the rushing of chariots, and the whizzing of spears, and the glancing of swords, and the cleaving of shields, and the piercing of breast-plates, why not represent the Greeks and Trojans like two savage tribes, tugging and tearing, and kicking and biting, and gnashing, foaming, grinning, and gouging, in all the poetry of martial nature, unincumbered with gross, prosaic, artificial arms; an equal superfluity to the natural warrior and his natural poet? Is there any thing unpoetical in Ulysses striking the horses of Rhesus with *his bow*[1] (having forgotten his thong), or would Mr. B. have had him kick them with his foot, or smack them with his hand, as being more unsophisticated?

"In Gray's Elegy, is there an image more striking than his 'shapeless sculpture?'[2] Of sculpture in general, it may be observed, that it is more poetical than nature itself, inasmuch as it represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual Nature. This at least is the general opinion. But, always excepting the Venus di Medicis, I differ from that opinion, at least as far as regards female beauty; for the head of Lady Charlemont (when I first saw her nine years ago) seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal. I recollect seeing something of the same kind in the head of an Albanian girl, who was actually employed in mending a road in the mountains, and in some Greek, and one or two Italian, faces. But of *sublimity*, I have never seen anything in human nature at all to approach the expression of sculpture, either in the Apollo, the Moses, or other of the sterner works of ancient or modern art.

"Let us examine a little further this 'Babble of green fields' and of bare Nature in general as superior to artificial imagery, for the poetical purposes of the fine arts. In landscape painting, the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature, in her natural aspect, does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires. Even where he presents you with some famous city, or celebrated scene from mountain or other nature, it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance, etc., as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of Nature alone, *exactly* as she appears, is not

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1. *Iliad*, x. 513, 514.

2. "Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the *portrait* of the sky of Nature; it is a composition of different *skies*, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any *particular* day. And why? Because nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered, and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, and gathered with difficulty.

"Of sculpture I have already spoken. It is the great scope of the Sculptor to heighten nature into heroic beauty; *i.e.* in plain English, to surpass his model. When Canova forms a statue, he takes a limb from one, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape, it may be, from a fourth, probably at the same time improving upon all, as the Greek of old did in embodying his Venus.

"Ask a portrait painter to describe his agonies in accommodating the faces with which Nature and his sitters have crowded his painting-room to the principles of his art: with the exception of perhaps ten faces in as many millions, there is not one which he can venture to give without shading much and adding more. Nature, exactly, simply, barely, Nature, will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet—the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists in his very essence. With regard to natural imagery, the poets are obliged to take some of their best illustrations from *art*. You say that a 'fountain is as clear or clearer than *glass*,' to express its beauty:—

"'O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro!'[1]

In the speech of Mark Antony, the body of Cæsar is displayed, but so also is his *mantle*:—

"'You all do know this *mantle*,' etc.

— — — —

'Look! in this place ran Cassius' *dagger* through.'[2]

If the poet had said that Cassius had run his *fist* through the rent of the mantle, it would have had more of Mr. Bowles's 'nature' to help it; but the artificial *dagger* is more poetical than any natural *hand* without it. In the sublime of sacred poetry, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom? with *dyed garments* from Bozrah?'[3] would 'the comer' be poetical without his '*dyed garments*?' which strike and startle the spectator, and identify the approaching object.

"The mother of Sisera is represented listening for the '*wheels of his chariot*.'[4] Solomon, in his Song, compares the nose of his beloved to 'a tower,'[5] which to us appears an eastern exaggeration.

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1. Horace, *Odes*, iii. 13. 1.
2. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.
3. *Isa.* lxiii. 1.
4. *Judg.* v. 28.
5. *Song of Solomon* vii. 4, "Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus."

If he had said, that her stature was like that of a 'tower,' it would have been as poetical as if he had compared her to a tree.

"'The virtuous Marcia *towers* above her sex,'[1]

is an instance of an artificial image to express a *moral* superiority. But Solomon, it is probable, did not compare his beloved's nose to a 'tower' on account of its length, but of its symmetry; and making allowance for eastern hyperbole, and the difficulty of finding a discreet image for a female nose in nature, it is perhaps as good a figure as any other.

"Art is *not* inferior to nature for poetical purposes. What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the *art* and artificial symmetry of their position and movements. A Highlander's plaid, a Mussulman's turban, and a Roman toga, are more poetical than the tattooed or untattooed buttocks of a New Sandwich savage, although they were described by William Wordsworth himself like the 'idiot in his glory.'

"I have seen as many mountains as most men, and more fleets than the generality of landsmen; and, to my mind, a large convoy with a few sail of the line to conduct them is as noble and as poetical a prospect as all that inanimate nature can produce. I prefer the 'mast of some great ammiral,' with all its tackle, to the Scotch fir or the alpine tannen; and think that *more* poetry *has been* made out of it. In what does the infinite superiority of Falconer's *Shipwreck* over all other shipwrecks consist? In his admirable application of the terms of his art; in a poet-sailor's description of the sailor's fate. These *very terms*, by his application, make the strength and reality of his poem. Why? because he was a poet, and in the hands of a poet *art* will not be found less ornamental than nature. It is precisely in general nature, and in stepping out of his element, that Falconer fails; where he digresses to speak of Ancient Greece, and 'such branches of learning.'

"In Dyer's 'Grongar Hill,' upon which his fame rests, the very appearance of Nature herself is moralised into an artificial image—

"'Thus is nature's *vesture* wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she *dresses green and gay*,
To disperse our cares away.'

"And here also we have the telescope: the misuse of which, from Milton, has rendered Mr. Bowles so triumphant over Mr. Campbell:—

"'So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding *glass*.'

"And here a word *en passant* to Mr. Campbell:—

"'As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,

1. Addison's *Cato*, act i. sc. 4.

Which to those who journey near
Barren, brown, and rough appear,
Still we tread the same coarse way—
The present's still a cloudy day.'

Is not this the original of the far-famed—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue?'[1]

"To return once more to the sea. Let any one look on the long wall of Malamocco, which curbs the Adriatic, and pronounce between the sea and its master. Surely that Roman work (I mean *Roman* in conception and performance), which says to the ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no further,'[2] and is obeyed, is not less sublime and poetical than the angry waves which vainly break beneath it.

"Mr. Bowles makes the chief part of a ship's poesy depend upon the '*wind*:' then why is a ship under sail more poetical than a hog in a high wind? The hog is all nature, the ship is all art, 'coarse canvas,' 'blue bunting,' and 'tall poles;' both are violently acted upon by the wind, tossed here and there, to and fro, and yet nothing but excess of hunger could make me look upon the pig as the more poetical of the two, and then only in the shape of a griskin.

"Will Mr. Bowles tell us that the poetry of an aqueduct consists in the *water* which it conveys? Let him look on that of Justinian, on those of Rome, Constantinople, Lisbon, and Elvas, or even at the remains of that in Attica.

"We are asked, 'What makes the venerable towers of Westminster Abbey more poetical, as objects, than the tower for the manufactory of patent shot, surrounded by the same scenery?' I will answer—the *architecture*. Turn Westminster Abbey or Saint Paul's into a powder magazine, their poetry, as objects, remains the same; the Parthenon was actually converted into one by the Turks, during Morosini's Venetian siege, and part of it destroyed in consequence. Cromwell's dragoons stabled their steeds in Worcester cathedral; was it less poetical as an object than before? Ask a foreigner on his approach to London, what strikes him as the most poetical of the towers before him: he will point out Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey, without, perhaps, knowing the names or associations of either, and pass over the 'tower for patent shot,'—not that, for any thing he knows to the contrary, it might not be the mausoleum of a monarch, or a Waterloo column, or a Trafalgar monument, but because its architecture is obviously inferior.

"To the question, 'Whether the description of a game of cards be as poetical, supposing the execution of the artists equal, as a description of a walk in a forest?' it may be answered, that the *materials* are certainly not equal; but that 'the *artist*,' who has rendered the 'game of cards poetical,' is *by far the greater* of the

1. Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, i. 7.
2. *Job* xxxviii. 11.

two. But all this 'ordering' of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr. B. There may or may not be, in fact, different 'orders' of poetry, but the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art.

"Tragedy is one of the highest presumed orders. Hughes has written a tragedy,[1] and a very successful one; Fenton another;[2] and Pope none. Did any man, however,—will even Mr. B. himself,—rank Hughes and Fenton as poets above *Pope*? Was even Addison (the author of Cato), or Rowe (one of the higher order of dramatists as far as success goes), or Young, or even Otway and Southerne, ever raised for a moment to the same rank with Pope in the estimation of the reader or the critic, before his death or since? If Mr. B. will contend for classifications of this kind, let him recollect that descriptive poetry has been ranked as among the lowest branches of the art, and description as a mere ornament, but which should never form 'the subject' of a poem. The Italians, with the most poetical language, and the most fastidious taste in Europe, possess now five *great* poets, they say, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and, lastly, Alfieri;* and whom do they esteem one

1. *The Siege of Damascus; a tragedy*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1720.

2. *Mariamne; a tragedy*, produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1723.

* Of these there is one ranked with the others for his SONNETS, and *two* for compositions which belong to *no class* at all. Where is Dante? His poem is not an *epic;* then what is it? He himself calls it a "divine comedy;" and why? This is more than all his thousand commentators have been able to explain. Ariosto's is not an *epic* poem; and if poets are to be *classed* according to the *genus* of their poetry, where is he to be placed? Of these five, Tasso and Alfieri only come within Aristotle's arrangement, and Mr. Bowles's class-book. But the whole position is false. Poets are classed by the power of their performance, and not according to its rank in a gradus. In the contrary case, the forgotten epic poets of all countries would rank above Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, Burns, Gray, Dryden, and the highest names of various countries. Mr. Bowles's title of "*invariable* principles of poetry," is, perhaps, the most arrogant ever prefixed to a volume. So far are the principles of poetry from being '*invariable*,' that they never were nor ever will be settled. These 'principles' mean nothing more than the predilections of a particular age; and every age has its own, and a different from its predecessor. It is now Homer, and now Virgil; once Dryden, and since Walter Scott; now Corneille, and now Racine; now Crebillon, now Voltaire. The Homerists and Virgilians in France disputed for half a century. Not fifty years ago the Italians neglected Dante—Bettinelli reproved Monti for reading "that barbarian;" at present they adore him. Shakspeare and Milton have had their rise, and they will have their decline. Already they have more than once fluctuated, as must be the case with all the dramatists and poets of a living language. This does not depend upon their

of the highest of these, and some of them the very highest? Petrarch the *sonneteer:* it is true that some of his Canzoni are *not less* esteemed, but *not* more; who ever dreams of his Latin *Africa?*

"Were Petrarch to be ranked according to the 'order' of his compositions, where would the best of sonnets place him? with Dante and the other? no; but, as I have before said, the poet who *executes* best is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem.

"Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory: without it, his odes would be insufficient for his fame. The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenious boast,

> "'That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
> But *stooped* to Truth, and moralised his song.'[1]

He should have written 'rose to truth.' In my mind, the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the 'forests' that ever were 'walked for their description,' and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly*, even a finer poem than the Æneid. Virgil knew this; he did not order *them* to be burnt.

> "'The proper study of mankind is man.'[2]

"It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call 'imagination' and 'invention,' the two commonest of qualities: an Irish peasant with a little whisky in his head will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem. If Lucretius

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merits, but upon the ordinary vicissitudes of human opinions. Schlegel and Madame de Stael have endeavoured also to reduce poetry to *two* systems, classical and romantic. The effect is only beginning.

1. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 340, 341.
2. *Essay on Man*, ii. 2.

had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in Existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect; his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious.

"In speaking of artificial objects, I have omitted to touch upon one which I will now mention. Cannon may be presumed to be as highly poetical as art can make her objects. Mr. B. will, perhaps, tell me that this is because they resemble that grand natural article of Sound in heaven, and Similie (*sic*) upon earth—thunder. I shall be told triumphantly, that Milton made sad work with his artillery, when he armed his devils therewithal.[1] He did so; and this artificial object must have had much of the Sublime to attract his attention for such a conflict. He *has* made an absurd use of it; but the absurdity consists not in using *cannon* against the angels of God, but any *material* weapon. The thunder of the clouds would have been as ridiculous and vain in the hands of the devils, as the 'villainous saltpetre:'[2] the angels were as impervious to the one as to the other. The thunderbolts become sublime in the hands of the Almighty, not as such, but because *he* deigns to use them as a means of repelling the rebel spirits; but no one can attribute their defeat to this grand piece of natural electricity: the Almighty willed, and they fell; his word would have been enough; and Milton is as absurd, (and, in fact, *blasphemous*,) in putting material lightnings into the hands of the Godhead, as in giving him hands at all.

"The artillery of the demons was but the first step of his mistake, the thunder the next, and it is a step lower. It would have been fit for Jove, but not for Jehovah. The subject altogether was essentially unpoetical; he has made more of it than another could, but it is beyond him and all men.

"In a portion of his reply, Mr. B. asserts that Pope 'envied Phillips,' because he quizzed his pastorals in the *Guardian*,[3] in that most admirable model of irony, his paper on the subject. If there was any thing enviable about Phillips, it could hardly be his pastorals. They were despicable, and Pope expressed his contempt. If Mr. Fitzgerald[4] published a volume of sonnets, or a

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1. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 482–491. Bowles, in his *Answer to a Writer in the Quarterly Review*, speaking of *Paradise Lost*, says, "There are some passages which, without considering the cause, strike almost every reader with a kind of instinctive and involuntary dislike. Some of these passages will perhaps instantly occur. Who does not draw back with peculiar distaste from those passages where the Satanic army bring their great guns charged with the gunpowder?" etc., etc.

2. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act i. sc. 3.

3. *The Guardian*, No. 40.

4. For "hoarse Fitzgerald," Cobbett's "Small Beer Poet," see *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 10, *note* 1, and *Poems*, ed. 1898, vol. i. p. 297, *note* 3.

Spirit of Discovery, or a *Missionary*,[1] and Mr. B. wrote in any periodical journal an ironical paper upon them, would this be 'envy?' The authors of the *Rejected Addresses* have ridiculed the sixteen or twenty 'first living poets' of the day, but do they 'envy' them? 'Envy' writhes, it don't laugh. The authors of the *R. A.* may despise some, but they can hardly 'envy' any of the persons whom they have parodied; and Pope could have no more envied Phillips than he did Welsted, or Theobald, or Smedley, or any other given hero of the *Dunciad*. He could not have envied him, even had he himself *not* been the greatest poet of his age. Did Mr. Inge '*envy*' Mr. Phillips when he asked him, 'How came your Pyrrhus to drive oxen and say, "I am *goaded* on by love?"'[2] This question silenced poor Phillips; but it no more proceeded from 'envy' than did Pope's ridicule. Did he envy Swift? Did he envy Bolingbroke? Did he envy Gay the unparallelled success of his *Beggar's Opera*? We may be answered that these were his friends—true: but does *friendship* prevent *envy*? Study the first woman you meet with, or the first scribbler, let Mr. B. himself (whom I acquit fully of such an odious quality) study some of his own poetical intimates: the most envious man I ever heard of is a poet, and a high one; besides, it is an *universal* passion. Goldsmith envied not only the puppets for their dancing, and broke his shins in the attempt at rivalry, but was seriously angry because two pretty women received more attention than he did.[3] *This is envy;* but where does Pope show a sign of the passion? In that case Dryden envied the hero of his MacFlecknoe. Mr. Bowles compares, when and where he can, Pope with Cowper—(the same Cowper whom in his edition of Pope he laughs at for his attachment to an old woman, Mrs. Unwin; search and you will find it;[4] I remember the passage, though not the page); in particular he requotes Cowper's Dutch delineation of a wood, drawn up, like a

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1. Bowles published his *Spirit of Discovery* in 1804, and his *Missionary of the Andes* in 1815.

2. "He had great sensibility of censure, if judgment may be made by a single story which I heard long ago from Mr. Ing, a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordshire. 'Phillips,' said he, 'was once at table, when I asked him, "How came thy king of Epirus to drive oxen, and to say *I'm goaded on by love?*" After which question he never spoke again.'"—Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

3. The two young ladies were the Misses Horneck. (See Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, 2nd ed., vol. ii. bk. iv. chap. xiv. pp. 348, 349.)

4. "Poor Cowper, being disgusted with the world, fell in love with the first venerable gentlewoman he saw at Huntingdon, and wondered all the world was not like her; when probably he would have met with a being just as good in the first respectable old lady he saw on a Sunday going to church at Brentford!"—Bowles, *Pope's Works*, vol. ix. p. 60, *note*.

seedsman's catalogue,* with an affected imitation of Milton's style, as burlesque as the *Splendid Shilling*. These two writers, for Cowper is no poet, come into comparison in one great work, the translation of Homer. Now, with all the great, and manifest, and manifold, and reproved, and acknowledged, and uncontroverted

* I will submit to Mr. Bowles's own judgement a passage from another poem of Cowper's, to be compared with the same writer's Sylvan Sampler. In the lines "to Mary,"—

> "Thy *needles*, once a shining store,
> For my sake restless heretofore,
> Now rust disused, and shine no more;
> My Mary!"

contain a simple, household, "*indoor*," artificial, and ordinary image; I refer Mr. B. to the stanza, and ask if these three lines about "*needles*" are not worth all the boasted twaddling about trees, so triumphantly requoted? and yet, in *fact*, what do they convey? A homely collection of images and ideas, associated with the darning of stockings, and the hemming of shirts, and the mending of breeches; but will any one deny that they are eminently poetical and pathetic as addressed by Cowper to his nurse? The trash of trees reminds me of a saying of Sheridan's. Soon after the "Rejected Address" scene in 1812, I met Sheridan. In the course of dinner, he said, "L. B., did you know that, amongst the writers of addresses, was Whitbread himself?" I answered by an enquiry of what sort of an address he had made. "Of that," replied Sheridan, "I remember little, except that there was a *phœnix* in it."—"A phœnix!! Well, how did he describe it?"—"*Like a poulterer*," answered Sheridan: "It was green, and yellow, and red, and blue: he did not let us off for a single feather." And just such as this poulterer's account of a phœnix is Cowper's—a stick-picker's detail of a wood, with all its petty minutiæ of this, that, and the other.

One more poetical instance of the power of art, and even its *superiority* over nature, in poetry; and I have done:—the bust of *Antinous!* Is there any thing in nature like this marble, excepting the Venus? Can there be more *poetry* gathered into existence than in that wonderful creation of perfect beauty? But the poetry of this bust is in no respect derived from nature, nor from any association of moral exaltedness; for what is there in common with moral nature, and the male minion of Adrian? The very execution is *not natural*, but *super*natural, or rather *super-artificial*, for nature has never done so much.

Away, then, with this cant about nature, and "invariable principles of poetry!" A great artist will make a block of stone as sublime as a mountain, and a good poet can imbue a pack of cards with more poetry than inhabits the forests of America. It is the business and the proof of a poet to give the lie to the proverb, and sometimes to "*make a silken purse out of a sow's ear*," and to conclude with another homely proverb, "a good workman will not find fault with his tools."

faults of Pope's translation, and all the scholarship, and pains, and time, and trouble, and blank verse of the other, who can ever read Cowper? and who will ever lay down Pope, unless for the original? Pope's was 'not Homer, it was Spondanus;' but Cowper's is not Homer either, it is not even Cowper. As a child I first read Pope's Homer with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford, and children are not the worst judges of their own language. As a boy I read Homer in the original, as we have all done, some of us by force, and a few by favour; under which description I come is nothing to the purpose, it is enough that I read him. As a man I have tried to read Cowper's version, and I found it impossible. Has any human reader ever succeeded?

"And now that we have heard the Catholic reproached with envy, duplicity, licentiousness, avarice—what was the Calvinist? He attempted the most atrocious of crimes in the Christian code, viz. suicide—and why? because he was to be examined whether he was fit for an office which he seems to wish to have made a sinecure. His connection with Mrs. Unwin was pure enough, for the old lady was devout, and he was deranged; but why then is the infirm and then elderly Pope to be reproved for his connection with Martha Blount? Cowper was the almoner of Mrs. Throgmorton; but Pope's charities were his own, and they were noble and extensive, far beyond his future's warrant. Pope was the tolerant yet steady adherent of the most bigoted of sects; and Cowper the most bigoted and despondent sectary that ever anticipated damnation to himself or others. Is this harsh? I know it is, and I do not assert it as my opinion of Cowper *personally*, but to *show what might* be said, with just as great an appearance of truth and candour, as all the odium which has been accumulated upon Pope in similar speculations. Cowper was a good man, and lived at a fortunate time for his works.

"Mr. B., apparently not relying entirely upon his own arguments, has, in person or by proxy, brought forward the names of Southey and Moore. Mr. Southey 'agrees entirely with Mr. B. in his *invariable* principles of poetry.' The least that Mr. B. can do in return is to approve the 'invariable principles of Mr. Southey.' I should have thought that the word '*invariable*' might have stuck in Southey's throat, like Macbeth's 'Amen!'[1] I am sure it did in mine, and I am not the least consistent of the two, at least as a voter. Moore (*et tu, Brute!*) also approves, and Mr. I. Scott. There is a letter also of two lines from a gentleman in asterisks, who, it seems, is a poet of 'the highest rank:'—who *can* this be? not my friend Sir Walter, surely. Campbell it can't be; Rogers it won't be.

"'You have *hit the nail in* the head, and * * * * [Pope, I presume] *on* the head also.

"'I *remain*, yours affectionately,

"'(Four *Asterisks*).'

1. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2.

And in asterisks let him remain. Whoever this person may be, he deserves, for such a judgement of Midas, that 'the nail' which Mr. B. has 'hit *in* the head,' should be driven through his own ears; I am sure that they are long enough.

"The attempt of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Aristides; they are tired of hearing him always called 'the Just.' They are also fighting for life; for, if he maintains his station, they will reach their own—by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior, and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that amongst those I *have* been (or it may be still *am*) conspicuous—true, and I am ashamed of it. I *have* been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but *never* amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of 'Schools' and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

> "'Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,
> Befringe the rails of Bedlam, or Soho!'[1]

There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion, not only in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published, has or has not been the same. I look upon this as the declining age of English poetry; no regard for others, no selfish feeling, can prevent me from seeing this, and expressing the truth. There can be no worse sign for the taste of the times than the depreciation of Pope. It would be better to receive for proof Mr. Cobbett's rough but strong attack upon Shakespeare and Milton, than to allow this smooth and 'candid' undermining of the reputation of the most *perfect* of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground as an *ethical* poet: in the former, none excel; in the mock heroic and the ethical, none equal him; and, in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse*, which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done.[2] He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true

1. Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, II. i. 418, 419.
2. *Republic*, iii. 398 (*a*).

'*poet*' in its real sense, 'the *maker*,' 'the *creator*,'—why must this mean the 'liar,' the 'feigner,' the 'tale-teller?' A man may make and create better things than these.

"I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakespeare and Milton, though his enemy, Warton, places him immediately under them.* I would no more say this than I would assert in the mosque (once Saint Sophia's), that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed

"'To rival all but Shakespeare's name below.'

I say nothing against this opinion. But of what '*order*,' according to the poetical aristocracy, are Burns's poems? There are his *opus magnum*, 'Tam O'Shanter,' a *tale;* the Cotter's Saturday Night, a descriptive sketch; some others in the same style: the rest are songs. So much for the *rank* of his *productions;* the *rank* of *Burns* is the very first of his art. Of Pope I have expressed my opinion elsewhere, as also of the effect which the present attempts at poetry have had upon our literature. If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country in such sort as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all, the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice;—an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British Epic and Tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakespeare and Milton; but the surviving World would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilisation; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent, and contemplate their variety:—pastoral, passion, mock heroic, translation, satire, ethics,—all excellent, and often perfect. If his great charm be his *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translations? But I have made this letter too long. Give my compliments to Mr. Bowles.

"Yours ever very truly,

"BYRON.

"*To John Murray, Esq.*

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* If the opinions cited by Mr. Bowles, of Dr. Johnson *against* Pope, are to be taken as decisive authority, they will also hold good against Gray, Milton, Swift, Thomson, and Dryden: in that case what becomes of Gray's poetical, and Milton's moral character? even of Milton's *poetical* character, or, indeed, of *English* poetry in general? for Johnson strips many a leaf from every laurel. Still Johnson's is the finest critical work extant, and can never be read without instruction and delight.

"*Post Scriptum.*—Long as this letter has grown, I find it necessary to append a postscript; if possible, a short one. Mr. Bowles denies that he has accused Pope of 'a sordid money-getting passion;' but, he adds, 'if I had ever done so, I should be glad to find any testimony that might show he was *not* so.' This testimony he may find to his heart's content in Spence and elsewhere. First, there is Martha Blount, who, Mr. B. charitably says, 'probably thought he did not save enough for her, as legatee.' Whatever she *thought* upon this point, her words are in Pope's favour.[1] Then there is Alderman Barber; see Spence's *Anecdotes*.[2] There is Pope's cold answer to Halifax when he proposed a pension;[3] his behaviour to Craggs[4] and to Addison upon like occasions, and his own two lines—

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1. "He did not know anything of the value of money; and his greatest delight was in doing good offices for his friends."—Martha Blount, in Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 357.

2. "Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money. . . . Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money, and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in this desire, and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much; but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 308.

3. "In the beginning of George the First's reign, Lord Hallifax sent for me of his own accord. He said he had often been concerned that I had never been rewarded as I deserved: that he was very glad it was now in his power to be of service to me, that a pension should be settled on me, if I cared to accept it; and that nothing should be demanded of me for it.—I thanked his lordship, in general terms, and seemed to want time to consider of it.—I heard nothing further for some time; and about three months after I wrote to Lord Hallifax, to thank him for his most obliging offer; saying, that I had considered the matter over fully, and that all the difference I could find in having or not having a pension, was that if I had one, I might live more at large in town; and that if I had not, I might live happily enough in the country.—There was something said too, of the love of being quite free, and without any thing that might even look like a bias laid on me.—So the thing dropped, and I had my liberty without a coach."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, pp. 305, 306.

4. See Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, I. vi. 65–68—

> "Southsea subscriptions take who please,
> Leave me but liberty and ease.
> 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
> Who praised my modesty and smiled."

Secretary Craggs once offered to pay the poet a pension of £300 a year out of the secret service money at his command. Pope declined the proposal with thanks, but said that he would apply to the Secretary for 100 or even 500 pounds if his wants should ever press him so far (see Courthope's *Pope*, vol. v. p. 187).

"'And, thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive;'[1]

written when princes would have been proud to pension, and peers to promote him, and when the whole army of dunces were in array against him, and would have been but too happy to deprive him of this boast of independence. But there is something a little more serious in Mr. Bowles's declaration, that he '*would* have spoken' of his 'noble generosity to the outcast Richard Savage,' and other instances of a compassionate and generous heart, '*had they occurred to his recollection when he wrote.*'[2] What! is it come to this? Does Mr. B. sit down to write a minute and laboured life and edition of a great poet? Does he anatomize his character, moral and poetical? Does he present us with his faults and with his foibles? Does he sneer at his feelings, and doubt of his sincerity? Does he unfold his vanity and duplicity? and then omit the good qualities which might, in part, have 'covered this multitude of sins?' and then plead that '*they did not occur to his recollection!*' Is this the frame of mind and of memory with which the illustrious dead are to be approached? If Mr. Bowles, who must have had access to all the means of refreshing his memory, did not recollect these facts, he is unfit for his task; but if he *did* recollect and omit them, I know not what he is fit for, but I know what would be fit for him. Is the plea of 'not recollecting' such prominent facts to be admitted? Mr. B. has been at a public school, and, as I have been publicly educated also, I can sympathise with his predilection. When we were in the third form even, had we pleaded on the Monday morning that we had not brought up the Saturday's exercise, because 'we had forgotten it,' what would have been the reply? And is an excuse, which would not be pardoned to a schoolboy, to pass current in a matter which so nearly concerns the fame of the first poet of his age, if not of his country? If Mr. B. so readily forgets the virtues of others, why complain so grievously that others have a better memory for his own faults? They are but the faults of an author; while the virtues he omitted from his catalogue are essential to the justice due to a man.

"Mr. B. appears, indeed to be susceptible beyond the privilege of authorship. There is a plaintive dedication to Mr. Gifford, in which *he* is made responsible for all the articles of the *Quarterly*. Mr. Southey, it seems, 'the most able and eloquent writer in that review,' approves of Mr. Bowles's publication. Now it seems to me the more impartial, that notwithstanding that 'the great writer of the *Quarterly*' entertains opinions opposite to the able article on Spence, nevertheless that essay was permitted to appear. Is a review

1. Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, II. ii. 68, 69.

2. "Mr. Pope desired Dr. Young to forward five guineas to poor Savage, when he was in Newgate, for the death of Sinclair; the doctor was so good as to carry it himself, and Mr. Pope afterwards told him that if Savage should be in want of necessaries, he had five more ready for his service."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 356.

to be devoted to the opinions of any *one* man? Must it not vary according to circumstances, and according to the subjects to be criticised? I fear that writers must take the sweets and bitters of the public journals as they occur, and an author of so long a standing as Mr. B. might have become accustomed to such incidents; he might be angry, but not astonished. I have been reviewed in the Quarterly almost as often as Mr. B., and have had as pleasant things said, and some *as un*pleasant, as could well be pronounced. In the review of 'The Fall of Jerusalem,' it is stated, that I have devoted 'my powers, etc., to the worst parts of Manicheism;' which, being interpreted, means that I worship the devil. Now, I have neither written a reply, nor complained to Gifford. I believe that I observed in a letter to you, that I thought 'that the critic might have praised Milman without finding it necessary to abuse me;' but did I not add at the same time, or soon after (apropos, of the note in the book of Travels), that I would not, if it were even in my power, have a single line cancelled on my account in that nor in any other publication? Of course, I reserve to myself the privilege of response when necessary. Mr. B. seems in a whimsical state about the author of the article on Spence. You know very well that I am not in your confidence, nor in that of the conductors of the Journal. The moment I saw that article, I was morally certain that I knew the author 'by his style.' You will tell me that I do *not know* him: that is all as it should be; keep the secret, so shall I, though no one has ever entrusted it to me. He is not the person whom Mr. B. denounces. Mr. B.'s extreme sensibility reminds me of a circumstance which occurred on board of a frigate in which I was a passenger and guest of the captain's for a considerable time. The surgeon on board, a very gentlemanly young man, and remarkably able in his profession, wore a *wig*. Upon this ornament he was extremely tenacious. As naval jests are sometimes a little rough, his brother officers made occasional allusions to this delicate appendage to the doctor's person. One day a young lieutenant, in the course of a facetious discussion, said, 'Suppose now, doctor, I should take off your *hat*.'—'Sir,' replied the doctor, 'I shall talk no longer with you; you grow *scurrilous*.' He would not even admit so near an approach as to the hat which protected it. In like manner, if any body approaches Mr. Bowles's laurels, even in his outside capacity of an *editor*, 'they grow *scurrilous*.' You say that you are about to prepare an edition of Pope; you cannot do better for your own credit as a publisher, nor for the redemption of Pope from Mr. B., and of the public taste from rapid degeneracy.

"*Additional note to Letter* 1st *to J. M., Esq*re.

"In the composition of this letter I omitted to cite three very celebrated passages in three different languages ancient and modern, the whole of whose merit consists in artificial imagery. The first is from Congreve—and Dr. Johnson pronounces the opinion upon it, 'If I were required to select from the *whole mass of English* poetry

the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in the *Mourning Bride*[1]—

> "'No—all is hushed and still as death: 'tis dreadful!
> How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
> Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
> To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
> By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
> Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
> And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
> And monumental caves of death look cold,
> And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
> Give me thy hand and let me hear thy voice;
> Nay—quickly speak to me, and let me hear
> Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.'

"'He who reads those lines enjoys for a moment the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before, but he feels it with great increase of Sensibility: he recognizes a *familiar image*, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty and enlarged with majesty.'—Johnson's *Lives*,[2] *etc.*

"Here is the finest piece of poetry in our language, so pronounced by the noblest critical mind which our country has produced, and the whole imagery of this quintessence of poetry is unborrowed from *external* nature. I presume that no one can differ from Johnson that as description it is unequalled. For a controversy upon the subject the reader is referred to Boswell's Johnson.[3] Garrick attempted a parallel with Shakespeare's Description of Dover Cliff, but Johnson stopped him (I quote from Memory, not having the book) with 'Nay Sir,

> "'half way down
> Hangs one who gathers samphire—dreadful trade!

"'I am speaking of a description in which nothing is introduced from life to break the effect.'

"The other two passages of a familiar and celebrated image are, first, in Lucretius[4]—

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1. Act ii. sc. 3.
2. Congreve, vol. iii. pp. 272, 273 (ed. 1790).
3. "What I mean is, that you can show me no passage," said Johnson (Boswell's *Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. ii. pp. 86, 87), "where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect." . . . Some one mentioned the Description of Dover Cliff. JOHNSON. 'No, Sir; it should be all precipice,—all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats, and other circumstances, are all very good description; but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided: you pass on by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another.'"
4. Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat.*, lib. i. lines 936–938.

"'Sed veluti pueris absinthia tætra medentes
Cum dare conantur, prius oras *pocula* circum
Contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore,' etc.

And the second the same, closely copied by Tasso [1]—

"'Cosi all'egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di soave licor gli orli del vaso,' etc.

"A more familiar and household image can hardly be conceived than that of a nurse sweetening the rim of a cup of physic to coax a sickly brat into taking it, and yet there are few passages in poetry more quoted and admired than the Italian lines.

"In Cowper (whom Mr. B. thinks a poet) 'the twanging horn on yonder bridge,'[2] and Toby 'banging the door' are quite as effective as his laboured minutiæ of the Wood or the Shrubbery.

"*Note Second, on the lines on Lady M. W. Montague.*

"In my opinion Pope has been more reproached for this couplet than is justifiable. It is harsh but partly true, for '*libelled by her Hate*' he was, and with regard to the supposed consequences of '*her Love*' he may be regarded as sufficiently punished in not having been permitted to make the experiment. He would probably have run the risk with considerable courage. The *coarseness* of the line is not greater than that of two lines which are easily to be found in the great Moralist, Johnson's 'London:' the one detailing an accomplishment of a 'fasting Frenchman' and the other on the 'Monarch's air' of Balbus. I forbear to quote the lines of Johnson in all their extension, because as a young lady of Trumpington used to say of the Gownsmen (when I was at College and she was approached with too little respect)—they are so 'curst undiliket.'

"Lady Mary appears to have been at least as much to blame as Pope. Some of her reflections and repartees are recorded as sufficiently exasperating. Pope in the whole of that business is to be pitied. When he speaks of his 'miserable body' let it be recollected that he was at least aware of his deformity, as indeed deformed persons have in general sufficient wit to be.

"It is also another unhappy dispensation of Nature that deformed persons, and more particularly those of Pope's peculiar conformation, are born with very strong passions. I believe that this is a physical fact, the truth of which is easily ascertained. Montaigne has in his universal speculations written a chapter upon it more curious than decent. So that these unhappy persons have

1. Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, Canto I. stanza iii.

2. Book iv. of Cowper's *Task*, "The Winter Evening," opens with the lines—

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood."

to combat, not only against the passions which they feel, but the repugnance they inspire. Pope was unfortunate in this respect by being born in England; there are climates where his Hump-back would have made his (amatory) fortune. At least I know one notorious instance of a hunch-back who is as fortunate as the 'grand Chancelier' of the Grammont. To be sure, his climate and the morals of his country are both of them favourable to the material portion of that passion of which Buffon says that 'the refined *sentiment* is alike fictitious and pernicious.'

"I think that I could show if necessary that Lady Mary Wy Montague was also greatly to blame in that ground, *not* for having rejected, but for having encouraged him; but I would rather decline the task, though she should have remembered her own line '*he comes too near that comes to be denied.*'

"I admire her so much, her beauty, her talents, that I should do this reluctantly. I besides am so attached to the very name of '*Mary*' that, as Johnson once said, 'if you called a dog *Hervey* I should love him,' so, if you were to call a female of the same species 'Mary,' I should love it better than others (biped or quadruped) of the same sex with a different appellation. She was an extraordinary woman. She could translate *Epictetus*, and yet write a song worthy of Aristippus. The lines

> "'And when the long hours of the Public are past,
> And we meet with Champaigne and a Chicken at last,
> May every fond pleasure that moment endear!
> Be banished afar both discretion and fear!
> Forgetting or scorning the airs of the Crowd,
> He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
> Till lost in the Joy we confess that we live,
> And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.'

"There, Mr. Bowles, what say you to such a supper with such a woman? And her own description too? Is not her '*Champaigne and Chicken*' worth a forest or two? Is it not poetry? It appears to me that this Stanza contains the '*purée*' of the whole Philosophy of Epicurus. I mean the practical philosophy of his School, not the precepts of the Master; for I have been too long at the University not to know that the Philosopher was [[1]] a moderate man. But after all, would not some of us have been as great fools as Pope? For my part I wonder that with his quick feelings, her coquetry, and his disappointment, he did no more, instead of writing some lines which are to be condemned if false and regretted if true."

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[1] A word or two torn off with the seal.

(3) *Observations upon "Observations." A Second Letter to John Murray, Esq., on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope.*[1]

"Ravenna, March 25th, 1821.

"DEAR SIR,—In the further 'Observations' of Mr. B., in rejoinder to the charges brought against his edition of Pope, it is to be regretted that he has lost his temper. Whatever the language of his antagonists may have been, I fear that his replies have afforded more pleasure to them than to the public. That Mr. Bowles should not be pleased is natural, whether right or wrong; but a temperate defence would have answered his purpose in the former case—and, in the latter, no defence, however violent, can tend to any thing but his discomfiture. I have read over this third pamphlet, which you have been so obliging as to send me, and shall venture a few observations, in addition to those upon the previous controversy.

"Mr. B. sets out with repeating his '*confirmed conviction*,' that 'what he said of the moral part of Pope's character was (generally speaking) true; and that the principles of *poetical* criticism which he has laid down are *invariable* and *invulnerable*,' etc.; and that he is the *more* persuaded of this by the '*exaggerations* of his opponents.' This is all very well, and highly natural and sincere. Nobody ever expected that either Mr. B., or any other author, would be convinced of human fallibility in their own persons. But it is nothing to the purpose—for it is not what Mr. *B.* thinks, but what is to be thought of *Pope*, that is the question. It is what he has asserted or insinuated against a name which is the patrimony of Posterity, that is to be tried; and Mr. B., as a party, can be no judge. The more *he* is persuaded, the better for himself, if it give him any pleasure; but he can only persuade others by the proofs brought out in his defence.

"After these prefatory remarks of 'conviction,' etc., Mr. B. proceeds to Mr. Gilchrist; whom he charges with 'slang' and 'slander,' besides a small subsidiary indictment of 'abuse, ignorance, malice,' and so forth. Mr. Gilchrist has, indeed, shown some anger; but it is an honest indignation, which rises up in defence of the illustrious dead. It is a generous rage which interposes between our ashes and their disturbers. There appears also to have been some slight personal provocation. Mr. Gilchrist, with a chivalrous disdain of the fury of an incensed poet, put his name to a letter avowing the production of a former essay in defence of Pope, and consequently of an attack upon Mr. Bowles. Mr. B. appears to be angry with Mr. G. for four reasons:—firstly, because he wrote an article in 'The L. Magazine;' secondly, because he afterwards avowed it; thirdly, because he *was* the author of a still more extended article in 'The Quarterly Review;' and, fourthly, because

1. First published in 1835.

he was NOT the author of the said Quarterly article, and had the audacity to disavow it—for no earthly reason but because he had NOT written it.

"Mr. B. declares, that he will not enter into a particular examination of the pamphlet, which by a *misnomer* (in italics) is called 'Gilchrist's Answer to Bowles,' when it should have been called 'Gilchrist's Abuse of Bowles.' On this error in the baptism of Mr. G.'s pamphlet, it may be observed, that an answer may be abusive and yet no less an answer, though indisputably a temperate one might be the better of the two: but if *abuse* is to cancel all pretensions to reply, what becomes of Mr. B.'s answers to Gilchrist?

"Mr. B. continues:—'But, as Mr. G. derides my *peculiar sensitiveness to criticism*, before I show how *destitute of truth is this representation*, I will here explicitly declare the only grounds,' etc., etc., etc.—Mr. B.'s sensibility in denying his 'sensitiveness to criticism' proves, perhaps, too much. But if he has been so charged, and truly—what then? There is no moral turpitude in such acuteness of feeling: it has been, and may be, combined with many good and great qualities. Is Mr. B. a poet, or is he not? If he be, he must, from his very essence, be sensitive to criticism; and even if he be not, he need not be ashamed of the common repugnance to being attacked. All that is to be wished is, that he had considered how disagreeable a thing it is, before he assailed the greatest moral poet of any age, or in any language.

"Pope himself 'sleeps well,'[1]—nothing can touch him further; but those who love the honour of their country, the perfection of her literature, the glory of her language—are not to be expected to permit an atom of his dust to be stirred in his tomb, or a leaf to be stripped from the laurel which grows over it.

"Mr. B. assigns several reasons why and when 'an author is justified in appealing to every *upright* and *honourable* mind in the kingdom.' If Mr. B. limits the perusal of his defence to the 'upright and honourable' only, I greatly fear that it will not be extensively circulated. I should rather hope that some of the downright and dishonest will read and be converted or convicted. But the whole of his reasoning is here superfluous—'*an author is justified in appealing*,' etc., when and why he pleases. Let him make out a tolerable case, and few of his readers will quarrel with his motives.

"Mr. B. 'will now plainly set before the literary public all the circumstances which have led to *his name* and Mr. G.'s being brought together,' etc. Courtesy requires, in speaking of others and ourselves, that we should place the name of the former first—and not '*Ego* et Rex meus.' Mr. B. should have written 'Mr. Gilchrist's name and *his*.'

"This point he wishes 'particularly to address to those *most respectable characters*, who have the direction and management of the periodical critical press.' That the press may be, in some instances, conducted by respectable characters is probable enough;

1. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2

but if they are so, there is no occasion to tell them of it; and if they are not, it is a base adulation. In either case, it looks like a kind of flattery, by which those gentry are not very likely to be softened; since it would be difficult to find two passages in fifteen pages more at variance, than Mr. B.'s prose at the beginning of this pamphlet, and his verse at the end of it. In page 4. he speaks of 'those most respectable characters who have the direction, etc., of the periodical press,' and in page 16. we find—

> "'Ye *dark inquisitors*, a monk-like band,
> Who o'er some shrinking victim-author stand,
> A solemn, secret, and *vindictive brood*,
> *Only* terrific in your cowl and hood.'

And so on—to 'bloody law' and 'red scourges,' with other similar phrases, which may not be altogether agreeable to the above-mentioned 'most respectable characters.' Mr. B. goes on, 'I concluded my observations in the last Pamphleteer, with feelings *not unkind* towards Mr. Gilchrist, or' [it should be *nor*] 'to the author of the review of Spence, be he whom he might.'—'I was in hopes, *as I have always been ready to admit any errors* I might have been led into, or prejudice I might have entertained, that even Mr. Gilchrist might be disposed to a more *amicable* mode of discussing what I had advanced in regard to Pope's moral character.' As Major Sturgeon observes, 'There never was a set of more *amicable* officers[1]—with the exception of a boxing-bout between Captain Shears and the Colonel.'

"A page and a half—nay only a page before—Mr. B. re-affirms his conviction, that 'what he has said of Pope's moral character is (*generally speaking*) *true*, and that his 'poetical principles are *invariable* and *invulnerable*.' He has also published three pamphlets,—ay, four of the same tenor,—and yet, with this declaration and these declamations staring him and his adversaries in the face, he speaks of his 'readiness to admit errors or to abandon prejudices!!!' His use of the word 'amicable' reminds me of the Irish Institution (which I have somewhere heard or read of) called the '*Friendly* Society,' where the president always carried pistols in his pocket, so that when one amicable gentleman knocked down another, the difference might be adjusted on the spot, at the harmonious distance of twelve paces.

"But Mr. Bowles 'has since read a publication by him (Mr. G.) containing such vulgar slander, affecting *private* life and character,' etc., etc.; and Mr. Gilchrist has also had the advantage of reading a publication by Mr. Bowles sufficiently imbued with personality; for one of the first and principal topics of reproach is that he is a *grocer*, that he has a 'pipe in his mouth, ledger-book, green canisters, dingy shop-boy, half a hogshead of brown treacle,' etc. Nay, the same delicate raillery is upon the very title-page. When

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1. Foote's *Mayor of Garratt*, act i.: "There never was a set of more *amiable* officers," etc.

controversy has once commenced upon this footing, as Dr. Johnson said to Dr. Percy, 'Sir, there is an end of politeness—we are to be as rude as we please—Sir, you said that I was *short-sighted*.'[1] As a man's profession is generally no more in his own power than his person—both having been made out for him—it is hard that he should be reproached with either, and still more that an honest calling should be made a reproach. If there is anything more honourable to Mr. Gilchrist than another, it is, that being engaged in commerce he has had the taste, and found the leisure, to become so able a proficient in the higher literature of his own and other countries. Mr. Bowles, who will be proud to own Glover, Chatterton, Burns, and Bloomfield for his peers, should hardly have quarrelled with Mr. Gilchrist for his critic. Mr. G.'s station, however, which might conduct him to the highest civic honours, and to boundless wealth, has nothing to require apology; but even if it had, such a reproach was not very gracious on the part of a clergyman, nor graceful on that of a gentleman. The allusion to '*Christian* criticism' is not particularly happy, especially where Mr. G. is accused of having '*set the first example of this mode in Europe*.' What *Pagan* criticism may have been, we know but little; the names of Zoilus and Aristarchus survive, and the works of Aristotle, Longinus, and Quintilian: but of 'Christian criticism' we have already had some specimens in the works of Philelphus, Poggius, Scaliger, Milton, Salmasius, the Cruscanti (versus Tasso), the F. Academy (against the Cid), and the antagonists of Voltaire and of Pope—to say nothing of some articles in most of the reviews, since their earliest institution in the person of their respectable and still prolific parent, 'The Monthly.' Why, then, is Mr. Gilchrist to be singled out 'as having set the first example?' A sole page of Milton or Salmasius contains more abuse—rank, rancorous, *unleavened* abuse—than all that can be raked forth from the whole works of many recent critics. There are some, indeed, who still keep up the good old custom; but fewer English than foreign. It is a pity that Mr. B. cannot witness some of the Italian controversies, or become the subject of one. He would then look upon Mr. Gilchrist as a panegyrist.

"In the long sentence quoted from the article in 'The L. M.,' there is one coarse image, the justice of whose application I shall not pretend to determine:—'The pruriency with which his nose is laid to the ground' is an expression which, whether founded or not, might have been omitted. But the 'anatomical minuteness' appears to me justified even by Mr. B.'s own subsequent quotation. To the point:—'*Many facts* tend to prove the peculiar susceptibility of his passions; nor can we implicitly believe that the connexion between him and Martha Blount was of a nature so pure and innocent as his panegyrist Ruffhead would have us believe,' etc.—'At *no time* could she have regarded *Pope personally* with attachment,' etc.—'But the most extraordinary circumstance in regard to his connexion with female society, was the strange mixture of *indecent*

1. Boswell's *Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. iii. p. 273.

and even *profane* levity which his conduct and language often exhibited. The cause of this particularity may be sought, perhaps, in his consciousness of physical defect, which made him affect a character uncongenial, and a language opposite to the truth.'—If this is not 'minute moral anatomy,' I should be glad to know what is! It is dissection in all its branches. I shall, however, hazard a remark or two upon this quotation.

"To me it appears of no very great consequence whether Martha Blount was or was not Pope's mistress, though I could have wished him a better. She appears to have been a cold-hearted, interested, ignorant, disagreeable woman, upon whom the tenderness of Pope's heart in the desolation of his latter days was cast away, not knowing whither to turn as he drew towards his premature old age, childless and lonely,—like the needle which, approaching within a certain distance of the pole, becomes helpless and useless, and, ceasing to tremble, rusts. She seems to have been so totally unworthy of tenderness, that it is an additional proof of the kindness of Pope's heart to have been able to love such a being. But we must love something. I agree with Mr. B. that *she* 'could at no time have regarded *Pope personally* with attachment,' because she was incapable of attachment; but I deny that Pope could not be regarded with personal attachment by a worthier woman. It is not probable, indeed, that a woman would have fallen in love with him as he walked along the Mall, or in a box at the opera, nor from a balcony, nor in a ball-room; but in society he seems to have been as amiable as unassuming, and, with the greatest disadvantages of figure, his head and face were remarkably handsome, especially his eyes. He was adored by his friends—friends of the most opposite dispositions, ages, and talents—by the old and wayward Wycherley, by the cynical Swift, the rough Atterbury, the gentle Spence, the stern attorney-bishop Warburton, the virtuous Berkeley, and the 'cankered Bolingbroke.'[1] Bolingbroke wept over him like a child;[2] and Spence's description of his last moments is at least as edifying as the more ostentatious account of the deathbed of Addison. The soldier Peterborough and the poet Gay, the witty Congreve and the laughing Rowe, the eccentric Cromwell and the steady Bathurst, were all his intimates. The man who could conciliate so many men of the most opposite description, not one of whom but was a remarkable or a celebrated character, might well have pretended to all the

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act i. sc. 3.

2. "When I was telling his Lordship that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovery of his mind, was always saying something kindly either of his present or his absent friends; and that this was so surprising, that it seemed to me as if his humanity had outlasted his understanding, Lord B. said, 'It has so!' and then added, 'I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind!'—'I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love, than——' [sinking his head, and losing his voice in tears]."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 321.

attachment which a reasonable man would desire of an amiable woman.

"Pope, in fact, wherever he got it, appears to have understood the sex well. Bolingbroke, 'a judge of the subject,' says Warton,[1] thought his 'Epistle on the Characters of Women' his 'masterpiece.' And even with respect to the grosser passion, which takes occasionally the name of '*romantic*,' accordingly as the degree of sentiment elevates it above the definition of love by Buffon,[2] it may be remarked, that it does not always depend upon personal appearance, even in a woman. Madame Cottin was a plain woman, and might have been virtuous, it may be presumed, without much interruption. Virtuous she was, and the consequences of this inveterate virtue were that two different admirers (one an elderly gentleman) killed themselves in despair (see Lady Morgan's 'France'[3]). I would not, however, recommend this rigour to plain women in general, in the hope of securing the glory of two suicides apiece. I believe that there are few men who, in the course of their observations on life, may not have perceived that it is not the greatest female beauty who forms the longest and the strongest passions.

"But, apropos of Pope.—Voltaire tells us that the Marechal Luxembourg[4] (who had precisely Pope's figure) was not only

1. *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, section x. vol. ii. p. 198.

2. "Amour! désir inné! âme de la Nature! principe inépuisable d'existence! puissance souveraine qui peut tout, et contre laquelle rien ne peut, par qui tout agit, tout respire, et tout se renouvelle! divine flamme! germe de perpétuité que l'Éternel a répandu dans tout avec le souffle de vie! précieux sentiment qui peux seul amollir les cœurs féroces et glacés, en les pénétrant d'une douce chaleur! cause première de toute bien, de toute société, qui réunis sans contrainte et par tes seuls attraits les natures sauvages et dispersées! source unique et féconde de tout plaisir, de toute volupté! amour! pourquoi fais-tu l'état heureux de tous les êtres et le malheur de l'homme! C'est qu'il n'y a que le physique de cette passion qui soit bon; c'est que, malgré ce que peuvent dire les gens épris, le moral n'en vaut rien. Qu'est-ce en effet que le moral de l'amour! la vanité!" etc., etc.—Buffon, *Histoire Naturelle*, tom. iv. pp. 80, 81, ed. 4° 1753 ("Discours sur la nature des animaux").

3. "Without beauty, almost without those graces which supply its place, Madame de Cottin inspired two ardent and fatal passions, which ceased only with the lives of her lovers. Her young kinsman, Monsieur D * * *, shot himself in her garden: his unsuccessful and sexagenary rival, Monsieur * * * *, poisoned himself, ashamed, it is said, of a passion equally hopeless and unbecoming his years." —Lady Morgan's *France*, bk. viii. 4th ed., 1818, vol. ii. p. 270, *note*.

4. "Plongé dans les intrigues des femmes; toujours amoureux, et même souvent aimé, quoique contrefait et d'un visage peu agréable."—Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, chap. xvi.

somewhat too amatory for a great man, but fortunate in his attachments. La Valière,[1] the passion of Louis 14th, had an unsightly defect. The princess of Eboli, the mistress of Philip the second of Spain, and Maugiron, the minion of Henry the third of France, had each of them lost an eye; and the famous Latin epigram was written upon them, which has, I believe, been either translated or imitated by Goldsmith:—

"Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et potis est forma vincere uterque Deos;
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."[2]

"Wilkes, with his ugliness, used to say that 'he was but a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England;' and this vaunt of his is said not to have been disproved by circumstances. Swift, when neither young, nor handsome, nor rich, nor even amiable, inspired the two most extraordinary passions upon record, Vanessa's and Stella's.

"'Vanessa, aged scarce a score,
Sighs for a gown of *forty-four*.'[3]

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1. Louise-Françoise de la Vallière (1644–1710), whom Madame de Sévigné contrasted with her bolder rival, Madame de Montespan, as "cette petite violette qui se cachait sous l'herbe et qui "était honteuse d'être maîtresse, d'être mère, d'être duchesse," limped slightly. She became a Carmelite nun in 1675, and died *la Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde* in 1710.

2. The epigram is quoted by Voltaire, in "Notes du Chant Premier de la *Henriade*" (*Œuvres*, ed. 1784, tom. x. p. 204). Speaking of Louis de Maugiron, Baron d'Ampus, he says, "On le comparait à la princesse d'Eboli, qui, étant borgne comme lui, était dans le même temps maîtresse de Philippe II., roi d'Espagne. On dit que ce fut pour cette princesse et pour Maugiron, qu'un Italien fit ces quatre beaux vers renouvelés depuis:

"'Lumine Acon dextro,' etc., etc."

Another version of the epigram on the princess, published by Forneron (*Histoire de Philippe II.*, tom. iii. p. 55), entreats a pretty boy, who had lost one eye, to give the other to the lady—

"Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede puellæ,
Sic tu cœcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

Goldsmith's epigram, "On a Beautiful Youth struck Blind with Lightning," professes to be an imitation—

"Sure 'twas by Providence design'd
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate."
Works, vol. i. p. 8, ed. 1837.

3. Swift's "Cadenus and Vanessa," lines 524, 525.

"He requited them bitterly; for he seems to have broken the heart of the one, and worn out that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of servants.

"For my own part, I am of the opinion of Pausanias, that success in love depends upon Fortune.[1] 'They particularly reverence Celestial Venus, into whose temple, etc., etc., etc. I remember, too, to have seen a building in Ægina in which there is a statue of Fortune, holding a horn of Amalthea; and near her there is a winged Love. The meaning of this is that the success of men in love affairs depends more on the assistance of Fortune than the charms of beauty. I am persuaded, too, with Pindar (to whose opinion I subscribe in other particulars), that Fortune is one of the Fates, and that in a certain respect she is more powerful than her sisters.'—See Pausanias, Achaics, book 7th, chap. 26th, page 246. 'Taylor's Translation.'

"Grimm has a remark of the same kind on the different destinies of the younger Crebillon and Rousseau. The former writes a licentious novel, and a young English girl of some fortune and family (a Miss Strafford) runs away, and crosses the sea to marry him; while Rousseau, the most tender and passionate of lovers, is obliged to espouse his chambermaid. If I recollect rightly, this remark was also repeated in the Edinburgh Review of Grimm's Correspondence, seven or eight years ago.[2]

"In regard 'to the strange mixture of indecent, and sometimes *profane* levity, which his conduct and language *often* exhibited,' and which so much shocks Mr. Bowles, I object to the indefinite word '*often*;' and in the extenuation of the occasional occurrence of such language, it is to be recollected that it was less the tone of *Pope* than the tone of the *time*. With the exception of the correspondence of Pope and his friends, not many private letters of the period have come down to us; but those, such as they are—a few scattered scraps from Farquhar and others—are more indecent and coarse than anything in Pope's letters. The comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Cibber, etc., which naturally attempted to represent the manners and conversation of private life, are decisive upon this point; as are also some of Steele's papers, and even Addison's. We all know what the conversation of Sir R. Walpole, for seventeen years the prime minister of the country, was at his own table, and his excuse for his licentious language, viz. 'that everybody understood *that*, but few could talk rationally upon less common topics.'[3] The refinement of latter

1. Pausanias, *Achaica*, VII. xxvi. (see Frazer's translation, vol. i. pp. 369, 370).

2. "L'auteur d'un conte libertin inspire une belle passion à une grande dame qui veut bien franchir les mers pour venir le chercher; et l'amant de *la Nouvelle Héloïse*, de tous les amans le plus passionné, le plus fidèle, est réduit à épouser sa servante" (Grimm, *Correspondance Littéraire*, part ii. tom. i. 449; see also *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxi. p. 285, July, 1813).

3. "It was for this reason, Sir Robert Walpole said, he always

days,—which is perhaps the consequence of vice, which wishes to mask and soften itself, as much as of virtuous civilisation—had not yet made sufficient progress. Even Johnson, in his 'London,' has two or three passages which cannot be read aloud, and Addison's 'Drummer' some indelicate allusions.

"The expression of Mr. B., 'his consciousness of physical defect,' is not very clear. It may mean deformity, or debility. If it alludes to Pope's deformity, it has been attempted to be shown that this was no insuperable objection to his being beloved. If it alludes to debility, as a consequence of Pope's peculiar conformation, I believe that it is a physical and known fact that hump-backed persons are of strong and vigorous passions. Several years ago, at Mr. Angelo's fencing rooms, when I was a boy and pupil of him and of Mr. Jackson, who had the use of his rooms in Albany on the alternate days, I recollect a gentleman named B—ll—gh—m, remarkable for his strength, and the fineness of his figure. His skill was not inferior, for he could stand up to the great Captain Barclay[1] himself, with the muffles on;—a task neither easy nor agreeable to a pugilistic aspirant. As the bye-standers were one day admiring his athletic proportions, he remarked to us, that he had five brothers as tall and strong as himself, and that their *father and mother were both crooked, and of very small stature*;—I think he said, neither of them five feet high. It would not be difficult to adduce similar instances; but I abstain, because the subject is hardly refined enough for this immaculate period, this moral millenium of expurgated editions in books, manners, and royal trials of divorce.

"This laudable delicacy—this crying-out elegance of the day—reminds me of a little circumstance which occurred when I was about eighteen years of age. There was then (and there may be still) a famous French 'entremetteuse,' who assisted young gentlemen in their youthful pastimes. We had been acquainted for some time, when something occurred in her line of business more than ordinary, and the refusal was offered to me (and doubtless to many others), probably because I was in cash at the moment, having taken up a decent sum from the Jews, and not having spent much above half of it. The adventure on the tapis, it seems, required some caution and circumspection. Whether my venerable friend doubted my politeness I cannot tell; but she sent me a letter couched in such English as a short residence of sixteen years in England had enabled her to acquire. After several precepts and instructions, the letter closed. But there was a postscript. It contained these words:—'Remember, Milor, that *delicaci ensure everi succès*.' The *delicacy* of the day is exactly, in all its circumstances, like that of this respectable foreigner. 'It ensures every *succès*,' and is not a whit more moral than, and not half so honourable as, the coarser candour of our less polished ancestors.

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talked bawdy at his table, because in that all could join."—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. iii. p. 57.

1. Robert Barclay Allardyce (1779–1854).

"To return to Mr. B. 'If what is here extracted can excite in the mind (I will not say of any "layman," of any "Christian," but) of any *human being*,' etc., etc. Is not Mr. Gilchrist a 'human being?' Mr. B. asks 'whether in *attributing* an article,' etc., etc., 'to the Critic, he had *any reason* for distinguishing him with that courtesy,' etc., etc., etc. But Mr. B. was wrong in 'attributing the article' to Mr. Gilchrist at all; and would not have been right in calling him a dunce and a grocer, if he had written it.

"Mr. B. is here 'peremptorily called upon to speak of a circumstance which gives him the greatest pain,—the mention of a letter he received from the editor of *The London Magazine*.' Mr. B. seems to have embroiled himself on all sides; whether by editing, or replying, or attributing, or quoting,—it has been an awkward affair for him.

"Poor Scott is now no more.[1] In the exercise of his vocation, he contrived at last to make himself the subject of a coroner's inquest. But he died like a brave man, and he lived an able one. I knew him personally, though slightly. Although several years my senior, we had been schoolfellows together at the 'grammar-schule' (or, as the Aberdonians pronounce it, '*squeel*') of New Aberdeen. He did not behave to me quite handsomely in his capacity of editor a few years ago, but he was under no obligation to behave otherwise. The moment was too tempting for many friends and for all enemies. At a time when all my relations (save one) fell from me like leaves from the tree in autumn winds, and my few friends became still fewer,—when the whole periodical press (I mean the daily and weekly, *not* the *literary* press) was let loose against me in every shape of reproach, with the two strange exceptions (from their usual opposition) of *The Courier* and *The Examiner*,—the paper of which Scott had the direction was neither the last nor the least vituperative. Two years ago I met him at Venice, when he was bowed in grief by the loss of his son, and had known, by experience, the bitterness of a domestic privation. He was then earnest with me to return to England; and on my telling him, with a smile, that he was once of a different opinion, he replied to me, 'that he and others had been greatly misled; and that some pains, and rather extraordinary means, had been taken to excite them.' Scott is no more, but there are more than one living who were present at this dialogue. He was a man of very considerable talents, and of great acquirements. He had made his way, as a literary character, with high success, and in a few years. Poor fellow! I recollect his joy at some appointment which he had obtained, or was to obtain, through Sir Jas. Mackintosh, and which prevented the further extension (unless by a rapid run to Rome) of his travels in Italy. I little thought to what it would conduct him. Peace be with him!—and may all such other faults as are inevitable to humanity be as readily forgiven him, as the little injury which he had done to one who respected his talents, and regrets his loss.

1. See p. 266, *note* 1.

"I pass over Mr. B.'s page of explanation, upon the correspondence between him and Mr. S——. It is of little importance in regard to Pope, and contains merely a re-contradiction of a contradiction of Mr. Gilchrist's. We now come to a point where Mr. Gilchrist has, certainly, rather exaggerated matters; and, of course, Mr. Bowles makes the most of it. Capital letters, like Kean's name, 'large upon the bills,' are made use of six or seven times to express his sense of the outrage. The charge is, indeed, very boldly made; but, like 'Ranald of the Mist's' practical joke of putting the bread and cheese into a dead man's mouth, is, as 'Dugald Dalgetty' says, 'somewhat too wild and sa*v*age, besides wasting the good victuals.'[1]

"Mr. G. charges Mr. B. with 'suggesting' that Pope 'attempted' to commit 'a rape' upon Lady M. Wortley Montague. There are two reasons why this could not be true. The first is, that like the chaste Letitia's prevention of the intended ravishment by 'Fireblood' (in *Jonathan Wild*[2]), it might have been impeded by a timely compliance. The second is, that however this might be, Pope was probably the less robust of the two; and (if the Lines on Sappho were really intended for this lady) the asserted consequences of her acquiescence in his wishes would have been a sufficient punishment. The passage which Mr. B. quotes, however, insinuates nothing of the kind; it merely charges her with encouragement, and him with wishing to profit by it,—a slight attempt at seduction, and no more. The phrase is, 'a step beyond decorum.' Any physical violence is so abhorrent to human nature, that it recoils in cold blood from the very idea. But, the seduction of a woman's mind as well as person is not, perhaps, the least heinous sin of the two in morality. Dr. Johnson commends a gentleman who having seduced a girl who said, 'I am afraid we have done wrong,' replied, 'Yes, we *have* done wrong,'—'for I would not *pervert* her mind also.'[3] Othello would not 'kill Desdemona's *soul*.'[4] Mr. B. exculpates himself from Mr. G.'s charge; but it is by substituting another charge against Pope. 'A step beyond decorum' has a soft sound, but what does it express? In all these cases, 'ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.' Has not the Scripture something upon 'the lusting after a woman' being no less criminal than the crime? 'A step beyond decorum,' in short, any step beyond the instep, is a step from a precipice to the lady who permits it. For the gentleman who makes it it is also rather hazardous if he don't succeed, and still more so if he does.

1. *Legend of Montrose*, chap. xiii.
2. Bk. 3, chap. vii.
3. "Dr. Johnson related, with very earnest approbation, a story of a gentleman, who, in an impulse of passion, overcame the virtue of a young woman. When she said to him, 'I am afraid we have done wrong!' he answered, 'Yes, we have done wrong:—for I would not debauch her mind.'"—Boswell's *Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. iv. p. 398, *note*.
4. *Othello*, act v. sc. 2.

"Mr. B. appeals to the 'Christian reader!' upon this '*Gilchristian* criticism.' Is not this play upon such words 'a step beyond decorum' in a clergyman? But I admit the temptation of a pun to be irresistible.

"But 'a hasty pamphlet was published, in which some personalities respecting Mr. Gilchrist were suffered to appear.' If Mr. B. will write 'hasty pamphlets,' why is he so surprised on receiving short answers? The grand grievance to which he perpetually returns is a charge of '*hypochondriacism*,' asserted or insinuated in the Quarterly. I cannot conceive a man in perfect health being much affected by such a charge, because his complexion and conduct must amply refute it. But were it true, to what does it amount?—to an impeachment of a liver complaint. 'I will tell it to the world,' exclaimed the learned Smelfungus.—'You had better,' said I, 'tell it to your physician.'[1] There is nothing dishonourable in such a disorder, which is more peculiarly the malady of students. It has been the complaint of the good, and the wise, and the witty, and even of the gay. Regnard, the author of the last French comedy after Molière, was atrabilarious; and Molière himself, saturnine. Dr. Johnson, Gray, and Burns, were all more or less affected by it occasionally. It was the prelude to the more awful malady of Collins, Cowper, Swift, and Smart; but it by no means follows that a partial affliction of this disorder is to terminate like theirs. But even were it so,—

> "'Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee;
> Folly—Folly's only free.'—PENROSE.[2]

If this be the criterion of exemption, Mr. B.'s last two pamphlets form a better certificate of sanity than a physician's. Mendehlson (*sic*) and Bayle were at times so overcome with this depression, as to be obliged to recur to seeing 'puppet-shows, and counting tiles upon the opposite houses,' to divert themselves. Dr. Johnson at times 'would have given a limb to recover his spirits.'[3] Mr. B., who is (strange to say) fond of quoting Pope, may perhaps answer,—

> "'Go on, obliging creatures, let me see
> All which disgraced my betters met in me.'[4]

But the charge, such as it is, neither disgraces them nor him. It is easily disproved if false; and even if proved true, has nothing in it to make a man so very indignant. Mr. B. himself appears to be a little ashamed of his 'hasty pamphlet;' for he attempts to excuse it by the 'great provocation;' that is to say, by Mr. B.'s supposing that Mr. G. was the writer of the article in the Quarterly, which he was *not*.

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1. *Sentimental Journey:* "In the Street: Calais."
2. Byron quotes from the second stanza of "Madness" in *Poems*, by the Rev. Thomas Penrose (8vo, London, 1781).
3. "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits" (Boswell's *Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. i. p. 483).
4. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 119, 120.

"'But, in extenuation, not only the *great* provocation should be remembered, but it ought to be said, that orders were sent to the London booksellers, that the most direct personal passages should be *omitted entirely*,' etc. This is what the proverb calls 'breaking a head and giving a plaister;' but, in this instance, the plaister was not spread in time, and Mr. Gilchrist does not seem at present disposed to regard Mr. Bowles's courtesies like the rust of the spear of Achilles, which had such 'skill in surgery.'[1]

"But 'Mr. Gilchrist has *no right* to object, as the *reader* will see.' I am a reader, a 'gentle reader,' and I see nothing of the kind. Were I in Mr. Gilchrist's place, I should object exceedingly to being abused; firstly, for what I *did* write, and, secondly, for what I did *not* write; merely because it is Mr. B.'s will and pleasure to be as angry with me for having written in the L[ondon Magazine], as for not having written in the Qterly. Rev.

"'Mr. G. has had *ample* revenge; for he has, in his answer, said so and so,' etc., etc. There is no great revenge in all this; and I presume that nobody either seeks or wishes it. *What* revenge? Mr. B. calls names, and he is answered. But Mr. G. and the Quarterly Reviewer are not poets, nor pretenders to poetry; therefore they can have no envy nor malice against Mr. B.: they have no acquaintance with Mr. B., and can have no personal pique; they do not cross his path of life, nor he theirs. There is no political feud between them. What, then, can be the motive of their discussion of his deserts as an editor?—veneration for the genius of *Pope*, love for his memory, and regard for the classic glory of their country. Why would Mr. Bowles edite? Had he limited his honest endeavours to poetry, very little would have been said upon the subject, and nothing at all by his present antagonists.

"Mr. B. calls the pamphlet a 'mud-cart,' and the writer a 'scavenger.' Afterward he asks, 'Shall he fling dirt and receive *rose-water*?' This metaphor, by the way, is taken from Marmontel's Memoirs; who, lamenting to Chamfort the shedding of blood during the French revolution, was answered, 'Do you think that revolutions are to be made with *rose-water*?'[2]

"For my own part, I presume that 'rose-water' would be infinitely more graceful in the hands of Mr. B. than the substance which he has substituted for that delicate liquid. It would also more confound his adversary, supposing him a 'scavenger.' I remember, (and do you remember, reader, that it was in my earliest youth, 'Consule Planco,')—on the morning of the great battle, (the second)—between Gulley and Gregson,[3]—*Cribb*, who was matched

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act v. sc. 1.

2. "Mais, ajouta-t-il, je vois que mes espérances vous attristent: vous ne voulez pas d'une liberté qui coûtera beaucoup d'or et de sang. Voulez-vous qu'on vous fasse des révolutions à l'eau rose?"—Marmontel, *Mémoires d'un Père, etc.*, *Œuvres complètes*, ed. 1818–19, livre xiv. tom. 4, p. 84.

3. John Gully, Champion of England 1805–1808, beat Bob Gregson twice, October 14, 1807, and May 10, 1808. On the

against Horton for the second fight, on the same memorable day, awaking me (a lodger at the inn in the next room) by a loud remonstrance to the waiter against the abomination of his towels, which had been laid in *lavender*. Cribb was a coal-heaver—and was much more discomfited by this odoriferous effeminacy of fine linen, than by his adversary Horton, whom he 'finished in style,' though with some reluctance; for I recollect that he said, 'he disliked hurting him, he looked so pretty,'—Horton being a very fine fresh-coloured young man.

"To return to 'rose-water'—that is, to gentle means of rebuke. Does Mr. B. know how to revenge himself upon a hackney-coachman, when he has overcharged his fare? In case he should not, I will tell him. It is of little use to call him 'a rascal, a scoundrel, a thief, an impostor, a blackguard, a villain, a ragamuffin, a—what you please;' all *that* he is used to—it is his mother-tongue, and probably his mother's. But look him steadily and quietly in the face, and say—'Upon my word, I think you are the *ugliest fellow* I ever saw in my life,' and he will instantly roll forth the brazen thunders of the charioteer Salmoneus as follows:—'*Hugly!* what the H—ll are *you?* *You* a *gentleman!* Why——!' So much easier it is to *provoke*—and therefore to vindicate—(for Passion punishes him who *feels* it more than those whom the passionate would excruciate)—by a few quiet words the aggressor, than by retorting violently. The 'coals of fire' of the Scripture are *benefits;*—but they are not the less 'coals of *fire*.'

"I pass over a page of quotation and reprobation—'Sin up to my song'—'Oh let my little bark'—'Arcades ambo'—'Writer in the Quarterly Review and himself'—'In-door avocations, indeed'—'Kings of Brentford'—'One nosegay'—'Perennial nosegay'—'Oh Juvenes,'—and the like.

"Page 12. produces 'more reasons,'—(the task ought not to have been difficult, for as yet there were none)—'to show why Mr. B. attributed the critique in the Quarterly to Octavius Gilchrist.' All these 'reasons' consist of *surmises* of Mr. B., upon the presumed character of his opponent. 'He did not suppose there could exist a man in the kingdom so *impudent*, etc., etc., except Octavius G.'—'He did not think there was a man in the kingdom who would *pretend ignorance*, etc., etc., except Octavius G.'—'He did not conceive that one man in the kingdom would utter such *stupid* flippancy, etc., etc., except—Octavius G.'—'He did not think there was one man in the kingdom who, etc., etc., could so utterly show his ignorance, *combined with conceit*, etc., as Octavius G.'—'He did not believe there was a man in the kingdom so perfect in Mr. G.'s "old lunes,"' etc., etc.—'He did not think the *mean mind* of any one in the kingdom,' etc., and so on; always beginning with 'any one in the kingdom,' and ending with 'Octavius Gilchrist,' like the word in a catch. I am not 'in the kingdom,' and have not

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second occasion the great fight, which took place in Sir John Sebright's park in Hertfordshire, was preceded by a match between Horton and Cribb. The latter won easily.

been much in the kingdom since I was one and twenty, (about five years in the whole, since I was of age,) and have no desire to be in the kingdom again, whilst I breathe, nor to sleep there afterwards; and I regret nothing more than having ever been 'in the kingdom' at all. But though no longer a man 'in the kingdom,' let me hope that when I have ceased to exist, it may be said, as was answered by the master of Clanronald's henchman, the day after the battle of Sheriff-Muir, when he was found watching his chief's body. He was asked, 'who that was?' he replied—'it was a Man yesterday.' And in this capacity, 'in' or out of 'the kingdom,' I must own that I participate in many of the objections urged by Mr. Gilchrist. I participate in his love of Pope, and in his not always understanding, and occasionally finding fault with, the last editor of our last truly great poet.

"One of the reproaches against Mr. G. is, that he is (it is sneeringly said) an F. S. *A*. If it will give Mr. B. any pleasure, I am not an F. S. A., but a Fellow of the Royal Society at his service,[1] in case there should be any thing in that association also which may point a paragraph.

"'There are some other reasons,' but 'the author is now *not* unknown.' Mr. Bowles has so totally exhausted himself upon Octavius G., that he has not a word left for the real Quarterer of his edition, although now 'deterré.'

"The following page refers to a mysterious charge of 'duplicity, in regard to the publication of Pope's letters.' Till this charge is made in proper form, we have nothing to do with it: Mr. G. hints it—Mr. Bowles denies it; there it rests for the present. Mr. B. professes his dislike to 'Pope's *duplicity*, *not* to *Pope*'—a distinction apparently without a difference. However, I believe that I understand him. We have a great dislike to Mr. B.'s edition of Pope, but *not* to Mr. Bowles; nevertheless, he takes up the subject as warmly as if it was personal. With regard to the fact of '*Pope's* duplicity,' it remains to be proved—like Mr. B.'s benevolence towards his memory.

"In page 14. we have a large assertion, that 'the "Eloisa" alone is sufficient to convict him of *gross licentiousness*.' Thus, out it comes at last. Mr. B. *does* accuse Pope of '*gross* licentiousness,' and grounds the charge upon a poem. The *licentiousness* is a 'grand peut-être,' according to the turn of the times being. The grossness I deny. On the contrary, I do believe that such a subject never was, nor ever could be, treated by any poet with so much delicacy, mingled, at the same time, with such true and intense passion. Is the 'Atys' of Catullus *licentious*? No, nor even gross; and yet Catullus is often a coarse writer. The subject is nearly the same, except that Atys was the suicide of his manhood, and Abelard the victim.

"The 'licentiousness' of the story was *not* Pope's—it was a fact. All that it had of gross, he has softened;—all that it had of indelicate,

1. Byron was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, January 11, 1816.

he has purified—all that it had of passionate, he has beautified; —all that it had of holy, he has hallowed. Mr. Campbell has admirably marked this in a few words (I quote from memory), in drawing the distinction between Pope and Dryden, and pointing out where Dryden was wanting. 'I fear,' says he, 'that had the subject of "Eloisa" fallen into his (Dryden's) hands, that he would have given us but a *coarse* draft of her passion.' Never was the delicacy of Pope so much shown as in this poem. With the facts and the letters of 'Eloisa' he has done what no other mind but that of the best and purest of poets could have accomplished with such materials. Ovid, Sappho (in the Ode called hers)—all that we have of ancient, all that we have of modern poetry, sinks into nothing compared with him in this production.

"Let us hear no more of this trash about 'licentiousness.' Is not 'Anacreon' taught in our schools?—translated, praised, and edited? Are not his Odes the amatory praises of a boy? Is not Sappho's Ode on a girl? Is not this sublime and (according to Longinus [1]) fierce love for one of her own sex? And is not Phillips' translation of it in the mouths of all your women? And are the English schools or the English women the more corrupt for all this? When you have thrown the ancients into the fire it will be time to denounce the moderns. 'Licentiousness!'—there is more real mischief and sapping licentiousness in a single French prose novel, in a Moravian hymn, or a German comedy, than in all the actual poetry that ever was penned or poured forth, since the rhapsodies of Orpheus. The sentimental anatomy of Rousseau and Mad^e de S. are far more formidable than any quantity of verse. They are so, because they sap the principles, by *reasoning* upon the *passions*; whereas poetry is in itself passion, and does not systematize. It assails, but does not argue; it may be wrong, but it does not assume pretensions to Optimism.

"Mr. B. now has the goodness 'to point out the difference between a *traducer* and him who sincerely states what he sincerely believes.' He might have spared himself the trouble. The one is a liar, who lies knowingly; the other (I speak of a scandal-monger of course) lies, charitably believing that he speaks truth, and very sorry to find himself in falsehood;—because he

> "'Would rather that the dean should die,
> Than his prediction prove a lie.'[2]

"After a definition of a 'traducer,' which was quite superfluous (though it is agreeable to learn that Mr. B. so well understands the character), we are assured, that 'he feels equally indifferent, Mr. Gilchrist, for what your malice can invent, or your impudence utter.' This is indubitable; for it rests not only on Mr. B.'s

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1. *De Sublimitate*, sect. x.

2. "He'd rather chuse that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie."
Swift, "Lines on his own Death," lines 131, 132.

assurance, but on that of Sir Fretful Plagiary, and nearly in the same words,—'and I shall treat it with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophical contempt, and so your servant.'[1]

"'One thing has given Mr. Bowles concern.' It is 'a passage which might seem to reflect on the patronage a young man has received.' MIGHT seem!! The passage alluded to expresses, that if Mr. G. be the reviewer of 'a certain poet of nature,' his praise and blame are equally 'contemptible.'—Mr. B., who has a peculiarly ambiguous style, where it suits him, comes off with a '*not* to the *poet*, but the *critic*,' etc. In my humble opinion, the passage referred to both. Had Mr. B. really meant fairly, he would have said so from the first—he would have been eagerly transparent.—'A certain poet of nature' is not the style of commendation. It is the very prologue to the most scandalous paragraphs of the newspapers, when

"'Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.'[2]

'A certain high personage,'—'a certain peeress,'—'a certain illustrious foreigner,'—what do these words ever precede, but defamation? Had he felt a spark of kindling kindness for John Clare,[3] he would have named him. There is a sneer in the sentence as it stands. How a favourable review of a deserving poet can 'rather injure than promote his cause' is difficult to comprehend. The article denounced is able and amiable, and it *has* 'served' the poet, as far as poetry can be served by judicious and honest criticism.

"With the two next paragraphs of Mr. B.'s pamphlet it is pleasing to concur. His mention of 'Pennie,'[4] and his former patronage of 'Shoel,'[5] do him honour. I am not of those who may deny Mr. B. to be a benevolent man. I merely assert, that he is not a candid editor.

"Mr. B. has been 'a writer occasionally upwards of thirty years,' and never wrote one word in reply in his life 'to criticisms, merely *as* criticisms.' This is Mr. Lofty in Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man;* 'and I vow by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm,—that is, *as mere men*.'[6]

"'The letter to the editor of the newspaper' is owned; but 'it was not on account of the criticism. It was because the criticism came down in a frank *directed to Mrs. Bowles!!!*'—(the italics and three notes of admiration appended to Mrs. Bowles are copied verbatim from the quotation), and Mr. Bowles was not displeased

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1. *The Critic*, act i. sc. 1.
2. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 203.
3. Gilchrist had reviewed John Clare's *Poems* in the *Quarterly Review* for May, 1820.
4. For John Fitzgerald Pennie ("Sylvaticus"), see Bowles's remarks in *The Pamphleteer*, vol. xvii. p. 383.
5. Thomas Shoel published *Mileshill* 1803, and *Poems* 1821.
6. Act ii.

with the criticism, but with the frank and the address. I agree with Mr. B. that the intention was to annoy him; but I fear that this was answered by his notice of the reception of the criticism. An anonymous letter-writer has but one means of knowing the effect of his attack. In this he has the superiority over the viper; he knows that his poison has taken effect, when he hears the victim cry;—the adder is *deaf*. The best reply to an anonymous intimation is to take no notice directly nor indirectly. I wish Mr. B. could see only one or two of the thousand which I have received in the course of a literary life, which, though begun early, has not yet extended to a third part of his existence as an author. I speak of *literary* life only. Were I to add *personal*, I might double the amount of *anonymous* letters. If he could but see the violence, the threats, the absurdity of the whole thing, he would laugh, and so should I, and thus be both gainers.

"To keep up the farce,—within the last month of this present writing (1821), I have had my life threatened in the same way which menaced Mr. B.'s fame,—excepting that the anonymous denunciation was addressed to the Cardinal Legate of R., instead of to Mrs. Bowles. The Cardinal is, I believe, the elder lady of the two. I append the menace in all its barbaric but literal Italian, that Mr. B. may be convinced; and as this is the only 'promise to pay,' which the Italians ever keep, so my person has been at least as much exposed to a 'shot in the gloaming,' from 'John Heatherblutter' (see *Waverley*[1]), as ever Mr. B.'s glory was from an editor. I am, nevertheless, on horseback and lonely for some hours (*one* of them twilight) in the forest daily; and this, because it was my 'custom in the afternoon,'[2] and that I believe if the tyrant cannot escape amidst his guards (should it be so written?), so the humbler individual would find precautions useless.

"Mr. B. has here the humility to say, that 'he must succumb; for with Ld. B. turned against him, he has no chance,'—a declaration of self-denial not much in unison with his 'promise,' five lines afterwards, that 'for every 24 lines quoted by Mr. G., or his friend, to greet him with as many from his unpublished poem of the "Gilchrisiad";' but so much the better. Mr. B. has no reason to 'succumb' but to Mr. Bowles. As a poet, the author of *The Missionary* may compete with the foremost of his cotemporaries. Let it be recollected that all my previous opinions of Mr. Bowles's poetry were *written* long before the publication of his last and best poem; and that a poet's *last* poem should be his best, is his highest praise. But, however, he may duly and honourably rank with his living rivals. There never was so complete a proof of the superiority of Pope, as in the lines with which Mr. B. closes his '*to be concluded in our next.*'

"Mr. Bowles is avowedly the champion and the poet of nature. Art and the arts are dragged some before, and others behind his chariot. Pope, where he deals with passion, and with the nature

1. Chap. lxiv.
2. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

of the naturals of the day, is allowed even by themselves to be sublime; but they complain that too soon—

"'He stooped to truth and moralized his song,'[1]

and *there* even *they* allow him to be unrivalled. He has succeeded, and even surpassed them, when he chose, in their own *pretended* province. Let us see what their Coryphœus effects in Pope's. But it is too pitiable, it is too melancholy, to see Mr. B. '*sinning*' not '*up*' but '*down*' as a poet to his lowest depth as an editor. By the way, Mr. B. is always quoting *Pope*. I grant that there is no poet—not Shakspeare himself—who can be so often quoted, with reference to life;—but his editor is so like the Devil quoting Scripture, that I could wish Mr. B. in his proper place, quoting in the pulpit.

"And now for his lines. But it is painful—painful—to see such a suicide, though at the shrine of Pope. I can't copy them all:—

"'Shall the rank, loathsome miscreant of the age,
Sit, like a nightmare, grinning o'er a page.'

"'Whose pye-bald character so aptly suit
The two extremes of Bantam and of Brute,
Compound grotesque of sullenness and show,
The chattering magpie, and the croaking crow.'

"'Whose heart contends with thy Saturnian head,
A root of hemlock, and a lump of lead.

'Gilchrist, proceed,' etc., etc.

"'And thus stand forth, spite of thy venomed foam,
To give thee *bite for bite*, or lash thee limping home.'

With regard to the last line, the only one upon which I shall venture for fear of infection, I would advise Mr. Gilchrist to keep out of the way of such reciprocal morsure—unless he has more faith in the 'Ormskirk medicine'[2] than most people, or may wish to anticipate the pension of the recent German professor, (I forget his name, but it is advertised and full of consonants,) who presented his memoir of an infallible remedy for the hydrophobia to the German Diet last month, coupled with the philanthropic condition of a large annuity, provided that his cure cured. Let him begin with the editor of Pope, and double his demand.

"Yours ever,
"BYRON.

"*To John Murray, Esq.*

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1. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 341.
2. A cure for Hydrophobia, invented by Mr. Hill of Ormskirk.

"P.S.—Amongst the above-mentioned lines there occurs the following, *applied* to *Pope*—

"'The assassin's vengeance, and the coward's lie.'

And Mr. B. persists that he is a well-wisher to Pope!!! He has, then, edited an 'assassin' and a 'coward' wittingly, as well as lovingly. In my former letter I have remarked upon the editor's forgetfulness of Pope's benevolence. But where he mentions his faults it is 'with sorrow'—his tears drop, but they do not blot them out. The 'recording angel' differs from the recording clergyman. A fulsome editor is pardonable though tiresome, like a panegyrical son whose pious sincerity would demi-deify his father. But a detracting editor is a parricide. He sins against the nature of his office, and connection—he murders the life to come of his victim. If his author is not worthy to be remembered, do not edite at all: if he be, edite honestly, and even flatteringly. The reader will forgive the weakness in favour of mortality, and correct your adulation with a smile. But to sit down 'mingere in patrios cineres,'[1] as Mr. B. has done, merits a reprobation so strong, that I am as incapable of expressing as of ceasing to feel it.

"*Further Addenda for insertion in the letter to J. M., Esq., on Bowles's Pope, etc.*

"It is worthy of remark that, after all this outcry about '*in-door* nature' and 'artificial images,' Pope was the principal inventor of that boast of the English, *Modern Gardening*. He divides this honour with Milton. Hear Warton:—'It hence appears that this *enchanting* art of modern gardening, in which this kingdom claims a preference over every nation in Europe, chiefly owes *its origin* and its improvements to two great poets, Milton and *Pope*.'[2]

"Walpole[3] (no friend to Pope) asserts that Pope formed *Kent's* taste, and that Kent was the artist to whom the English are chiefly indebted for diffusing 'a taste in laying out grounds.' The design of the Prince of Wales's garden was copied from *Pope's* at Twickenham. Warton applauds 'his singular effort of art and taste, in impressing so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres.'[4] Pope was the *first* who ridiculed the 'formal, French, Dutch, false and unnatural taste in gardening,' both in *prose* and verse. (See, for the former, *The Guardian*.[5])

"'Pope has given not only some of our *first* but *best* rules and observations on *Architecture* and *Gardening*.' (See Warton's Essay, vol. 2d 237, etc., etc.)

"Now, is it not a shame, after this, to hear our Lakers in

1. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 471.
2. *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, vol. ii. p. 243.
3. Walpole's *Essay on Modern Gardening*, ed. 1827, p. 268.
4. Warton's *Essay*, *ibid.*, p. 239.
5. No. 173.

'Kendal Green,' and our Bucolical Cockneys, crying out (the latter in a wilderness of bricks and mortar) about 'Nature' and Pope's 'artificial in-door habits?' Pope had seen all of nature that *England* alone can supply. He was bred in Windsor Forest, and amidst the beautiful scenery of Eton; he lived familiarly and frequently at the country seats of Bathurst, Cobham, Burlington, Peterborough, Digby, and Bolingbroke; amongst whose seats was to be numbered *Stow*. He made his own little 'five acres' a model to princes, and to the first of our artists who imitated nature. Warton thinks 'that the most engaging of *Kent*'s works was also planned on the model of Pope's—at least in the opening and retiring shades of Venus's Vale.'

"It is true that Pope was infirm and deformed; but he could walk, and he could ride (he rode to Oxford from London at a stretch), and he was famous for an exquisite eye. On a tree at Ld. Bathurst's is carved 'Here Pope sang,'—he composed beneath it. Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, represents them both writing in the hay-field. No poet ever admired Nature more, or used her better, than Pope has done, as I will undertake to prove from his works, *prose* and *verse*, if not anticipated in so easy and agreeable a labour. I remember a passage in Walpole, somewhere, of a gentleman who wished to give directions about some willows to a man who had long served Pope in his grounds: 'I understand, sir,' he replied, 'you would have them hang down, sir, *somewhat poetical*.' Now, if nothing existed but this little anecdote, it would suffice to prove Pope's taste for *Nature*, and the impression which he had made on a common-minded man. But I have already quoted Warton and Walpole (*both* his enemies), and, were it necessary, I could amply quote Pope himself for such tributes to *Nature* as no poet of the present day has even approached.

"His various excellence is really wonderful: architecture, painting, *gardening*, all are alike subject to his genius. Be it remembered that English *gardening* is the purposed perfectioning of niggard *Nature*, and that without it England is but a hedge-and-ditch, double-post-and-rail, Hounslow Heath and Clapham Common sort of country, since the principal forests have been felled. It is, in general, far from a picturesque country. The case is different with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; and I except also the Lake Counties and Derbyshire, together with Eton, Windsor, and my own dear Harrow on the Hill, and some spots near the coast. In the present rank fertility of 'great poets of the age,' and 'schools of poetry'—a word which, like 'schools of eloquence' and of 'philosophy,' is never introduced till the decay of the art has increased with the number of its professors—in the present day, then, there have sprung up two sorts of Naturals;—the Lakers, who whine about Nature because they live in Cumberland; and their *under-sect* (which some one has maliciously called the 'Cockney School'), who are enthusiastical for the country because they live in London. It is to be observed, that the rustical founders are rather anxious to disclaim any connexion with their metropolitan followers, whom they ungraciously review, and call cockneys, atheists, foolish fellows, bad

writers, and other hard names not less ungrateful than unjust. I can understand the pretensions of the aquatic gentlemen of Windermere to what Mr. Braham terms '*entusymusy*,' for lakes, and mountains, and daffodils, and buttercups; but I should be glad to be apprised of the foundation of the London propensities of their imitative brethren to the same 'high argument.' Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge have rambled over half Europe, and seen Nature in most of her varieties (although I think that they have occasionally not used her very well); but what on earth—of earth, and sea, and Nature—have the others seen? Not a half, nor a tenth part so much as Pope. While they sneer at his Windsor Forest, have they ever seen any thing of Windsor except its *brick*?

"The most rural of these gentlemen is my friend Leigh Hunt, who lives at Hampstead. I believe that I need not disclaim any personal or poetical hostility against that gentleman. A more amiable man in society I know not; nor (when he will allow his sense to prevail over his sectarian principles) a better writer. When he was writing his *Rimini*, I was not the last to discover its beauties, long before it was published. Even then I remonstrated against its vulgarisms; which are the more extraordinary, because the author is any thing but a vulgar man. Mr. Hunt's answer was, that he wrote them upon principle; they made part of his *system*!'[1] I then said no more. When a man talks of his system, it is like a woman's talking of her *virtue*. I let them talk on. Whether there are writers who could have written *Rimini*, as it might have been written, I know not; but Mr. Hunt is, probably, the only poet who could have had the heart to spoil his own Capo d'Opera.

"With the rest of his young people I have no acquaintance, except through some things of theirs (which have been sent out without my desire), and I confess that till I had read them I was not aware of the full extent of human absurdity. Like Garrick's 'Ode to Shakspeare,'[2] *they* '*defy criticism*.' These are of the personages who decry Pope. One of them, a Mr. John Ketch, has written some lines against him, of which it were better to be the subject than the author.[3] Mr. Hunt redeems himself by occasional

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1. See *Letters*, vol. iii. Appendix V. p. 421.

2. "Ode upon dedicating a Building and erecting a Statue to Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon" (1769).

3. The following passage on Keats, sent to Murray by Byron for insertion, was suppressed on account of Keats's death :—

"Additions to the passages from Keats.

"Further on we have—

"'The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant Sonnet
Into the brain ere one can think upon it,
The Silence when some rhymes are coming out,
And when they're come the *very pleasant rout*;
The Message certain to be done to-morrow.
'Tis perhaps as well that it should be to borrow

beauties; but the rest of these poor creatures seem so far gone that I would not 'march through Coventry with them, that's flat!'[1] were I in Mr. Hunt's place. To be sure, he has 'led his ragamuffins where they will be well peppered;'[2] but a system-maker must receive all sorts of proselytes. When they have really seen

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Some precious book from out its snug retreat,
To cluster round it when we next shall meet.
Scarce can I scribble on,' etc., etc.

"Now what does this mean?

"Again—

"'And with these airs came forms of elegance
Stooping their shoulders o'er a *horse's prance.*'

"Where did these '*forms of elegance*' learn to ride—with '*stooping shoulders*'?

"Again—

"'Thus I remember all the pleasant flow
Of words at opening a Portfolio.'

"Again—

"'Yet I must not forget
Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet:
For what there may be worthy in these rhymes
I *partly owe* to *him*,' etc.

"This obligation is likely to be mutual. It may appear harsh to accumulate passages of this kind from the work of a young man in the outset of his career. But, if he will set out with assailing the Poet whom of all others a young aspirant ought to respect and honour and study—if he will hold forth in such lines his notions on poetry, and endeavour to recommend them by terming such men as Pope, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Congreve, Young, Gay, Goldsmith, Johnson, etc., etc., 'a *School of dolts*,' he must abide by the consequences of his unfortunate distortion of intellect. But like Milbourne he is 'the fairest of Critics,' by enabling us to compare his own compositions with those of Pope at the same age, and on a similar subject, viz. Poetry.

"As Mr. K. does not want imagination nor industry, let those who have led him astray look to what they have done. Surely they must feel no little remorse in having so perverted the taste and feelings of this young man, and will be satisfied with one such victim to their Moloch of Absurdity.

"Pope little expected that the 'Art of sinking in Poetry' would become an object of serious Study, and supersede not only his own but all that Horace, Vida, Boileau and Aristotle had left to Posterity, of precept, and the greatest poets in all nations, of example."

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act iv. sc. 2.
2. *Ibid.*, act v. sc. 3.

life—when they have felt it—when they have travelled beyond the far distant boundaries of the wilds of Middlesex—when they have overpassed the Alps of Highgate, and traced to its sources the Nile of the New River—then, and not till then, can it properly be permitted to them to despise Pope; who had, if not *in Wales*, been *near* it, when he described so beautifully the '*artificial*' works of the Benefactor of Nature and mankind, the 'Man of Ross;' whose picture, still suspended in the parlour of the inn, I have so often contemplated with reverence for his memory, and admiration of the poet, without whom even his own still existing good works could hardly have preserved his honest renown.

"I would also observe to my friend Hunt, that I shall be very glad to see him at *Ravenna*, not only for my sincere pleasure in his company, and the advantage which a thousand miles or so of travel might produce to a 'natural' poet, but also to point out one or two little things in 'Rimini,' which he probably would not have placed in his opening to that poem, if he had ever *seen Ravenna*;—unless, indeed, it made 'part of his system!!' I must also crave his indulgence for having spoken of his disciples—by no means an agreeable or self-sought subject. If they had said nothing of *Pope*, they might have remained 'alone with their glory,'[1] for aught I should have said or thought about them or their nonsense. But if they interfere with the 'little Nightingale'[2] of Twickenham, they may find others who will bear it—*I* won't. Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him, who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed to me to attain it), he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the Book of Life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom cloathed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'that of all the numbers of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a *great poet*, there may be a *thousand* born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in story.'[3] Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry: it is honourable to him, and to the art. Such a 'poet of a thousand years' was *Pope*. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature. But it can *want* them—he himself is a literature.

"One word upon his so brutally abused translation of Homer. 'Dr. Clarke, whose critical exactness is well known, has *not been* able to point out above three or four mistakes *in the sense* through the whole Iliad. The real faults of the translation are of a different kind.' So says Warton, himself a scholar. It appears by this,

1. "Burial of Sir John Moore."
2. "His voice, even in common discourse, was so naturally musical, that he was called *The Little Nightingale*" (Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, p. 476).
3. Sir W. Temple, *Of Poetry*, ed. 1770, vol. iii. p. 404.

then, that he avoided the chief fault of a translator. As to its other faults, they consist in his having made a beautiful English poem of a sublime Greek one. It will always hold. Cowper and all the rest of the blank pretenders may do their best and their worst: they will never wrench Pope from the hands of a single reader of sense and feeling.

"The grand distinction of the under forms of the new school of poets is their *vulgarity*. By this I do not mean that they are *coarse*, but 'shabby-genteel,' as it is termed. A man may be *coarse* and yet not *vulgar*, and the reverse. Burns is often coarse, but never *vulgar*. Chatterton is never vulgar, nor Wordsworth, nor the higher of the Lake school, though they treat of low life in all its branches. It is in their *finery* that the new under school are *most* vulgar, and they may be known by this at once; as what we called at Harrow 'a Sunday blood' might be easily distinguished from a gentleman, although his cloathes might be the better cut, and his boots the best blackened, of the two:—probably because he made the one, or cleaned the other, with his own hands.

"In the present case, I speak of writing, not of persons. Of the latter I know nothing; of the former, I judge as it is found. Of my friend Hunt, I have already said, that he is any thing but vulgar in his manners; and of his disciples, therefore, I will not judge of their manners from their verses. They may be honourable and *gentlemanly* men, for what I know; but the latter quality is studiously excluded from their publications. They remind me of Mr. Smith and the Miss Broughtons at the Hampstead Assembly, in *Evelina*. In these things (in private life, at least,) I pretend to some small experience; because, in the course of my youth, I have seen a little of all sorts of society, from the Christian prince and the Mussulman sultan and pacha, and the higher ranks of their countries, down to the London boxer, the '*flash and the swell*,' the Spanish muleteer, the wandering Turkish dervise, the Scotch highlander, and the Albanian robber;—to say nothing of the curious varieties of Italian social life. Far be it from me to presume that there ever was, or can be, such a thing as an *aristocracy* of *poets;* but there *is* a nobility of thought and of style, open to all stations, and derived partly from talent, and partly from education,—which is to be found in Shakespeare, and Pope, and Burns, no less than in Dante and Alfieri, but which is nowhere to be perceived in the mock birds and bards of Mr. Hunt's little chorus. If I were asked to define what this gentlemanliness is, I should say that it is only to be defined by *examples*—of those who have it, and those who have it not. In *life*, I should say that most *military* men have it, and few *naval;*—that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers;—that it is more frequent among authors than divines (when they are not pedants); that *fencing*-masters have more of it than dancing-masters, and singers than players; and that (if it be not an Irishism to say so) it is far more generally diffused among women than among men. In poetry, as well as writing in general, it will never *make* entirely a poet or a poem; but neither poet nor poem will ever be good for any thing without it. It is the *salt* of society, and the seasoning of

composition. *Vulgarity* is far worse than downright *blackguardism*; for the latter comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense at times; while the former is a sad abortive attempt at all things, 'signifying nothing.' It does not depend upon low themes, or even low language, for Fielding revels in both;—but is he ever *vulgar*? No. You see the man of education, the gentleman, and the scholar, sporting with his subject,—its master, not its slave. Your vulgar writer is always most vulgar the higher his subject, as the man who showed the menagerie at Pidcock's was wont to say,—'This, gentlemen, is the *eagle* of the *sun*, from Archangel, in Russia; the *otterer* it is the *igherer* he flies.' But to the proof. It is a thing to be felt more than explained. Let any man take up a volume of Mr. Hunt's subordinate writers, read (if possible) a couple of pages, and pronounce for himself, if they contain not the kind of writing which may be likened to 'shabby-genteel' in actual life. When he has done this, let him take up Pope; and when he has laid him down, take up the cockneys again—if he can."

APPENDIX IV.

THOMAS MULOCK'S LINES TO BYRON.

(See p. 131, *note* 3.)

"LORD BYRON.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE *MORNING POST*.

"SIR,—Whenever, to use an official phrase, 'a vacancy shall occur' in your crowded columns, I will thank you to give *a place* to the lines which I send you. It will be gathered from them, that I, who hold up Christianity somewhat higher than most of my cotemporaries, do not join in the clamour now raging against Lord BYRON, and the alleged impiety of his *acknowledged* works. I do not perceive a single blasphemy, in *Cain* for example, the ascription of which to the talking transgressors introduced in the so styled Mystery, is not perfectly justified by the authority of Holy Writ. Lord BYRON has given expression to *the exceeding sinfulness of sin;* and where he errs, the error consists in his attributing a softened sentiment of half-repentance to the first remorseless murderer.—Gen. iv. 9.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"T. M.

"LINES TO LORD BYRON

ON NOTICING NUMEROUS PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE WROUGHT INTO HIS UNRIVALLED POETRY.

"BY THOMAS MULOCK.

"Bard of the broken heart! whose sovereign skill
Hath swept the chords that waken inmost woe!
Thou tuneful tracer of the streams that flow
In fitful tides from Nature's fount of ill,
Making life leprous—thence such plagues distil!
Thou who hast known, what all would madly know,
Pleasure's fierce throb, and Fame's exulting glow—
The cheating joys which through our being thrill,
Till HE who tames the tempest, saith 'Be still.'

Thou annalist of agonies that find
Their haunt, and their historian in the mind
Recording its own wretchedness—which seeks
A respite from the restlessness that wreaks
Such vengeance on the sinner—for within
Thought's desecrated temple, all is sin!
Come, eloquent expounder of the pangs
Which, in their wild succession, fix their fangs
In thy bared breast, and ever-burning brain—
Disclose thyself, dark mourner, in a strain
Not all despairing.—Say, if light divine
Dawn on thy soul, and lighten to thy view
That holy page where endlessly shall shine
The Godhead's glory? If a ray of true
Intelligence, shall win thee to the mine
Of Gospel treasure—all that man e'er knew
Of bliss and wisdom, BYRON, will be thine!"

APPENDIX V.

BYRON'S ADDRESS TO THE NEAPOLITAN INSURGENTS.

(See p. 150, *note* 2.)

A DRAFT of the following Address, in Byron's own handwriting, was found among his papers. He is supposed to have entrusted it to a professed agent of the Constitutional Government of Naples, who had waited upon him secretly at Ravenna, and, under the pretence of having been waylaid and robbed, induced him to supply money for his return. The man turned out afterwards to have been a spy; and the Address, if confided to him, fell most probably into the hands of the Pontifical Government.

"Un Inglese amico della libertà avendo sentito che i Napolitani permettono anche agli stranieri di contribuire alla buona causa, bramerebbe l'onore di vedere accettata la sua offerta di mille luigi, la quale egli azzarda di fare. Già testimonio oculare non molto fa della tirannia dei Barbari negli stati da loro occupati nell' Italia, egli vede con tutto l'entusiasmo di un uomo ben nato la generosa determinazione dei Napolitani per confermare la loro bene acquistata indipendenza. Membro della Camera dei Pari della nazione Inglese egli sarebbe un traditore ai principii che hanno posto sul trono la famiglia regnante d'Inghilterra se non riconoscesse la bella lezione di bel nuovo data ai popoli ed ai Re. L' offerta che egli brama di presentare è poca in se stessa, come bisogna che sia sempre quella di un individuo ad una nazione, ma egli spera che non sarà l'ultima dalla parte dei suoi compatriotti. La sua lontananza dalle frontiere, e il sentimento della sua poca capacità personale di contribuire efficacimente a servire la nazione gl' impedisce di proporsi come degno della più piccola commissione che domanda dell' esperienza e del talento. Ma, se come semplice volontario la sua presenza non fosse un incomodo a quello che l'accetasse egli riparebbe a qualunque luogo indicato dal Governo Napolitano, per ubbidire agli ordini e participare ai pericoli del suo superiore, senza avere altri motivi che quello di dividere il destino di una brava nazione

resistendo alla se dicente Santa Allianza la quale aggiunge l'ippocrisia al despotismo."

The following is Moore's translation (*Life*, p. 468) :—

"An Englishman, a friend to liberty, having understood that the Neapolitans permit even foreigners to contribute to the good cause, is desirous that they should do him the honour of accepting a thousand louis, which he takes the liberty of offering. Having already, not long since, been an ocular witness of the despotism of the Barbarians in the States occupied by them in Italy, he sees, with the enthusiasm natural to a cultivated man, the generous determination of the Neapolitans to assert their well-won independence. As a member of the English House of Peers, he would be a traitor to the principles which placed the reigning family of England on the throne, if he were not grateful for the noble lesson so lately given both to people and to kings. The offer which he desires to make is small in itself, as must always be that presented from an individual to a nation; but he trusts that it will not be the last they will receive from his countrymen. His distance from the frontier, and the feeling of his personal incapacity to contribute efficaciously to the service of the nation, prevents him from proposing himself as worthy of the lowest commission, for which experience and talent might be requisite. But if, as a mere volunteer, his presence were not a burden to whomsoever he might serve under, he would repair to whatever place the Neapolitan Government might point out, there to obey the orders and participate in the dangers of his commanding officer, without any other motive than that of sharing the destiny of a brave nation, defending itself against the self-called Holy Alliance, which but combines the vice of hypocrisy with despotism."

APPENDIX VI.

BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

(See p. 153, *note* 3, and p. 154, *note* 2.)

ON the last line of stanza cxlvii. of Canto V. of *Don Juan*, Byron has the following note: "It may not be unworthy of "remark, that Bacon, in his essay on 'Empire,' hints that "*Solyman* was the *last* of his line; on what authority, I "know not. These are his words: 'The destruction of "Mustapha was so fatal to Solyman's line, as the succession "of the Turks from Solyman, until this day, is suspected to "be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Solyman the "Second was thought to be supposititious.' But Bacon, in "his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give "half-a-dozen instances from his apophthegms only," etc., etc. The instances are those which follow.

BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.	OBSERVATIONS.
91.	
"Michael Angelo, the famous painter, painting in the pope's chapel the portraiture of hell and damned souls, made one of the damned souls so like a cardinal that was his enemy, as everybody at first sight knew it; whereupon the cardinal complained to Pope Clement, humbly praying it might be defaced. The pope said to him, Why, you know very well I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.	"This was *not* the portrait of a cardinal, but of the pope's master of the ceremonies.

155.

"Alexander, after the battle of Granicum, had very great offers made him by Darius. Consulting with his captains concerning them, Parmenio said, Sure, I would accept of these offers, if I were as Alexander. Alexander answered, So would I, if I were as Parmenio.

"It was after the battle of Issus, and during the siege of Tyre, and *not* immediately after the passage of the Granicus, that this is said to have occurred.

158.

"Antigonus, when it was told him that the enemy had such volleys of arrows, that they did hide the sun, said, That falls out well, for it is hot weather, and so we shall fight in the shade.

"This was *not* said by Antigonus, but by a Spartan, previously to the battle of Thermopylæ.

162.

"There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the Emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by, afterwards said unto him, Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the Emperor: I could have answered better myself. Why, said the philosopher, would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?

"This happened under Augustus Cæsar, and *not* during the reign of Adrian.

164.

"There was one that found a great mass of money digged under ground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case, signified it to the emperor that he had found such treasure. The emperor made a rescript thus: Use it. He writ back again that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The emperor writ a new rescript, thus: Abuse it.

"This happened to the father of Herodes Atticus, and the answer was made by the Emperor Nerva, who deserved that his name should have been stated by the 'greatest—wisest—meanest of mankind.'

178.

"One of the seven was wont to say, that laws were like cobwebs: where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through.

"This was said by Anacharsis the Scythian, and *not* by a Greek.

209.

"An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, The Athenians will kill you if they wax mad. Demosthenes replied, And they will kill you, if they be in good sense.

"This was *not* said *by* Demosthenes but *to* Demosthenes by *Phocion*.

221.

"There was a philosopher about Tiberius that, looking into the nature of Caius, said of him, That he was mire mingled with blood.

"This was not said of Caius (Caligula, I presume, is intended by Caius,) but of *Tiberius* himself.

97.

"There was a king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner; whereupon the pope writ a monitory to him, for that he had broken the privilege of holy church, and taken his son: the king sent an embassage to him, and sent withal the armour wherein the bishop was taken, and this only in writing—*Vide num hæc sit vestis filii tui?* Know now whether this be thy son's coat?

"This reply was *not* made by a king of *Hungary*, but sent by Richard the first, Cœur de Lion, of England to the Pope, with the breastplate of the bishop of Beauvais.

267.

"Demetrius, King of Macedon, had a petition offered him divers times by an old woman, and answered he had no leisure; whereupon the woman said aloud, Why then give over to be king."

"This did *not* happen to Demetrius, but to *Philip* King of Macedon."

VOLTAIRE.

"Having stated that Bacon was frequently incorrect in his citations from history, I have thought it necessary in what regards

so great a name (however trifling,) to support the assertion by such facts as more immediately occur to me. They are but trifles, and yet for such trifles a schoolboy would be whipped (if still in the fourth form);—and Voltaire for half a dozen similar errors has been treated as a superficial writer, notwithstanding the testimony of the learned Warton:—'Voltaire, a writer of *much deeper research* than is imagined, and the *first* who has displayed the literature and customs of the dark ages with *any degree of penetration* and comprehension.' For another distinguished testimony to Voltaire's merits in literary research, see also Lord Holland's excellent Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega, vol. i. p. 215, edition of 1817.

"Voltaire has even been termed 'a shallow fellow,' by some of the same school who called Dryden's Ode 'a drunken song;'—a *school* (as it is called, I presume, from their education being still incomplete) the whole of whose filthy trash of Epics, Excursions, etc., etc., etc., is not worth the two words in Zaïre, '*Vous pleurez*,' or a single speech of Tancred:—a *school*, the apostate lives of whose renegadoes, with their tea-drinking neutrality of morals, and their convenient treachery in politics—in the record of their accumulated pretences to virtue can produce no *actions* (were all their good deeds drawn up in array) to equal or approach the sole defence of the family of Calas, by that great and unequalled genius—the universal Voltaire.

"I have ventured to remark on these little inaccuracies of 'the greatest genius that England or perhaps any other country ever produced,'[1] merely to show our national injustice in condemning *generally*, the greatest genius of France for such inadvertencies as these, of which the highest of England has been no less guilty. Query, was Bacon a greater intellect than Newton?"

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1. Pope, in Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 158, Malone's edition.

APPENDIX VII.

REPLY OF WILLIAM TURNER TO BYRON'S LETTER.

(See pp. 246–251.)

"EIGHT months after the publication of my 'Tour in the Levant,' there appeared in the London Magazine, and subsequently in most of the newspapers, a letter from the late Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.

"I naturally felt anxious at the time to meet a charge of error brought against me in so direct a manner: but I thought, and friends whom I consulted at the time thought with me, that I had better wait for a more favourable opportunity than that afforded by the newspapers of vindicating my opinion, which even so distinguished an authority as the letter of Lord Byron left unshaken, and which, I will venture to add, remains unshaken still.

"I must ever deplore that I resisted my first impulse to reply immediately. The hand of Death has snatched Lord Byron from his kingdom of literature and poetry, and I can only guard myself from the illiberal imputation of attacking the mighty dead, whose living talent I should have trembled to encounter, by scrupulously confining myself to such facts and illustrations as are strictly necessary to save me from the charges of error, misrepresentation, and presumptuousness, of which every writer must wish to prove himself undeserving.

"Lord Byron began by stating, 'The *tide* was *not* in our favour;' and added, 'neither I nor any person on board the frigate had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side; I never heard of it till this moment.' His Lordship had probably forgotten that Strabo distinctly describes the difference in the following words:—

"'Διὸ καὶ εὐπετέστερον ἐκ τῆς Ἀηστοῦ διαίρουσι παραλλαξάμενοι μικρὸν ἐπὶ τὸν τῆς Ἠροῦς πύργον, κἀκεῖθεν ἀφιέντες τὰ πλοῖα συμπράττοντος τοῦ ῥοῦ πρὸς τὴν περαίωσιν. Τοῖς δ' ἐξ Ἀβύδου περαιουμένοις παραλλακτέον ἐστὶν εἰς τἀναντία, ὀκτώ που σταδίους ἐπὶ πύργον τινὰ κατ' ἀντικρὺ τῆς Ἀηστοῦ, ἔπειτα διαίρειν πλάγιον, καὶ μὴ τελέως ἔχουσιν ἐναντίον τὸν ῥοῦν.'—'Ideoque *facilius a Sesto, trajiciunt* paululum deflexâ navigatione ad Herus turrim, atque inde *navigia dimittentes adjuvante etiam fluxu trajectum*. Qui ab Abydo trajiciunt, in contrariam flectunt partem

ad octo stadia ad turrim quandam e regione Sesti: hinc *oblique* trajiciunt, non *prorsus* contrario fluxu.'[1]

"Here it is clearly asserted, that the current assists the crossing from Sestos, and the words 'ἀφιέντες τὰ πλοῖα,'—'*navigia dimittentes*,'—'*letting the vessels go of themselves*,' prove how considerable the assistance of the current was; while the words 'πλάγιον,'—'*oblique*,' and 'τελέως,'—'*prorsus*,' show distinctly that those who crossed from Abydos were obliged to do so in an *oblique* direction, or they would have the current *entirely* against them.

"From this ancient authority, which, I own, appears to me unanswerable, let us turn to the moderns. Baron de Tott, who, having been for some time resident on the spot, employed as an engineer in the construction of batteries, must be supposed well cognisant of the subject, has expressed himself as follows:—

"'La surabondance des eaux que la Mer Noire reçoit, et qu'elle ne peut évaporer, versée dans la Méditerranée par le Bosphore de Thrace et La Propontide, forme aux Dardanelles des courans si violens, que souvent les batimens, toutes voiles dehors, ont peine à les vaincre. Les pilotes doivent encore observer, lorsque le vent suffit, de diriger leur route de manière à présenter le moins de résistance possible à l'effort des eaux. On sent que cette étude a pour base la direction des courans, qui, *renvoyés d'une pointe à l'autre*, forment des obstacles à la navigation, et feroient courir les plus grands risques si l'on negligeoit ces connoissances hydrographiques.'—*Mémoires de Tott*, 3me *partie*.

"To the above citations, I will add the opinion of Tournefort, who, in his description of the strait, expresses with ridicule his disbelief of the truth of Leander's exploit; and to show that the latest travellers agree with the earlier, I will conclude my quotation with a statement of Mr. Madden, who is just returned from the spot. 'It was from the European side Lord Byron swam *with* the current, which runs about four miles an hour. But I believe he would have found it totally impracticable to have crossed from Abydos to Europe.'—*Madden's Travels*, vol. i.

"There are two other observations in Lord Byron's letter on which I feel it necessary to remark.

"'Mr. Turner says, "Whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore." This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current, although a strong wind from the Asiatic[2] side might have such an effect occasionally.'

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1. Strabo, bk. xiii., Oxford edition.

2. "This is evidently a mistake of the writer or printer. His Lordship must here have meant a strong wind from the European side, as no wind from the Asiatic side could have the effect of driving an object to the Asiatic shore."

"I think it right to remark, that it is Mr. Turner himself who has here originated the inaccuracy of which he accuses others; the words used by Lord Byron being, *not* as Mr. Turner says, 'from the Asiatic side,' but 'in the Asiatic direction'" (Moore).

"Here Lord Byron is right, and I have no hesitation in confessing that I was wrong. But I was wrong only in the letter of my remark, not in the spirit of it. Any *thing* thrown into the stream on the European bank would be swept into the Archipelago, because, after arriving so near the Asiatic shore as to be almost, if not quite, within a man's depth, it would be again floated off from the coast by the current that is dashed from the Asiatic promontory. But this would not affect a swimmer, who, being so near the land, would of course, if he could not actually walk to it, reach it by a slight effort.

"Lord Byron adds, in his P.S., 'The strait is, however, not extraordinarily wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts.' From this statement I must venture to express my dissent, with diffidence indeed, but with diffidence diminished by the ease with which the fact may be established. The strait is widened so considerably above the forts by the Bay of Maytos, and the bay opposite to it on the Asiatic coast, that the distance to be passed by a swimmer in crossing higher up would be, in my poor judgment, too great for any one to accomplish from Asia to Europe, having such a current to stem.

"I conclude by expressing it as my humble opinion that no one is bound to believe in the possibility of Leander's exploit, till the passage has been performed by a swimmer, at least from Asia to Europe. The sceptic is even entitled to exact, as the condition of his belief, that the strait be crossed, as Leander crossed it, both ways within at most fourteen hours.

"W. TURNER."

APPENDIX VIII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE GEORGE RUSSELL OF A. BY HENRY FERGUSON.

(See p. 266, *note* 1.)

IT is possible that this fragment may have been suggested by the death of John Scott, who had been Byron's schoolfellow at Aberdeen. But no external evidence exists to support this conjecture. Scott was born in 1783.

"SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE GEORGE RUSSELL OF A.

BY

HENRY FERGUSON.

"Decr 1st (or 2d) 1821.

"In the present age of innumerable authors, I know not how far one, who never aspired to that title in his lifetime, may be permitted to obtrude a name upon the public, which as yet merely forms part of a brief and obscure epitaph. Indeed, such an attempt in its behalf on the part of surviving friendship may give rise to suspicions (from the total ignorance of the World with the name of him who has lately left it), that the subject of the following pages has not *ceased* to exist, but that he has never existed at all. The poems of the celebrated Thomas Little, and the more facetious remains of Ensign Odoherty might sanction such a notion, while the relics of Henry Kirke White, and other young men,

"'Whose sleepless souls have perished ere their prime,'

show that many Spirits pass early, and almost unknown, from the Earth, whose longer Life might have extorted the gratitude of Mankind, from which their blighted youth must now be content to implore a transient recollection.

"Perhaps it is imprudent in surviving friends to attempt these things; but on such points it is difficult to reason. The worst result of a dull book to the author can be but oblivion; and, when

he himself is where 'nothing can touch him further,' those who loved him are apt to think (or dream) that his thoughts may claim something of the sympathy, which even the ashes of a stranger obtain from all men in their better moods of mind. The costly monument, like the simple stone—the voluminous biography, as the brief notice—are all to be traced upon the whole to our better feelings. Both, but especially the former, have been made subjects of contempt and reproach, as oftentimes exhibiting falsehood for the sake of ostentation, or the exaggeration of a blind and selfish sorrow. But surely that Ostentation, which labours for the dead, is the most harmless of our vices: it cannot hurt them—it can injure no one but ourselves, and that but slightly; whereas a real, however blind, regard for the departed, if not a virtue, at least may tend to virtue. I know not whether that indefinable veneration for that, which was yesterday with us and to-day is no longer by our side, does not induce a greater desire to do well, than the approbation, even though it should swell to applause, of the living. Sure I am that the Grave of a dead friend, at any distance of time, has deeper eloquence than the Orator or the preacher. I have walked away from the Graves of Fox, Pitt, and Grattan (and I had heard and admired them all), with a feeling deeper than their words ever impressed, higher than their words *could* express; and, of course, I shall not attempt to give it utterance in mine.

"But I must return to my purpose, which is to give an outline of the life and writings of a dead friend, who, I think, perhaps erroneously, deserved that part of what he has written should survive him.

"George Russell was born in the year 1791, in the town of A—— in Scotland, of a respectable family of some antiquity, but I have reason to believe in no respect related to their more illustrious namesakes of England. Being a second son, he was intended for the Sea service—a destination which was afterwards changed for family reasons. My acquaintance with him began at the Grammar School of A., where we both received our education. As his Senior I was two classes above him, being in the third when he entered the first—then under the direction of Mr. L. My own family being intimate with his, he was naturally recommended to my notice as the Senior boy. I mention these little particulars 'en passant,' to account for the commencement of the interest, which I took in his welfare, and retain for his memory.

"His progress in his classical studies was fair, but not remarkable: he was like most other boys—idle, when he could contrive to be so without punishment, and sometimes at the head of his class, and sometimes in the lowest *faction* of it; for in Scotland, or at least in this part of it, it was then the custom (as it may still be) to take places according to immediate merit, so that every lesson is a renewed contest, and a boy must have singular perseverance as well as powers to remain long in the same station.

"The word 'faction' may be only intelligible to a Southern reader in its newspaper sense, viz. the appellation given to every party which is not your own; but in our Scotch Schools it has a

less invidious meaning, being simply the bench which contains a certain number of boys. Every class may contain twenty, more or less, of these 'factions'; whereas a Nation can hardly sustain two in any comfort.

"Through all the varieties of these did George Russell wind his way, not without some application of the '*taws*,' a word as well as instrument of no pleasing recollection. Here, I again doubt that I must recur to interpretation for the benefit of the 'Southron,' although with more difficulty than in the former instance.

"The 'taws,' then, is supposed to answer all the purposes of the English 'Rod,' although very different, and, I think, more formidable in its appearance. It is composed of leather, of greater or less thickness according to the disposition of the pastor and master. This long strap (for such it is) is divided at the end into several smaller straps or tails, of greater or less number according to the humour of the preceptor already referred to. The upper part contains a hole, through which is past the finger of the Exercitator, that it may not slip during the operation. By a timely and not infrequent application of this instrument to the hands, and elsewhere, of our Scottish youth, may be fairly attributed that general superiority in the Latin tongue over our Neighbours, which, whether admitted or not, should never cease to be claimed by all true lovers of Truth as well as of their Country. Having had, also, the advantage of dividing my own education between Scotland and England, my opportunities of comparison between the two great instruments of discipline have not been neglected, my personal experiences having led to a frequent acquaintance and lively recollection of both. I shall therefore say, that, if I had to go to School again, my personal preference would be given to the Rod of the Saxon; but if I had children to place there, I should remit them to the domain and dominion of the 'Taws'—not only because it is my native land, and that the education is fifty times cheaper; but from a firm conviction, that, by that Instrument, more Latin is administered in a less time.

"At a very early period of his life, my deceased friend began to manifest a strong poetical propensity. I do not mean by this, in the vulgar way of making verses, or indeed of reading them—for, excepting Pope's Homer and blind Harry's William Wallace, together with Chevy Chace, Gil Morice, and some warlike Scottish Ballads, he betrayed an utter detestation of all poesy whatsoever. But, nevertheless, the observer of the human Mind might discover in his a natural poetical bias. He had an aversion from learning his letters, a partiality for Gingerbread, for kicking shins when he was whipt, and for not telling the truth when it was inconvenient, which evinced a determined spirit and a lively imagination.

"After passing through the usual quantum of infantine woes and pleasures; having enjoyed his holidays, and toiled through his tasks; having fought a reasonable number of battles, and got the better of a considerable quantity of black eyes, he was sent to College, which is done much earlier in Caledonia than in the Southern Country.

"Amidst his feats of youthful emprize, I cannot recollect that he was addicted to robbing of Orchards; but this circumstance may possibly be attributed rather to a Scarcity of the fruit than a want of the Propensity. Indeed I had occasion to observe, that, in general, the Organ of Covetiveness was considerably developed in my friend, although, as far as my experience enabled me to decide, it seemed rather to be exhibited in his hands than in his head. His very first indication of a strong poetical bias was displayed in the Abstraction of a 'Gradus ad Parnassum' belonging to myself, with the aid of which he composed his first copy of Nonsense Verses. On my manifesting an inclination to reclaim my property, he knocked me down with it; but, as I was the Senior and the Stronger, this piece of superfluous valour on his part was severely retaliated by a considerable beating. But the Castigation was not attended by any permanent effect; for, the very next week, he conveyed ('the Wise *convey* it call'), and converted to his poetical purposes a copy (mine also) of George Buchanan's Latin Psalms; and having thus become master of the book, he conceived naturally that he was no less proprietor of the author, one of whose Psalms he shortly after showed up as a Version of his own. Upon being charged with this, he denied the plagiarism, and made out, with considerable plausibility, a claim of simple coincidence, which left a very doubtful title of originality to George Buchanan."

END OF VOL. V.

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